# FRANCE FROM SEA TO SEA

ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS

G. E. PFAHLER, M. D.
1321 Spruce St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

G. E. PFAHLER, M. D.
1821 Spruce St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

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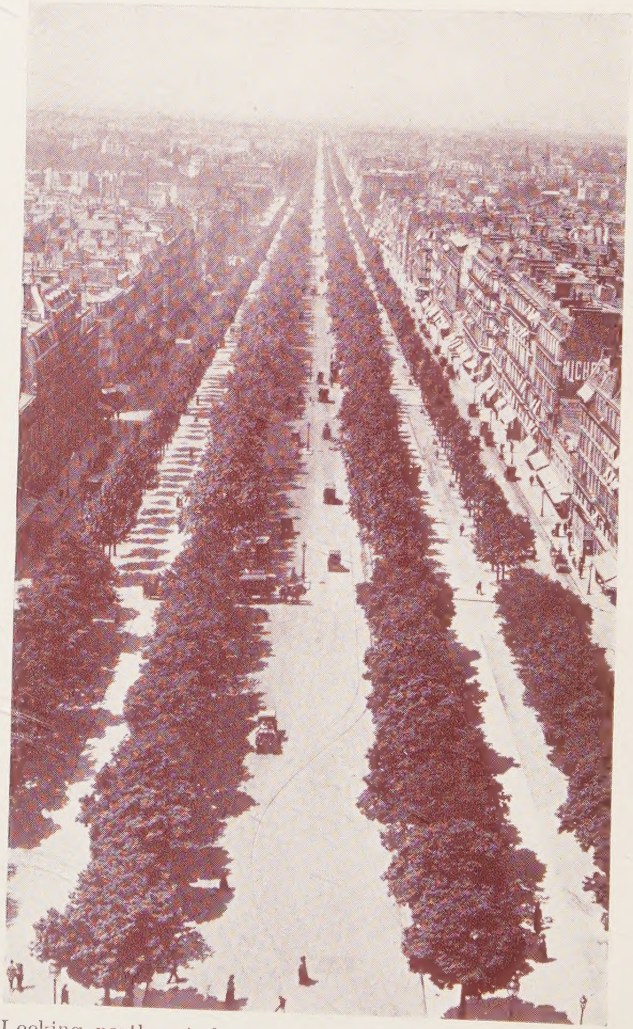

Looking northwest from the Arc de Triomphe along the magnificent Avenue de la Grandee Armée, typical of the Parisian boulevards.

# FRANCE FROM SEA TO SEA

By
ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS
F. R. G. S.
*Author of "Vistas in Sicily," etc.*

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# INTRODUCTION

HOW the French have stirred up the world from time to time, be it with admiration or with horror! And how they have led the world, now here, now there, but ever with boundless enthusiasm, is an interesting study to us Americans of the United States, for we are also an enthusiastic folk, though perhaps we flatter ourselves that we are so in a saner way. The French are nothing if not individual, and the spirit within them, that stirs them, and stirs all the world to love or to hate them—whence did it come?

Primitive men there were in France, dwellers in caves, and builders of megalithic monuments; but the three bases of the French nation are Celts, Romans and Franks. To be sure, in the south there were Iberians, Ligurians, Phœnicians and Greeks, all before the Romans came in; and afterward, Visigoths and Saracens; in the north, Celts from Britain and the later Northmen; in the east, Burgundians. But it is more reasonable to suppose that the thing that makes for the strong distinctiveness of the French character, the *génie nationale*, derives from one of the three fundamental races, or from a combination of them.

When the authenticated story of France began, the country was inhabited by various strong tribes

of Celts, whose blood made the solid foundation upon which the nation was erected. In 154 B.C. a prosperous Greek colony at Massilia, now Marseilles, hard pressed by its barbarous neighbors, invited the victorious Romans to their aid, and they, of course, came into Gaul to stay. To the Romans originally everything north of the Tiber was Gaul; but later the name narrowed down to what is now France. The Romans gave the semi-savages they conquered peace and its arts, a cultured speech, a marvelous code of legal procedure, and the land a place in world-history. In that wild and stormy fifth century, when the world seemed moving about as it had never moved before, various Germanic tribes pressed into Gaul, and took what they would of the unhappy land worn out by Roman excesses. By the year 413 one tribe, the Burgundians, had established themselves in a large eastern district with a very flexible boundary. A little later another tribe, the Visigoths, settled in the south. Then, in 443, came the Franks, to whom the country owes not only some of its blood and laws and institutions, but its very name. By 481 the first Frankish dynasty, the Merovingian, was definitely established. What a record of intrigue and bloodshed they have left us, with the vanity, vengefulness and ambition of women often as the moving spring. Weakened by their excesses, they were thrust from the throne by their own mayors of the palace —who founded the Carlovingian line that gave Charlemagne to the world—all German, and considering France as merely part of a great and holy empire. The Carlovingians lasted even a shorter

period than their predecessors, and toward the end of their régime we have the instructive spectacle of the King of the Franks perched on the hilltop of Laon, on the eastern extremity of the Île de France, in daily fear that the powerful Duke of Normandy, or the Count of Paris—who was also the Duc de France—would pounce upon his mighty hill fortress, and wrest from him even the nominal sovereignty he possessed. Indeed, it was the pusillanimity of the Carlovingians during the early raids of the Northmen, when they left the defense of the capital to the courageous Counts of Paris, that eventually cost them the throne, and gave the latter their chance, bringing them into power as the House of Capet. For eight hundred years this line gave the ever-growing kingdom an uninterrupted succession of rulers who made their land great and independent.

How those Capetians worked, with an eye single to the one object—the building up of their kingdom! And what a variety of work there was—always according to the type of king—now strategy, now force, now gaining, now losing a little, but always with eye and mind fixed, struggling steadily ahead undaunted. Their task was herculean. Before their accession the feudal system had developed throughout the land to such an extent that the king himself was often only a strong lord among his stronger vassals. Then, too, strange as it now appears, the kings of England, in the thirteenth century—through inheritance and marriage—held greater possessions in France than the French kings

## INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION

WRITING in the quiet detachment of an ancient stone manorhouse upon a windy hilltop in Pennsylvania, no thought that France stood upon the threshold of a trial more bitter than all she had ever endured, entered my mind in penning the last paragraph of the Introduction to the first edition of this book. No human being could have thought of such a thing. Nothing anyone, soldier or layman, could or did imagine about a war with Germany as a possibility, came within the farthest outer penumbra of what actually happened. And no man who, like myself, served for even a part of that hideous time as a correspondent, and witnessed some of the horrors loosed upon the fairest fields of Europe, can hope to write of it without prejudice and deep emotion.

The cost to France was 8,400,000 men mobilized, 1,364,000 killed, 740,000 permanently mutilated, and 3,000,000 wounded; all of its two hundred coal mines and its thirty-four iron-mines wrecked; 1,030 miles of main and 1,490 miles of local railroads utterly destroyed; 893,792 buildings out of the 1,190,066 in the devastated regions either totally destroyed or so severely damaged they could not be used; and more than eight million acres of land devastated and put out of cultivation.

Yet in the main, France was impoverished for a time rather than mutilated. The "Field of Honor" covered less than a third of the entire country, and in those parts over which no cannon boomed, the things that have been true for ages are still true, the beauty and interest that have existed for centuries still exist, as moving, as joyous, as typically French as they have always been.

The "opportunity for greatness and leadership" which in 1913 implied the arts of peace rather than the stern practicalities of war, implies them now more than ever. And, with the reconstitution of a badly shattered world fairly under way, the question asked in that last paragraph can be answered to the everlasting glory and honor of a France which once again displayed, individually and nationally, the imperishable characteristics which have made her what she is.

A. S. R.

The Lake Court,
West Palm Beach, Fla.
February 15, 1925.

# FRANCE FROM SEA TO SEA

# *France from Sea to Sea*

## I

### IMPRESSIONS

TO many places one must go in the spring to see the country at its best; not so La Belle France. Surely no other name of affection for a land was ever better deserved than this. From the golden sands of Picardy to the blue shore of the Mediterranean, every province is lovely, and every one has its own special form of loveliness, its definite characteristics: golden sands, apple orchards and billowing fields of grain; black rocks, gray weather, the Miséréré of the sea for the music of life—and death; brilliant rivers that wind in sinuous coils, and dark, sullen streams that force their way to the sea with savage impetuosity; placid canals and milky highroads bordered by slender trees; endless vineyards, where bursting grapes drink deep of the golden sun; the sky-piercing fence of the Alps, sawteeth full of snow, and bristling with pine and fir; vast, solemn gorges, suggestive of the Cañon of the Colorado; barren deserts of gray or tan, and wide marshes with blue lagoons; air full of shimmering heat waves, of myriad colors and the subtle perfume

of rose and olive and oleander, linden and jasmine and whispering palm. Blue the sky and blue the shore—but why go on forever?

Pity those misguided souls who either rush by all this to frivol away their time in Paris, among the cafés and shops and hotels, with a lot of other stuffy spenders, or who wait to see the country until their jaded senses refuse to absorb the beauty and charm of Nature. These are they who know naught of the joys of loitering across sylvan scenes in stertorous little trains of matchboxes on wheels, that have to stop every few kilomètres to let the sniffling little engine get its breath—there is opportunity for pictures; who miss entirely the delights of the people, of that friendly welcome into the little compartment where a peasant cheerily lifts a chicken out of the way to let you sit down, or pushes aside a huge basket of vegetables to let you pass; who never experience the delights of quiet, unpretentious little hotels, blissfully ignorant of Paris ways and Paris prices, where the proprietor, also the *chef de cuisine*, comes, smiling and bowing, out of his immaculate kitchen, wiping his soft, pink hands on his immaculate apron, to wish you *bon voyage* with a heart-warming handshake.

Some of these hostelries are more than three hundread years old. The stairs play about like the streams of a fountain, dividing, twisting, shooting off at crazy angles, like wind-blown water. It takes a strong bump of location to find the path to your own chamber. One inn is entered through a fragrant kitchen, another through a littered dining-room or

a public bar. Once we found a narrow, circular stair, without any kind of rail, winding up from the kitchen; and in the floor, before the first step, was a villainous trapdoor. Was it *oubliette*, or only wine cellar? We never knew, but only the guidebook's recommendation took us across that wicked-looking door.

There are so many excellent ways of reaching France that a list is quite unnecessary. Enter France as you will, you need have no fear of the French customs. Only don't carry matches. A friend of mine once paid a hundred francs—a franc apiece—for carelessly having a box in his trunk, and forgetting it was there, in plain sight. To carry either perfume or tobacco is equally foolish; one does not take coals to Newcastle, and the government-owned tobacco shops now sell the best grades of foreign mixtures; while as for perfumes—go to Grasse!

Before you go anywhere, always be sure to consult the local Syndicat d'Initiative. It is exactly what it claims to be—a syndicate to give you initiative. Frenchmen of position and intelligence all over the country have formed a central association, with innumerable branches, often in the most out-of-the-way places, for the express purpose of helping you to understand France and to see it conveniently, cheaply and in comfort. Ask for the little free guide in each place; learn all about the special trips and excursions the Syndicat arranges; have its valuable assistance in everything. In a word, use it, and you help it accomplish its purpose—all without cost to yourself.

Never were there more or easier means of transportation than in France. The whole country is literally gridironed with railroads; perhaps I should say cobwebbed with them, for their crossings and ramifications in every direction are as numerous as the spinnings of an industrious spider. Scarcely a town of any importance but is served by at least one line, sometimes more; and when you hunt up some little out-of-the-way spot you have unbounded admiration for the geniuses who construct those Chinese puzzles they call time-tables. Imagine every railway line, with every station on it, in the Atlantic coast States, for example, in a single fat little time-table, and you have some notion of the comprehensiveness of the French publications. They are for sale new every month at the station newsstands—the railways never give anything away but themselves.

While the cost of travel per mile on these railways —not all of them are State lines, as in Italy—is high, and there is no such money-saving device as the Sicilian *tessere*, there are so many kinds of tickets that the leanest pocket can be suited and the most exacting demands as to itinerary satisfied. Baggage is costly, for the French rules allow only sixty-six pounds free for checking; but you may carry with you into the compartment all you can manage, to the discomfiture of others equally loaded down.

Conditions have changed so since the war, it is advisable to avoid possible disappointments by securing railroad tickets and detailed information from reliable tourist agents, especially when traversing the former war-zone. The principal agencies have

arranged tours to meet every sort of requirement. Rightly chosen, these will be found both considerably less expensive than going alone, and in general satisfactory.

Of course the romantic—and so the appropriate—way to enter France is by air, a way unimaginable before the war hastened aeroplane development. Today the great *aérogare* of France is at Le Bourget, about twelve kilometres to the northeast of the Place de la Concorde, on the Chantilly-Senlis road, with comfortable motors to bring the passengers—and their baggage—into the capital. More than eighty machines of the most luxurious types maintain a regular service between Paris, London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Prague, Vienna and Warsaw; and *via* air-connections, north as far as Helsingfors, east to Nijni Novgorod, south to Fez and Rabat, and west to Manchester. The airport has sixteen huge hangars, two monster garages, a handsome restaurant, customs offices, and a wonderful cement platform for "taking off" and alighting. Safe as travel is by land, the figures claim it is even safer by air. Certainly there is nothing prosaic about it yet. These great machines carry not only passengers but express packages ranging all the way from parts for automobiles, boots, gowns, and gold for the banks, to live chickens—the *normally* feathered variety—and blooded animals.

On the little local trains the office of conductor has been so far reduced to simplicity you rarely, if ever, know he is aboard. Tickets are punched before you step out upon the platform to take the train,

and collected at the exit from the station where you leave the line. Between times, if so minded, you alight, check your baggage in the economical *consigne*—two cents a day for any piece—tell the good-natured gatekeeper that you wish to see the town a little while before going on, if he doesn't mind, show your ticket, and off you go. The courtesy and willingness of the employés is very distinguished, as a rule.

The "flowing roads" are the delight of automobilist, bicyclist and footfarer alike, magnificent tree-bordered highways, the well-kept children of a generous and paternal government, whose foresight and ample pocket have made them what they are, the standard by which all other roads are judged—and generally found wanting. On every route little *cantonniers'* huts contain the tools with which the laborers repair the damage done by fast automobiles, and the brooms with which they keep the way clean. It is an enlightening sight to see one of these rough-looking fellows, broom in hand, miles away from the nearest town, calmly sweeping a fifty-two-foot highway already immaculate.

Notwithstanding the number and size of the French rivers, there is little opportunity for travel by boat. But when such a chance does come, by all means take it. And then there are the canals, three thousand miles of them, with their huge iron boats brilliantly painted and spotlessly clean, tempting you to idle away the halcyon days gliding noiselessly and slow over their burnished mirror, between long rows of noble trees, an enormous natural picket fence.

What a trip one could make from the Mediterranean to Toulouse by the Canal du Midi, with its hundred locks, its rise of 425 feet to its culminating point, and its fall of two hundred to the Garonne, or rather to the Canal Lateral, which goes on toward the Atlantic.

The two things that have impressed me most about the Frenchman out of doors are his bicycle riding and his fishing. Every stream and canal is lined with men and boys, frequently with women and girls, too, line in hand. Considering the mercurial French temperament, I wondered how they stayed in one place so long, until I watched their method. Then I wondered how they ever caught anything. The line is never still a minute, but up and down, back and forth, goes the pole, in a ceaseless flicking of the water. This must be the safety-valve for their temperament. Another thing that astonished me is the size of the fish that satisfies them. Many a fish have I seen caught, in many a different stream, but never one more than three or four inches in length!

As everybody fishes, so everybody rides a bicycle. But while the fishermen are amusing, the riders are both annoying and dangerous. They seem to drop down from the clear sky and spring up from the solid earth, without the formality of either bell or horn, and are really more trying to watch for than the automobiles. Not one in sight, you start across the street—and jump for your life before you get there! Let one knock you and himself down, and instead of apology you are much more likely to re-

ceive anathema—for not looking where the rider was going.

The advent of the small, cheap automobile—Monsieur Citroen is the Gallic Ford—which is being turned out in rapidly increasing quantities, has added fresh jeopardy to life on the flowing road. In some localities, especially on Sundays and other *jours des fêtes*, the flivver *français* seems to justify the bitterness of the American who in his wrath called it a curse. Its seeming omnipresence, however, is really not nearly so bad as it appears to jangled nerves. France is still too much occupied in striving to rebuild her shattered industrial life and get back her economic balance to listen, as a nation, to the lure of the purring motor, and a great deal of the motoring, aside from the Army and other official traffic, will be found on examination to be the pleasuring of foreigners, both resident and tourist.

For the intendant motorist one peculiarity of the French law should be noted most carefully, since it bears out the ancient adage that though figures may never lie, liars will figure. This simple regulation provides that the French Government has the right to purchase on demand any foreign motor brought into France by its owner, at the exact figure he names as its value for the collection of customs duties! So a fine car worth four or five thousand dollars, solemnly declared by its owner to be worth only one, would be very likely to attract the attention of the officials. It is a neat way of picking up good machines at low cost.

The roads in general, at least so far as the main

highways or *routes nationales* are concerned, were in very good condition by the summer of 1924. Many of the less important *routes départmentales*, or, as we should put it, county roads, were also excellent, and in some cases magnificent stretches of concrete, arrow-straight and generous in every way as only French roads can be, have been constructed with the avowed purpose of stimulating motor traffic. On the other hand, the *Cartes Tarides*, which are among the finest motor-maps in the world, disclose the condition of many highways and byways as bad, especially in the former war zone and about Paris. The poor quality and high price of gasoline (*essence*, not *pétrole*), the occasional overcharge by innkeepers when they find one is motoring, and the obvious language difficulties in case of breakdowns, are undeniable drawbacks. But taken by and large, the motor frees the visitor from the dirt, the arbitrary schedules and the grimness of the railroads. In place of the rail approach to a town through accumulated architectural débris and backwash which lacks even picturesqueness, the motor whisks us at our own convenience by hitherto unperceived routes into fresh and stimulating perspectives which put the town forward in a light that hides under no bushel of glaring tracks or ghastly, barnlike, dingy stations which mask the personality beyond. And besides this, there inevitably string along the route those picture-book hill-towns and crumbling chateaux, those lovely, peaceful pastorals dreaming beside willow-bordered streams, which invite a stop, if only for a moment's enthusiasm. For the amateur

photographer, too, the motor opens the whole marvelous pictorial treasure trove of France as no railway could ever do.

For the motorist who intends shipping his car abroad from this country, the details of crating, international driving licenses, customs formalities, and the like should be investigated most carefully in person before starting. The Touring Club de France, one of the largest and most influential sporting organizations in the world, accepts temporary memberships. These at times prove of great value and convenience, especially if one can forget the customary brusquerie of American manners and veil his impatience with a veneer of Gallic courtesy, which will go far toward smoothing out difficulties. The American driver has no difficulty with the rules of the road, since the French custom is the same as ours. Speed limits and motorcycle officers have not yet invaded this joyous land, but woe betide the stupid or careless motorist who runs anyone down or makes mischief of any sort. The Latin law presumes an offender guilty until he establishes his innocence—and cows, carts, chickens and even people will persist in attempting suicide.

Everybody remembers Mark Twain's genial fooling, no doubt: "France has neither winter, nor summer, nor morals. Apart from these drawbacks, it is a fine country." It is. And, as a matter of fact, it has every sort of climate under the sun, but most of the varieties are in the south, with its snow-capped mountains and semi-tropical shores. In the north the climate and temperature are very equable,

soft and moist. It must be acknowledged that this moistness quite often takes the form of decided precipitation—rain. And the evenness of temperature makes an overcoat in August not so out of place as it sounds. These conditions, however, account for the riot of verdure and the greenness of the country. The greens are a revelation, and give one a wholly new sense of values in landscapes. Cultivation is a vital factor in these so-apparent values, whether in farming or the market gardening in which the French excel. A large family not only can live well, but save money, on one hectare, about two and a half acres, in the vicinity of almost any of the large cities. The most notable thing is one of these gardens is the glass *cloche* or bell, about eighteen inches high, and perhaps a foot in diameter, used as a sort of individual forcing frame. The queer-looking objects give one the uncanny sensation of watching some process of black art worked by the earth trolls in their ugly, grayish retorts.

The women do their full share of the farming and gardening, but don't expect to find them all in picturesque array. Of costumes there are comparatively few left; the quaint and ancient dress of the Bretonnes is an exception, and on workdays this is sober enough. But on fête days! All the riches of rainbow and sunset seem to have been lavished on the women; and the men, if not butterflies, are at least moths of some pretension. I have also seen some handsome costumes in Dauphiné and Savoie, while the dress of the women of Arles, though fairly ascetic in its severity, is often considered the most

charming of all. But there are myriad caps—the distinguishing mark of the French peasant woman—ranging from tiny bits of cambric no bigger than the palm of one's hand to great, full-sailed, embroidered affairs with enormous bows and long, flying streamers. Read them aright, and you know at once the wearer's town and province. And of one thing you may always be sure: the cap, of whatever location, is invariably as fresh and inviting as though it had just come from the iron of an expert laundress.

In France, the public fountain plays no such important part in the life of the people as in Spain and Italy; instead, the café is the center of news, amusement and gossip for all classes, ages and sexes. There you may sit listening to the gossip for hours, as one at a show, while the harlequin, Life, performs all about and before you. What you hear and see depends upon the grade of café you patronize; but always it is full of color, full of spirit, essentially and typically French. Now a mother, busy with her fledglings, shocks you by giving her three-year-old sips of her *apéritif*, while the older children drink their beer like veterans; or some one behind you tells a piquant story, and everybody laughs; again, a statesman sits down next to a dirty salesman, and each has his pale green poison; newsboys, toy peddlers, matchgirls and beggars thread in and out among the tables, and the buzz of friendly conversation is rudely punctuated by their cries and the staccato of the hurrying waiters, whose prodigies of liquid prestidigitation make you shudder for your

safety. The street procession is endless: goats following clouted pipers with shrill, miniature calliopes; ladies hobbled in fashionable attire, gay hussars, elephantine *dragons* in glittering helmets and horsetail plumes, leather-legged artillerymen, pretty girls with bandboxes they could hide in, magnificent tandems of huge Percherons hauling great carts; placid, cream-colored oxen plodding on with loads of wine or stone, and right across their path a vegetable cart, pulled by a panting dog, a stolid woman, or by both. Cheap as ox-power is in France, dog-power is cheaper yet, and woman-power cheapest of all. Not only are the cafés on the street, but often at even the simplest little hotel or restaurant you dine on the sidewalk, behind a low hedge of box trees in tubs, with the pleasant street life spicing the meal agreeably.

The people of each province are quite as characteristic as its physical features, and by rights every one should have its individual biographer and volume. True, the old boundaries are gone, and France is divided into some eighty *départements*, which have no significance beyond convenience in governing them. But we still love to think of Old Provence, Old Touraine, Old Brittany, Old Normandy, and so on; and the salient fact remains that whether a man be of Reims or of Caen, of Aix or of Poitiers, and no matter how patriotic he may be, he is even yet under his mask of Frenchness a Champenois or a Norman, a Provençal or a Poitevin, proud of the ancient province whose child he is.

Even more engaging than the folk of to-day are the historic figures of other centuries, whose names

are on every tongue, who give rich suggestion to La Belle France. She is the very heart and center of gracious legend and fable, of moving song and music. Troubadour ballads lilt from crag to crag among the mountain castles of Provence; ghosts of dead lords and ladies haunt the châteaux of Touraine, whose blood-stained walls harbor many a wild and eerie tale; Abélard and Bluebeard, Ste. Geneviève and Joan of Arc, historic figures all, but enmeshed in a mass of fable, stir the imagination to-day as they did of old; kings and commoners, saints and sinners, fiends and fairies, weave about all France a language of mystery and the supernatural so rich, so varied and inexhaustible that no Frenchman even has fathomed its depths.

There is something for every one in France—scientist, holiday-maker, student, whatever or whoever he may be. Megalithic monuments mark the graves of a vanished people; great arenas, crumbling arches, aqueducts and walls breathe the spirit of Imperial Rome; architecture, the natural outgrowth of Nature and man's needs, dots every province with princely palaces and princely temples to the faith; cities and villages almost impossibly lovely relieve the charm of the landscape with sculptured abruptness and efficacy. Throughout this country, so fertile in suggestion, so boundlessly rich in history that wakes the coolest blood to riot, the thoughtful traveler stands in speechless admiration, or murmurs, as did the Latin of eld: "*Siste, viator, circumspice.*"

The Street of 108 Steps in the Fishermen's Quarter of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

A charming vista on the River Somme, showing Amiens Cathedral in the distance.

## II

### "THE GOLDEN SANDS OF PICARDY"

BY all means the happiest way I know to enter France is by that picturesque old fortress-seaport, Boulogne-sur-Mer, with its surroundings an English playground, stretching back from the "golden sands" and emerald sea up the chalk cliffs of ancient Picardy. If, on the other hand, you enter France through Cherbourg and Normandy, practically all your fellow passengers, and other continual arrivals, are in a tremendous hurry for a sight of the *grands boulevards* of Paris, and the unrest of their haste poisons your enjoyment. But at Boulogne you find so many genial idlers, all happily busy playing, or doing nothing, that it immediately knocks the insidious little speed devil off your shoulder, and helps you to loiter gracefully yourself.

Indeed, a whole summer could be spent in and about Boulogne without a single dull or wasted day, so full of beauty and interest are the city and its lovely environs. Either from the sea or from the cliffs above, the town and its harbor are most striking; seen from the steamer, Boulogne is the most at-

tractive port in northern France. The cliffs that rise mistily in the distance at first sight slowly brighten into distinct shapes as you approach the enormous harbor works, with their basins for commerce and docking, their breakwaters and lighthouses. To the left rises the great white shape of the Casino; nearby, fashionable hostelries, with pretentious names and elaborate arrangements for comfort; and a trim little waterside park, whose flowers make a pleasing contrast with the green of the sea and the gold of the sands. Beyond, and inward, stretches the town, on the east bank of the river Liane; on the west bank more town, with the great railroad stations and freight yards, hotels, warehouses, all the usual and familiar sights of a waterfront. Ambitious trolley-cars bustle hither and yon, so many ants full of industry and endeavor. Up the hills climbs the older city, until the square and massive Boulogne of old times is seen, or rather imagined, nestling secure within the thirteenth century walls no vandal has yet torn down in the name of Progress. Above them rise the dome of the Cathedral, the belfry, the roofs of the château; and, away off to one side, Napoleon's crowning piece of egotism, the towering column to mark his "invasion" of England.

But it is the port and the waterfront that claim our attention first: a tangle of masts and rigging along the quays; steamers coming and going, painting the soft gray of the northern sky a sooty black; pilot-boats, with ochered sails and huge, painted numbers, breezing in or out; a great liner like our own idling at anchor in the farther bay; on the

shore, swart fishermen and quaintly bonneted fisherwomen working about the boats; the pleasant aroma of tar and pitch and fresh fish, of the vivifying ozone of the sea. English and Italian and even Spanish mingle in your ears with the harsh Picard patois and with French. But during the war the language here was almost exclusively English. Boulogne was the main port of entry for British troops and supplies, and the activity which today seems so strenuous was magnified beyond belief. The port is a hive, buzzing and cosmopolitan, fourth in importance among French seaports, and preeminent as a focus of passengers and commercial intercourse with the white cliffs of Albion. During 1917-18 German airmen bombed Boulogne heavily, but no permanent damage resulted, and the city's activities remained unchecked. Today it is as gay and busy as ever.

Just back of the quays is the fishmarket, and in the early morning, when the fishing boats land their scaly cargoes, it is well worth a visit for any one who does not mind the absence of violets and the presence of dripping floors and baskets. Public auctioneers quickly dispose of the fish in wholesale lots. Then some of these large lots are divided up among the retailers, many of them women, who sell by the piece or the pound. The market is bedlam while the large lots are being sold. Auctioneers "bark," buyers shout back, rushing factors plunge to and fro with huge, dripping baskets. You must keep your wits about you, lest you meet disaster at hasty hands which forget that perhaps your clothes are not improved by being fishy.

The Boulonnais fishermen form a community wholly apart from the rest of the people. They live in their own quarter, La Beurrière, dress—in part, at least—in their ancient costumes, talk mostly the Picard patois, flavored with special words, and have their own distinct customs and habits. Some of the streets leading up through their quarter remind one of Lord Byron's famous anathema on Malta:

> "Adieu, ye curséd streets of stairs,
> How every one who mounts ye swears!"

But as in Malta, foreigners need not walk up; they can drive comfortably around behind.

French thrift and French industry have no finer exponents than these fisherfolk. There are no idlers here. The grandmothers do their part, as well as the strong and hearty, mending nets beside the doors. There is neither bitterness nor tragedy in their withered old faces, no trace of the heritage of all that follow the fortunes of the "toilers of the sea." There is humor, kindliness, placid old age. Bravely they have weathered all their storms, and come so close to port that they have ceased to feel the mortal pang that wounds younger hearts. Some of the girls of the people are very pretty, and the quaint Boulonnaise cap adds a coquettish halo to the comely faces. But study the faces a little, and you can read in every line the tragedy of the sea, despite the smiling eyes and curving lips. It speaks well for the character of the sturdy Picard fisherfolk that instead of being dour and sad, they live with spirit, and enjoy a smile while they may.

High on the cliff above the jetties stands a memorial chapel of lost fishermen, with a great crucifix beside the door in its walled yard. The men's last reverential glance as they go out rises to this image in which they have such simple, childlike faith; their first greeting to the shore on their safe return salutes it. The grim gray walls burn warm with the love and devotion of the whole fishing population. The chapel interior is covered with sad little memorial tablets. "Lost at sea," father and sons; grandsire and stripling as well as hearty manhood. Often a whole family gone at one blow in the black cold and storm. And the trembling women come here to pray and to weep and to remember—

> "For men must work and women must weep,
> And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
> And goodbye to the bar and its moaning."

Directly below is the other side of life, the lavishly splendid Casino, which includes the usual brilliant gaming-rooms, grand salon, theater seating over a thousand, gorgeous plate-glass restaurant in the Moorish style, great concert hall, and every convenience and luxury. On the water side a beautiful semi-circular esplanade commands an entrancing prospect of the town and harbor, while on clear nights the lights of the dreaded South Foreland Shoals, across the Channel, wink on the horizon. Extensive gardens not only surround the Casino, but run along the Boulevard Ste. Beuve, making this whole section a huge floral promenade. And the sands themselves—the sands all along the coast of Picardy,

in fact—are really golden, fine and clean and shining, not the messy gray mixture of mud and sand and gravel that composes so many beaches. Bathing is the first sport at Boulogne, and during the morning the whole beach is a gray kaleidoscope of life and color; when the water is too rough for swimming the great plunge baths or swimming-pools are available.

The Basse Ville, or Low Town, is neither all waterfront nor all Casino. It is an ordinary French commercial city, with some good stores and innumerable others, and a general air of being too much occupied to take very good care of its appearance. The Place Dalton is the marketing center, an oblong square flanked by stores and houses on one side, by the church of St. Nicholas on the other, with the market stalls right under the windows of the sacred edifice. The early morning scene is almost as lively as in the fishmarket. Standing here one day, gazing about in some perplexity, we were accosted in familiar speech:

"Was you lookin' for anythink?" asked the voice.

It belonged to a ruddy, buxom old woman, in a bonnet and shawl as clearly British as she seemed to be, and as friendly a soul as one could meet. "'Cause if you was," she went on, smiling, "I c'd prob'ly tell you."

She was a beneficent if a garrulous old fairy, and gave the drab street a life and color we had been too blind to see until she took us in tow and escorted us to the shop we sought. To repay her friendliness I asked: "Have you been here long, madam?"

That was the opportunity she had waited for.

Down went the flood-gates with a crash, and out poured a vivid story of her colorless life, her friends, relatives, husbands and children, past and present—everything! But, alas! for not taking notes right there! All that stuck fast in memory is her opening phrase: "Been here long! Why, I'm French!"

On up the Grande Rue from the Place Dalton we come to the High Town, the ancient walled city, approximately a square with four round-tower gateways, and in one corner the fortified château, the later residence of the Counts of Boulogne, where, in 1840, Louis Napoleon's fiasco ended with his imprisonment. Around the walls runs a pleasant, garden-like boulevard, and on one side ample playgrounds and tennis courts. The thirteenth century walls themselves, once they became useless as fortifications, were laid out as a promenade, with two rows of splendid elms, and are now as picturesque a walk under arching limbs as one could wish. Many a distinguished character has strolled along here, above the old brown town and the gray sea—Dickens and Thackeray, the poets Rossetti and Campbell, and many another to whom the scene meant much. No such illustrious company did I find when I strolled along under the elms, taking pictures in a chilly drizzle; for there are chilly drizzles here, despite the records, which say Boulogne has fifty five more sunny days a year than Brittany. My promenaders were two young beggar girls, who thrust in front of the camera when they could, and made caustic remarks about foreigners when they couldn't.

Within the ramparts, narrow old streets breathe

an atmosphere of shut-inness and medievalism quite compatible with the solid walls and useless fortified gates. The Hôtel de Ville and belfry occupy part of the site of the ancient palace of the Counts, in which Godefroy de Bouillon, the crusader, and later King of Jerusalem, was born, in 1066. It was the Countess Ida de Bouillon, mother of Godefroy, who built the first Cathedral here. The present structure, the most prominent feature of the old walled city, was built since the Revolution, by the herculean exertions of one man, the pious Abbé Haffreingue, who was his own architect and superintendent of works. That the good Abbé's devotion and courage exceeded his artistic judgment is plainly evident.

Outside the Calais Gate, to the northeast, is a commonplace district with the picturesque title of the *Dernier Sou*, its name the relic of an almost forgotten story. Every one I asked about it said immediately: "*Mais oui, Monsieur; certainement. Er—ah——*" And that is the true story of the Last Penny, as Boulogne tells it to-day.

It is a pleasant drive on out to that monument to Napoleon's egotism, the 150-foot Colonne Napoléone, on the lofty ground back from the shore, and a mile and a half from the city. From its geographical position, Picardy was naturally the favorite rendezvous of the French for intended expeditions against their traditional enemy, England. The last of these invasions, that never eventuated, was planned by Napoleon. From 1801 to 1804 he gathered a great army of nearly 200,000 men along the Picard

coast. Nor did his assurance end there. He had coins struck to pay off his soldiers when the British capital had fallen—every one bore the inscription: *Coined in London!* While he waited for ships, Trafalgar was lost, and he could complete neither expedition nor monument. During the early stages of the war, the rest camps of the British Expeditionary Force were—could it have been ironically?—gathered close about the Column.

Napoleon had a keen valuation of the claptrap that catches the mob. When he made the first distribution of the decorations of his new Order of the Legion d'Honneur he had priceless treasures brought from Paris for the ceremony—the chair of the great Merovingian King Dagobert he used as a throne; the helmet of the thirteenth century Constable Bertrand du Guesclin and the shield of that sixteenth century *chevalier sans peur et sans réproche*, Bayard, as trays for the medals.

Out in the same direction is one of the most pleasant of the innumerable excursions from Boulogne to near-by resorts, the run by trolley or carriage, or even on foot, to the delightful little town of Wimereux, only a short three miles distant, catching vista after vista of the shimmering sands, silver sickles in the emerald field of water, as you go. Indeed, it is the beach that has made Wimereux, even more than Boulogne, a paradise playground, the homiest of summering places in France, where children of all ages disport themselves upon one of the widest and cleanest beaches I ever saw. The youngsters who fly their kites, build sand castles and paddle

about in the beach pools, are most of them as British as the staid matrons reading in the tiny striped tents that give a dash of brilliant color to the scene.

Naturally, with so many true Britons in town, Wimereux is full of tea rooms—big and little, fine and shabby, suited to every sort of pocket. One afternoon we spent a pleasant hour in a great, square, glass-fronted room facing on two streets, with windows full of the most appetizing plum cakes and candy, English preserves and fancy fruits. Three hungry little tatterdemalions, shivering in the stiff breeze, flattened their noses against the glass as we came out. Their very ears worked as they sniffed and wished. I meant to give them some pennies, but preferred to photograph them while they were unconscious of observation. Just as I swung the camera into position, however, a charming young Englishman, as unconscious as the boys themselves, stepped outside, both hands full of cakes, and came to them, completing the picture. During the war Wimereux was a British Base Hospital, and the shore and hills for miles were dotted with the slow-moving figures of convalescents who replaced the merrymakers of happier years.

About the same distance from Boulogne, in the opposite direction, is the fishing town of Le Portel, a quaint jumble of houses crowded together upon narrow streets between high crags, and preserving an exceedingly ancient aspect. The broad, flat beach runs to the foot of the cliffs, where, on a wide, cobble-stoned, careening place, the fishing boats are

hauled up, the bathing tents placed, and the news of the day peddled by kindly gossips.

Portel is the resort of the middle-class Parisian, who welcomes its informality and low prices. But after mass of a Sunday morning, in the great square before the simple Romanesque church, you lose sight entirely of Parisian or foreigner, of fashionable dress or head covering, for the Porteloise, gowned in sober black, and capped with white haloes, blind you to everything else. They are very proud of this big church of theirs, for they say the sturdy women themselves carried the stones and sand up from the beach to build it. One morning we watched half a dozen women—bareheaded, in the rain—pass up and down, again and again, carrying loads of sand so heavy they had to have help to hoist the baskets upon their capable backs. I don't know what they were building this time. Of all the human beasts of burden we saw in Portel, only one was a man, and he was delivering groceries.

Close as Portel is to Boulogne, with its cosmopolitan crowds—only three and a half miles distant—many of the ceremonies of old still endure, one the annual Blessing of the Sea. What a procession!—virgin priestesses of the arch-siren who draws men to her capacious bosom; priests conscious of their mission, filled with the simple, mystic faith of their fellows; the following crowd, silent, reverent; the onlookers—kin and stranger from every land the ocean sweeps. And no mere words of mine can paint the pathetic devotion of these children of Nature and of God, the outpouring of their ecstatic temperament.

A little farther south, reached only afoot or by carriage, is a still quainter place, the little fishing hamlet of Équihen, a favorite resort of artists in search of *genre* subjects. There, among the sand dunes, bristling with spiky salt grass, are the most astonishing houses imaginable. Fishing-boats, turned upside down, are reared on plank walls, and each one contains a good-sized family.

Sixteen miles south of Boulogne, at the mouth of the river Canche, lies sleepy old Étaples, a quaint fishing village now flanked by huge railroad sidings. Its harbor is lovely—a dream for the visiting artist. War transformed the town overnight into the point of departure for the front of the British troops who landed literally by the million at Boulogne. Vast permanent camps much like our own cantonments covered the nearby hills, and after a year or more the men going up into action had the spectacle of one of the vast British cemeteries—there are no less than 1,600 of them in France and Belgium—beside the track to cheer them with the knowledge of what war meant to so many of their comrades. Today 11,300 Britons sleep underneath their white crosses outside Étaples, "row on row."

At the southwestern edge of the harbor is the highly fashionable resort and bathing-beach of Paris-Plage, the dazzling antipode of homey little Le Portel. The tiny town, whose sole business is catering to the whim of the wealthy and fashionable guest, nestles snugly beneath two lofty lighthouses and the sombre pines of the forest of Le Touquet. A splendid golf course gives contrast to the *plage*, or bath-

ing-beach, and half a dozen brilliant hotels house the rich and distinguished who divide their time between links, sea and Casino.

And these random bits are the merest glimpses. Along the Norman shores are the indescribable extravagance and glitter of Deauville and Trouville, where expenditure is on a truly imperial scale and the outsider, unless he possesses both unstinted means and social influence, remains not only an outsider but a fit and proper subject for skilful plucking. Both to north and south runs the picturesque procession of these resorts, glittering jeweled beads in the sandy chain, vivid spots where, even in a war-saddened and impoverished France, the work-a-day world is temporarily forgotten, and visitors of every nationality play with the happy abandon of children upon an endless holiday.

## III

### ABBEVILLE AND NEARBY

ABBEVILLE, an important English auxiliary base, and considerably damaged during the air raids of 1918, when this entire region was systematically bombed, quickly recovered both its health and spirits. To-day it wears its old confident air and lights up at night unafraid. *Abvi*, as the French pronounce it, is well worth seeing.

On our first stroll through its streets we were struck almost dumb by something in the show window of a rather mean and dirty little shop. Could it be? we asked one another, scarce able to credit our eyes. After some hesitation I went in and bought one. It was—it really was—apple pie! Not "like mother used to make," to be sure, but still real apple pie, for all the Frenchwoman insisted that it was only a "tart-to-the-apples." And as Abbeville was the only place in all France where we ever found an apple pie, all honor to the ingenious town!

The prodigious number of pastry shops in France makes you wonder if there is any other land where the people eat so much *pâtisserie*. And what about

the fabled economy of the French in food? It is very hard to reconcile the stories with their constant patronage of these shops, where the prices rival those of New York. They are full of men, women and children, sometimes carrying things home, quite as often eating as they prowl about, teaspoon and plate in hand, under the hawkeye of the proprietress. Perhaps the explanation is simple: the heavy, cloying sweets may ruin appetites for wholesome meats and vegetables.

The innumerable pasty-faced children in France would indicate this, though we find many a lovely, healthy youngster throughout Picardy and in some other provinces. One other morning here in Abbeville we passed little Mademoiselle Bignon, sitting smiling, in the door of her father's shop. She had a tiny broom in her hand, so I asked if she were cleaning the street, something often done by the women and children. Looking up at me with amusement in her big blue eyes, the little thing answered gravely: "*Non, Monsieur,* I am not obliged to. My papá can pay for that!"

From the looks of the street, we judged papá's pocketbook had suffered no very severe inroads.

The late flamboyant Gothic style, well called by Dr. Luebke "a gorgeouly rich aftergrowth of the Gothic," has a striking manifestation in the great church of St. Wulfran, whose square towers rise high above the roofs of the town. Yet, for all its richness and fancy, its playful, flamelike superficial decoration, the general effect is lifeless. The sculptured figures on the façade, for the most part, are like-

nesses of the patrons of various industrial guilds of the old days when there were no such things as laboring hours; when the burghers were awakened by the nasal chanting of apprentice and journeyman alike, singing their way through the dawn to their tasks.

Usually, the choirs of these old-time churches were built first—was it not meet that the sacred precinct be raised to house the Divine Presence before worshiping mankind be sheltered? But here the opposite course was taken, and the splendid nave begun toward the end of the fifteenth century. In the seventeenth the choir was finished on a distinctly smaller and inferior scale—the Deity has been steadily losing importance with the French nation for many long and trying years—making a combination even queerer and more apparent inside than out. Yet there is plenty of real beauty to St. Wulfran, if you look for it with a discerning eye.

Another attractive church is St. Gilles, contemporary with the greater one; but the most interesting by far, historically, is little St. Sépulchre, which commemorates the gathering here, in August, 1096, of the First Crusade. A Picard devotee, Peter the Hermit of Amiens, preached it, stirring all Christian Europe to the point of rescuing the Holy Sepulcher from the Mohammedans, who had polluted it. Many a valiant Picard of high and low degree was in that mighty concourse, and Count Guy de Ponthieu, too ill to go himself, built the original St. Sépulcre on the foundations of the barracks the crusaders used. To-day you see a reconstruction of that edifice.

For all she is only a great textile center to-day, Abbeville has always been a fighting town. "Our ancestors were not merely fat and timid bourgeois," says Ledieu, the local historian. "They lived ceaselessly in their war harness. . . ." As a matter of fact, the Abbeville militia, composed of shopkeepers and other townsfolk, rivaled the knights in sheer bravery on many a bloody field. A spirited bronze bas-relief on the walls of the Hôtel de Ville, or Town Hall, recalls the heroism of a rich and influential bourgeois named Ringois, who preferred death—he was manacled, and hurled from the parapet of Dover Castle into the sea—to recognizing Edward III of England and urging submission upon his fellow townsmen.

The great belfry standing beside the Hôtel de Ville is one of many which make a prominent feature of Picardy. Their bells, in many cases, are both famous and melodious, and a monkish writer of the seventeenth century tells us each bell was accorded a soul, personified by baptism. They used to sound the wild alarms that sent the medieval bourgeois scurrying out from behind his counter into his shell of leathern jerkin or steel jacket. And to-day? To-day the old bells mark the time, and sometimes warn idle youth from the streets at a seemly hour.

Certainly if the bells were accorded souls, the streets must have them, to judge from their names, their narrow picturesqueness, and the curious houses that fill them: the Street-of-the-Savage, the Street-of-the-Saintes-Maries, the Street-of-the-He-Mules, and so on. Most of the houses date from the six-

teenth century, and one of them, the "House of Francis I," is so named because that merry monarch is fabled to have lodged there one night. At No. 7, in the Street-of-the-Bridge-for-the-Wheelbarrows, is an excellent specimen of this sixteenth century construction, delicately carved, with corbels and moldings that vie with the projecting heads and figures which give the house its distinction. In those days some distinction was necessary—houses were not numbered. Instead, each one had some peculiarly carved or painted device that any passerby could easily recognize and remember. For example, there were the Three-Moors, which recalled the Crusades; the Green-Bellows, the Cat-that-Plays-Ball, and others equally strange.

On the way from the station to the center of the town is one, overhanging the river, which would undoubtedly have been called *L'Homme-Qui-Pêche*, The-Man-That-Fishes, from the persistence with which the proprietor—or perhaps it may have been the *chef de cuisine*—of the restaurant fished from the dining-room window. Was fish the main item on his ménu? we wondered; but somehow we never ventured in to find out.

There is no counting on markets in France. Quite often they end about the time you finish breakfast, and sometimes they begin about the time you are ready to begin luncheon. Here in Abbeville we sauntered over to the market square about eight o'clock one morning, expecting to find things in full swing. It was nine, however, before the first comers began languidly to put up their booths and tents. As we

had arranged for the drive out of town, up Mont Caubert, we did not stay to see the market folk assemble; but we did meet many of them coming down the steep hill road. The more pretentious families ride in covered carts a good deal like miniature prairie schooners on two wheels, and scarcely less capacious. Behind and under the passengers the load of produce stowed away is little short of amazing. The drivers usually lead their horses down the hill, and one ancient dame in particular disproved to us the Osler theories. She must have been at least seventy, yet she led old Dobbin on foot while her daughter and granddaughter, in elegant attire, rode in state, and instead of being wrathy, seemed very much pleased to have their collective picture taken.

Two dogs and a man were managing another heavy cart on the steep grade. In many places in France the dog is still used as a draft animal, though the government is taking steps to have this stopped. I have seen the poor beasts helping, or unassisted hauling some very heavy loads, but it must be confessed that I have never seen one actually abused. The thing that struck me as particularly sad is that they are totally unresponsive to friendliness or commiseration from strangers. They do not recognize the universal language of sympathy between humans and animals, but remain perfectly stolid.

It was on the broad, high plateau of Mont Caubert that Cæsar established an immense camp for fourteen legions in 57 B.C. All that recalls it to-day is part of the *agger*, or mound, of its intrenchments, yet the drive is well worth taking, not only for the views

on the road up, but also for the inspiring panorama from the height itself over the broad, flat plain below, with the shining coils of the River Somme winding through the trees for miles until it vanishes on the misty horizons to right and left. And coming back, along the river and the banks of the Transit Canal, is many a beautiful scene. Although Abbeville is about fourteen miles from the coast, in the sixteenth century it was an important seaport, and built so many ships that the forests were all being cut down for timbers. Wood became so scarce that there was not enough to repair the houses, many of which fell into ruins. This so alarmed the local magistrates that they forbade the construction of boats bigger than thirty-six tons, though craft of from seventy to a hundred had been building. Nowadays, however, the long docks beside the river are silent and deserted. Instead, the road to the railroad station is deep-rutted with the merchandise of many inventions.

About fifteen miles from Abbeville, the battlefied of Crécy is as easy to reach as it seems hard. In the first place, the ticket you buy does not bear the name the guidebooks give, and that is sufficiently disquieting. You think you want to go to Crécy-en-Ponthieu, and your ticket reads clearly enough Crécy-le-Fôret. That the grimy brakeman tells you it is all right is small satisfaction at the moment. The train is unusual, too—cars that look like horse-carrying cars, with one small, square window to each compartment, and platforms and steps at the ends like those of a freight caboose over here; and each

compartment big enough for about four people only.

After a little we discovered that not only did we not know where were were going, but that the Frenchman who was our only fellow passenger in the same box-stall didn't know where he was going, either! The dour brakeman looked as though he were the guard of some lunatics bound for an asylum. Doubtless the volleys of questions shot at him had something to do with that. But at last Crécy-le-Fôret and our Crécy proved to be one and the same, and we clambered swiftly down from our cushionless car, to be left perplexed upon the station platform.

A kindly old farmer, looking on from his cart, suddenly called out: "You wish to see the battlefield? You will find carriages at the Hotel of the Golden Cannon," and he pointed to the town, a long quarter of a mile away. It proved a pleasant walk, mostly uphill.

Boldly I thrust my head into the mouth of the Golden Cannon, a pleasant place, truly, where a tantalizing aroma of baking "tarts-to-the-apples" assailed my olfactories. Perched upon a very high stool, madame nodded with the weight of her eighty winters over knitting that drooped upon the bar. A handsome cat and her twin kittens lazily washed themselves and basked in the crackling warmth of an open fire, whose jets of flame danced impishly upon the rows of dark bottles at madame's broad back. Clean, white sand, freshly strewn, dusted the floor, and, at a table, Boniface himself, white and crabbed and old, played cards with a youthful guest. Between them glasses and a decanter of *eau-de-vie*—

their fiery "water of life," which we call plain brandy —bespoke still further the cheery air of hospitality the room displayed in every line.

At my query, "You have carriages?" he started, and counted his cards slowly before answering. Evidently the pleasure of the game meant more to him than a few paltry francs, for he scratched his gray head, and answered gruffly: "No, I have nothing to send out to-day. It is only a mile and a half. You can walk."

We were more fortunate farther along, at the Café of the Veterans, and secured a decrepit old miniature stage for the trip to the now peaceful scene of that dreadful fight, one of the earliest, and, to the French, most disastrous, battles in that terrible conflict known as the Hundred Years War.

Generalship, not numbers, won the action. The haughty French, despising the handful of 25,000 Englishmen, all dismounted, thought they had only to strike one blow to wipe them out of existence. Besides, they took the English troops for serfs and mercenaries, like their own infantry, poor creatures who would strike and bolt, to be lanced in flight like so many wild boars by the mounted nobles. This was a costly mistake. The Britons were freemen and landowners, who could be depended upon to acquit themselves like men. Furthermore, the English were posted at the crest of a long, gentle slope, with the sun at their backs, and had the deadliest weapon of that day, the longbow, almost as fatal an arm as the old-fashioned musket.

The loosely organized, undisciplined French, 100,-

000 strong, were mired at the foot of the slope, in a slough so sticky that when the order came to charge, the mercenary crossbowmen and the poor chargers, weighted down by their armored masters, could hardly lift a foot. At last they moved, and with that heart-stirring disregard of danger that has always been characteristic of French fighting, lumbered into a flight of arrows so terrible it seemed a blinding snowstorm. Horses and men went down, and others piled over upon them in a helpless, kicking, mangling, shouting mass. Again and again, with splendid heroism, the French tried to still that deadly storm. Never was national character better shown; never was the folly of individualism and the lack of discipline better exemplified than that bloody afternoon of Crécy. The russet fields turned crimson, the slain made a carpet for the rushing, struggling fighters; and when the sun went down upon the carnage, thirty thousand French dead cumbered the field of the worst defeat they had ever experienced—more French dead than there had been English soldiers when the fight began—and among them the flower of chivalry: twelve hundred knights, eight knights-banneret, eleven princes.

Of them all, blind King Jean of Bohemia made the most heroic and typical figure. Strapped to his charger, the valiant blind man said to his knights: "I ask you very especially that you place me so far in advance that I may strike one good blow of the sword." And on one side of the little monument, raised where the English pikes laid him low, is inscribed the passage from Froissart: "Jean struck

one blow, behold three, behold even four, and fought most valiantly." On another side are the words: "The valiant chevaliers of France found it sweeter to die than be reproached for villain flight."

Legend has it that King Edward directed the battle from an old stone windmill which stood on the highest knoll commanding the field. The mill was not torn down until 1886, 540 years after the fight, when its peasant owner, in a sudden fury of misguided patriotism, razed it on the occasion of some ill-feeling between France and England. To-day the small boys of the neighborhood find the spot useful for kite-flying experiments, and the healing grass has overgrown even the bare scar the age-old foundations left in the soil of this tragic knoll.

## IV

### STONE BIBLES

AWAY back in 481, Clovis, then only fifteen years old, came to the Frankish throne at Amiens, and promptly began the hammer-and-tongs sort of diplomacy that enabled him to build up a great and powerful kingdom. First, at Soissons, he annihilated Roman sovereignty, and gathered confidence. Then came Tolbiac, where he hurled back more savage Germans who also wanted a share of this fair, new land; and lastly, at Poitiers, he wrecked the rival Visigothic power in the south.

All this was not easy, but Clovis was as great a politician as he was a warrior. Until he saw himself being defeated at Tolbiac, he had stuck to his pagan gods; but then, in the crucial instant, he swerved to the God of his Christian wife, Clotilde—and won. That settled the weaker gods, and Clovis became a Christian himself. Who knows—the whole history of France may have hinged upon that savage petition, and afterward upon his fierce allegiance to his new and mighty god of battles. Some modern historians have handled Clovis rather roughly because he did not immediately manifest what we of

to-day consider the Christian virtues. As a matter of fact, his new belief only added strength to his arm. And as for "conversion" converting the leopard's spots—what have the Christian nations been doing since the very beginning?

Long before Clovis' time—as early as 301, in fact—converts were being made in Amiens. In that memorable year a stranger came preaching to the astonished Amienois, who were still kneeling to the Roman gods, and turned so many to the new faith that the priests of Jupiter and Mercury complained to the governor. The result was inevitable, and the stranger, Firmin by name, became the first martyr and saint of the city. Its two other great religious figures, however, are much more celebrated: the Roman soldier, St. Martin—everybody knows the story of his cloak and the beggar—and Peter the Hermit, who preached the first crusade. Yet Amiens, loyal to St. Firmin martyr, dedicated its magnificent thirteenth century Cathedral to him.

And such a Cathedral—the very flower and type of the Gothic! Indeed, M. Viollet-le-Duc, the most famous of modern French architects, has called it "the Parthenon of French architecture." Not that it is the most beautiful in France—its towers, never finished off with the tall spires they need, are mere squatting dwarfs, guarding a giant; and its slender *flèche*, or arrow-spire, derided by Ruskin, has become world famous as "the pretty caprice of a village carpenter." Its perfection lies in its general purity of style, untinctured by Romanesque or any other discordant note.

What a deal we can learn from it! Not merely of glorious engineering and architecture, but of the faith of men in that wonderful thirteenth century, when worship was man's highest function and reason for being. Fortunately, only nine shells struck the Cathedral, and nowhere was their damage serious. As at Reims, the sculptures were protected by sandbags. This House of God is literally built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, with Christ as the chief corner-stone. On the central pillar of the great main portal stands a tender and appealing figure—the Beautiful God of Amiens. It is without realism, a pure attempt to express Divinity. On either hand are the apostles and the major prophets who foretold Him. These figures are Picard portraits, likenesses of the burghers of the day, and bear what M. Anatole le Braz calls the "race impress and innocent realism" of the models, and are correspondingly true and lifelike.

Every detail about Him has either spiritual or esthetic meaning. He tramples the lion and the dragon of human sin under foot; directly below flows the running tracery of a grapevine; upon the sides of His pedestal climb a wondrous lily and a blooming rose; in front stands a small carven figure of one who, with crown and scepter and scroll, is clearly prophet, priest and king. What does it all mean? Who can the king be but David himself? "I am the root and the offspring of David," runs the Messianic saying. Now we begin to grasp the significance of the "lily of the valley," the "rose of Sharon," "the true vine."

All this, and more, on the façade; amazing riches of sculptured figures, great and small; exquisite four-foil medallions, each a charming and delicate picture by itself, showing now the months, their labors and symbols, now the works or attributes of holy men; gargoyles, arabesques, fretwork, and a great rose window. In one door reigns the benign St. Firmin, in another the Virgin Mother-Queen, calm and radiant, in wonderful contrast to that later Virgin of the fourteenth century, who illuminates a side door with her coquettish halo and "gay soubrette's smile." Truly, French ideals had changed since the Mother-Queen was carved, with adoration in every chip of the chisel.

On studying the exterior of a Gothic cathedral it must not be forgotten that, except for the façade, it is the wrong side of the fabric you see—simply a vast expanse of vertical engineering in stone, with interposed glass screens or windows. The seams, the knots, the reverse of the real design are all apparent. But inside the true pattern, the master weaver's design, appears in the full majesty of both its thought and execution. In their striving for sublimity the Amienois raised the groined ceiling to the almost inconceivable height of a hundred and forty feet above the floor. It seems to float lightly upon the needle-like shafts that rocket upward to the spring of the vaulting. But the real supports, the great buttress piers and the flying buttresses, that carry the thrust and weight, are all on the wrong side—the outside.

Amid all the wonders of the interior, do not miss

the two great bronze tombs in mid-nave of Bishops Everard and Geoffroy, who by faith and perseverance raised the great fane. Their monuments are all the more impressive since they are the only ones of that age in all France which did not fall victims to the revolutionary madness, and emerge from the furnace of politics metamorphosed into cannon, gunpowder and absinthe.

In the choir is the wonder of wonders, in whittled oak, splendid work of the sixteenth century, rich, fully developed flamboyant, but full of power and spirit. Truly the carvers who made these seats and canopies worked for love—three cents a day, or thirty-two cents a figure, was all the world paid for their skill and knowledge. Under their knives the tough and seasoned wood leaped like fire forty feet into delicate pinnacles, or writhed into a labyrinth, or plodded along in amazing Bible stories true to the last detail. Who were these cunning workers?—where the tablet solemnly recording their names? Look on the eighty-fifth and the ninety-second stalls. On the one, fat, jovial Jhan Trupin carved his own head and his name; on the other his name, and the brief prayer, "God take care of thee." That is all. No other apparently thought it worth while to leave any record of himself beside his work.

The most precious relic the Cathedral possesses is what is said to be a part of the skull of John the Baptist. His tragic story, told vividly on the north side of the choir screen, in high relief, runs from the time when he appeared in his camel's-hair robe before Herod to the moment when Salomé has

the tardy decency to swoon as Herodias stabs viciously at the head with her dagger. On the opposite side is the life of St. Firmin, the scenes ending with his martyrdom by some very Gallic-looking Roman soldiers.

One of the main reasons for the elaborate sculptures of the old cathedrals was the illiteracy of the masses. Reading was the gift of the few; books and papers there were none. Consequently Biblical history and tradition, as well as secular lore, could be made real to the people only by practical illustration with carven statues. This was as true of the grotesques as of the sacred subjects. The artists had no comic weeklies then to print their caricatures, so we find them, instead, everywhere in juxtaposition with the most sacred subjects. No irreverence was either meant or understood. And woe to the rich philistine who offended! Caricatures in stone and seasoned oak last longer than in printer's ink on flimsy paper.

The esthetic and poetic side of the Cathedral cannot be reduced to either the written or the spoken word. You must behold it with the spiritual as well as with the mental vision before you can comprehend its force, beauty and meaning. Go in the afternoon, when the westering sun is pouring into the vast cavern of the nave a flood of ethereal color through the glorious roses and lancets. Steep yourself in color. Silently rest among the pillars that turn sapphire and gold, emerald and crimson, under the necromancy of man and his Maker alike; and come away uplifted, awed, singing at heart with the

reverence of other days, when life was not wholly sordid, and men had souls to open to the light.

All the color and peace of Amiens does not by any means reside in the Cathedral. Near by, the little Park René Goblet is a joy and refreshment, with its unimaginably beautiful begonias. The Street-of-the-Three-Pebbles runs straight from the park to the Place Gambetta, one of the busiest squares in the whole city, and the focus of its entire trolley system. Seven of the town's main arteries open into this vortex, and five lines of tramcars make it a huge loom, animated by the darting shuttles full of humanity. In this animated section the shells played havoc during the final German drive, when the lines of battle crept up to within three miles of the city. Quite a number of houses in the Street-of-the-Three-Pebbles were destroyed, and the 18th Century Theatre damaged. The wreckage, fortunately, was not irreparable, and the city quickly resumed its usual activities.

Above the city the "soft-glittering" River Somme divides into numerous swift little streams, making the old part of the town a veritable French Venice, though the water is transparent, not blue, and the buildings are far from palatial—modest homes of the toilers, dingy, aged and ramshackle enough, but mightily picturesque with their pots of bright-colored flowers on little balconies overhanging the smooth-flowing stream below.

There is a very attractive walk out along the *hallage* road, beside the river, to the irrigated market gardens called the *Hortillonages*. First there are

numerous little mills and dyeworks, where the stream is often crimson, or blue, or black, for like Abbeville, Amiens is a great textile center, thorny with an abatis of tall chimneys, over which Mr. Ruskin raged. Then come private dwellings, their picturesque back yards running down to the water, alive with blossoming flowers and the tender green of vines. At the very edge the family gondola waits, long and shallow and black, with up-tilted prow and stern, giving more than a suggestion of Italian Venice. As mother leads the van in Abbeville, so here she paddles the boat, while daughter, after the accepted manner the world over, sits in elegant leisure in the bow.

The *Hortillonages* are a veritable archipelago, the islets divided by little irrigating canals, most of them wide enough to let the boats nose through. Here an ancient colony of amphibious gardeners, about two thousand strong, delves in the rich soil to furnish Amiens with vegetables. With true peasant tenacity they stick to the laborious methods of their ancestors, and remain as they have been for centuries, a curious medieval survival. Still farther along are pretty little villas, each one a moated grange, its only communication with the river road over iron bridges with locked gates. Turn back, and all the long way in to town the river is a panorama to stir the most callous or careless. The soft Picard sky overhead, a grayish, delicate blue almost too beautiful to be real, floats heavenly argosies of white clouds. Far away in the city, rising massive and dominant, is the Cathedral, its delicate *flèche* piercing the sky and trembling down along the water, a

Reims: The Martyr-City and Cathedral under bombardment in 1917

Unidentified Dead. Below, the concrete shelter above Verdun. Above, the projected Ossuaire for the the famous "Bayonet Trench."

living indicator of the house of peace. We wonder if the gardeners, as they float down to market, note the changing beauty of the scene; if they have any of the feeling for their beautiful Cathedral that inspired the people at the time of its erection.

What a picture that unique provision flotilla under way would make! But it comes down about three or four o'clock in the morning—enough to discourage the most ardent camera—so it was nearly eight before mine reached the humming Place Parmentier. It is the greenest market I ever saw, boats and quays alike covered with cabbage, cauliflower and melons, which appear to be the staples, with great splashes of warm color from the carrots. The air is redolent of fresh earth and the tang of newly pulled vegetables; it clatters with the harsh babel of the Picard dialect, the nasals of the French, the occasional speech of a foreigner. Everybody is hustling. Money clinks in passing from pouch to pouch. Shrill housewives argue and bargain. Cheese merchants, butter dealers, egg sellers, butchers, and a host of others, add their clamor to the general din. The spirit of this market, unlike those of either Spain or Italy, is good-natured haste—must not all self-respecting folk be done with their buying or selling by ten o'clock, and be off?

The street below the Place is given over to what is usually called a rag fair, and at the most conspicious angle of street and bridge we found a demonstrator of the very latest Parisian fashions in hair dressing. Her little *mannequin*, with its blond wig, looked very queer in the open street. The broad-

backed women from the market were as much interested in mademoiselle and her wares as their finely dressed sisters are in the windows of the best shops along the Street-of-the-Three-Pebbles. Many a woman with her basket full of fresh vegetables fell a victim to the glib persuasiveness of mademoiselle. I can hear her yet, exclaiming: "*Oh, madame, il est très chic! Mon Dieu, mais c'est trés chic! Voila!*" Mademoiselle was shy of the camera, so I spent quite a while focusing about to disarm suspicion. Convinced at last that I was a mild lunatic, interested only in "cabbages and kings," she fell to work, and I caught a perfectly unconscious pose.

## V

### "THE SOMME" AND RECONSTRUCTION

EASTWARD from Amiens to both north and south for almost five years the German Armies occupied ten of the most important French Départments. Much of the industrial life of the country centred there, to say nothing of intensive agriculture. When the invader finally withdrew, many delightful towns and picturesque old cities, full of the treasures of the past, were either hammered into oblivion, looted or wantonly damaged, and the country laid waste. Yet the tourist who expects to find this battle region clearly marked by deep trenches—most of them have vanished as completely as if they had never been—or covered with souvenirs, does not know the French, or the earnest, sober, irresistible spirit with which the country started its task of cleaning the Augean Stables the *boches* left behind.

This does not at all mean that the battleground is not worth a visit. It is! Guides, and motor cars of the "rubberneck" variety, carrying excursion parties, personally conducted tours by such famous

managers as Raymond & Whitcomb and Cook, or the services of the great railways, make the visits interesting and inspiring. The French Syndicats d'Initiative, branches of which are located in almost every city and town of France, are sources of prolific information and helpful instruction. Besides these, the relatives of the heroic dead who wish to visit the cemeteries and pay honor to their lost sons, are reminded that the different countries maintain Graves Registration Services able to direct inquirers accurately except in the case of the, alas! all too numerous unidentified, who share no homage save that paid to all alike.

* * * * *

One of the most celebrated struggles of the whole western front—in which the American flag unofficially appeared for the first time in battle on European soil—was Vimy Ridge. The Ridge is a butte about 476 feet high, a great chalkey-clayey lump upon the coal-bearing plain. When I lay upon its crest in a shell-crater and watched a slow enemy bombardment about Lens and distant Liévin, Vimy was a hideous wreck, and I marvelled that our Canadian neighbors had ever been able to ascend its slippery steeps in a driving rain and a tempest of fire. Today slender maples have been planted upon it in commemoration of the gallant storming.

Lens and Liévin are the centre of that enormously rich coal region which was struggled over until little was left of it above ground but rubbish heaps. Both sides tenaciously continued to mine coal within two miles of the trenches all this time, and the damaged

mine structures which gave the district such a ghastly aspect seemed to me like wounded Martians. When the Germans left, the French attacked the apparently hopeless task of salvage with such energy and skill that to-day Lens is rising again sombrely from its black desolation, and its district is producing three-quarters as much coal as before the war, with the output steadily rising and living conditions for the miners improving.

Arras, a few miles south, hammered continuously for more than four years by close-range shell fire, takes its place among the martyred towns of France only a step behind Reims. In spite of the fact that the city lay very close to the lines, a large number of the inhabitants refused to leave. The enormous underground "boves," or quarries, and extensive connecting cellars, were quickly transformed into a catacomb city, electrically lighted, where some forty thousand soldiers and civilians lived in comparative safety. Above their heads swirled a storm of high explosives and steel that smashed the ugly classic-style Cathedral into a noble and appealing ruin, churned some houses into rubble, split some in two, and left others practically untouched. Some of the effects, now, of course, cleared away, were unbelievable. I saw one house on the edge of the Grande-Place with every window blown in and everything else literally blown out of it.

The magnificent Town Hall, or Hôtel de Ville, in the Petite-Place, once one of the noblest edifices of its kind in northern France, with a superb Gothic façade and a ponderous, graceful Belfry of the fifteenth

and sixteenth centuries, was practically obliterated. The houses that lined the three other sides of the Square were mostly built during the latter part of the seventeenth century in the most ornate Flemish style, all of them upon arcades covering the street, and all with steeply gabled roofs. Instead of numbers in the old days, they boasted curious devices upon their façades which gave them their names and individuality: "The Whale," "The Silver Sheep," and so on. Seventy of the houses were completely destroyed, and the others damaged so severely it seemed almost impossible that reconstruction could bring any of their former glory back. But the authorities, with infinite pains and patience, have restored every single façade in that Petite-Place, sculptures, arches, overhanging *pignons*, decorations and all. To do this, the débris had to be overhauled with the most minute and patient discretion. Every useful stone was picked out and numbered, timbers, statues, medallions, everything usable, saved and marked for identification. The individual owners restored the interiors as they pleased, but the Government made this Square a national monument of the greatest artistic importance and permanent beauty.

Below Arras the German lines swung somewhat to the west, and the battlefield of the Somme has some of its most tragic memories in such little towns as Thiépval, once a hamlet of 250 souls. "The village," reports *L'Illustration* of last summer, "has been completely erased from the list of living towns . . . and in the few heaps of grass- and weed-grown stones, who can tell where stood the village church before

the bloody battles of the Somme?" But on top of the eminence where the town stood, now rises a striking English monument to the heroic Ulstermen who fell there in defeat in 1916.

Not far distant, unless they have been recently filled up, are the prodigious craters of the British mines at Beaumont-Hamel, a miniature valley some 450 feet long, 300 feet wide and eighty feet deep. Two other enormous mine-craters in the vicinity are still to be seen at La Boisselle, the "Large Mine" measuring about 300 feet across. The explosion of these was the signal for the opening of the Battle of the Somme on July 1, 1916. Another three-hundred-foot crater yawns where Pozières once stood, on the road between Bapaume and Albert.

The former town, falling first to one Army, then to its opponent, was utterly destroyed, and nothing remains but the cemetery, churned and rechurned by shells. Many of the German dead were buried here, scores of them in a common grave over which rises a characteristically heavy monument. Albert met the fate of Bapaume, and before the war ended there was not a wall left rising above one's waist.

The Butte de Warlencourt, a tremendous heap of greyish-white chalk and clay, protrudes like a monstrous boil from the field of the Somme. It presented a formidable obstacle to the advance upon Bapaume, and the monuments to the regiments which finally took it by storm tell a bitter tale indeed. Their very simplicity and reticence is more moving than columns of detail. Not far distant some of the tanks disabled in that fight are still, I believe, in the positions where

death left them—mysterious, fire-spitting dragons come out of an immensely remote past to give civilization their aid, and perishing gallantly.

One of the most amazing evidences of German wartime psychology was officially displayed in the ruined city of Péronne, once a curious and interesting little market town in a nest of swamps and streams where the Cologne flows into the Somme. When the British took it in 1917 they found fastened across the façade of the battered shell once the Town Hall, a huge sign bearing the *kolossal* joke: "*Nicht ärgern, nur wundern.*" "Do not be enraged—only wonder." To-day Péronne is slowly creeping back to life from its rubble heaps, but the sign is no longer there. Look for it in the great Imperial War Museum in London.

In the huge triangle made by St. Quentin—a large textile city which has practically recovered from all it suffered during the war—on the east, ravaged Senlis on the south and Albert on the west, was the wide area usually referred to as *the* Devastated Region. Here the German hate was nurtured and loosed, not to strike wildly, in hit or miss rages, but with a cold, calculated ferocity so incredible it had to be seen to be comprehended. And when comprehended, it seemed even more diabolical to me than the reckless wastage of human life.

Jussy, within sight of St. Quentin, was a "folksy" little place of two thousand or so, a quiet, largely farming town dwelling in thrifty content. Not a shell ever fell upon Jussy, I was told, but so thoroughly, so systematically did the retreating Germans

smite it that not one house, not even one foundation, was left, not a street could be discerned, not a rubbish heap left higher than a man's knees. Still not content, German thoroughness uprooted every tree, vine and flower, destroyed most of the grass, all the roads, filled the springs and wells with dead animals and filth, and mined the highroads. Much of this ruin still exists, but here, as at nearby Frières-Faillouel—so obliterated no one could tell accurately where it once stood—the peasants are slowly straggling back to begin life all over again despite privation and heartbreak.

Right in the heart of this Devastated Region an enormous tumulus was raised at the edge of a marvelous orchard country as a belvedere for fat Prinz Eitel Fritz. At enormous cost of labor the mound was built in perfect geometrical form, moated about with a deep wet fosse, and graced with a handsome rustic lodge. *Hubertus-Haus* read the carved black-letter inscription above the door. Huge wooden toadstools sprang up for seats, and a slice through the trunk of some gigantic pine, brought from a distant forest at who knows what cost of soldier toil, made a princely table. I hope it still stands, and that it will continue for years to stand, both because it is a self-satire upon *Kultur*, and because from it one enjoys a view of that sweet and lovely, perfumed, rolling country where German axe and saw did their calculated worst.

Here thousands of little fruit trees, cultivated with the minutest and most affectionate care, had made this sunny region a little paradise, a vale of marvel-

ous jellies and jams, of preserves and candied fruits. Then one day the axemen went forth. Between dawn and dusk thousands and scores of thousands of trees went down in endless swaths, every one felled at precisely the same height above ground, every one with its budding crown pointing mutely up the line of the retreat. Mathematics governed it all, governed the same treatment of the giant poplars and buttonwoods that glorified the edges of the highway, governed the dynamiting of the cement telegraph poles, whose flying hair [broken wires] streamed wildly. Today the wreckage is gone, the mined road repaired, and many thousands of American trees planted in the orchards, some of them, no doubt, in bearing already, so prompt was the help given.

In her reconstruction France had the aid of that superbly American organization known as the American Committee for Devastated France, headed by Miss Anne Morgan. No words of mine can give Miss Morgan a tithe of the praise and honor due her. France feels her own gratitude even more deeply. On July 20, 1924, Marshal Pétain at Blérancourt, in the Aisne, officially decorated Miss Morgan, and her able coadjutor, Mrs. A. M. Dyke, with the richly merited ribbon of Officer of the Legion of Honor, bestowed the rank of Chevalier on three others of their assistants, and closed the long roll of the Committee's remarkable record.

As a French account glowingly reports, they "distributed their generosity over four cantons, those of Soissons, Anizy-le-Château, Coucy-le-Château and

Vic-sur-Aisne, succoring 120 communes and extending their beneficent action into the neighboring Départements of the Marne and the Oise.

"At the Armistice more than 1,000 families, 70,000 refugees and 330,000 combatants had benefitted by the assistance of the Committee. . . . It made advances to the [returned] peasants, built houses, founded homes and libraries, furnished cattle, farm and draft animals, fruit trees by the thousand, agricultural machinery, started industrial enterprises, created above all an incomparable Service d'Hygiène —hospitals, ambulances, milk distribution, etc.— which in a single year aided 379,427 persons and reduced infant mortality ten per cent." It did other innumerable fine things, but a complete list would fill a volume as big as a mail-order catalogue.

Since the Armistice monuments and memorials have sprung up throughout the scenes of action, and everywhere the military crises of those five bloody years have been so perpetuated by France and her Allies in various forms, that the visitor to the different fronts may gain everything but a pictorial impression of the greatest war in history.

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Just to the southeast of the Devastated Region is what remains of Soissons, noted for beans and sieges. Indeed, *soissons* means beans, in French. It was here that Clovis gave the deathblow to Roman power, and all through the ages conqueror after conqueror has laid the town waste, the thundering Germans scoring twice—in 1870 and 1914-18. In the interim

Soissons dreamed among its beans on the green slopes all about, a modern town of fine, tree-lined avenues and a pleasant visage laved by the river Aisne.

To some extent that aspect still endures, for though the city was viciously fought over, around and through, and the guns of both armies played havoc in it, solid stone and mortar hundreds of years old are hard to obliterate, even with modern explosives.

When, on visiting it in 1912, we emerged from the railroad station, a comfortable-looking steam tram was apparently ready to start from a fenced enclosure near by, and as the town looked a good three-quarters of a mile away we hurried over. Nobody was in sight. Across the street stood a frowsy old caravansary, in whose door appeared a waiter, balder and frowsier, if anything, than his master's hostelry. "When does the tram start, monsieur?" I asked, relying upon French courtesy for information.

He shrugged coldly and went inside. I tried again, this time a boy. Like the waiter, he shrugged. "'*N*' *sais pas!*" was all I could coax out of him. A railroad employé was more definite. He also shrugged, but replied: "Ummmm, in about an hour or so, I think."

With reckless extravagance, we engaged one of the two ancient carriages leisurely decaying in the station yard. Traffic had apparently passed "Beans" by, notwithstanding the remains of several interesting abbeys in and near the town. Indeed, by far the loveliest things in Soissons, now as well as then, are the magnificent façade and towers of the ancient ruined abbey church of St. Jean-des-Vignes.

Rising ghostly and desolate among their trees, they speak in no uncertain accent of the insanity of the Revolutionists. The bombardments of the late war fortunately left them both standing, but the southern spire was badly battered.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, a fine and imposing structure in which the older Romanesque is singularly blended with the Gothic, suffered cruelly. Roofless, its northern side scarred and shattered, and completely detached from the façade—which amazingly escaped almost intact, save for the loss of the magnificent fourteenth century tower—the exterior presents a melancholy aspect. Within, the nave was ruined, but the choir and transepts came off lightly, all things considered. One can still stand in the south transept and enjoy the admirable and harmonious proportions, the soaring columns and the austere dignity of the edifice, which alone would make Soissons an interesting memory.

Laon, unlike Soissons, suffered practically not at all during the hostilities, and the visitor of today finds it, with the exception of minor scars, exactly as we found it when, looking from our train into the distance across the fertile plain, we saw the morning sun glittering upon burnished rifles and swords, and the long, low-lying cloud of dust made a golden halo above a column of marching infantry. We thrilled at the thought of a siege, but our first view of Laon effaced the thought and left us breathless. Leaning from the car window, our straining eyes played tag with this perfect type of hill town through most exasperating clumps of trees and houses, until we

climbed out on the station platform with a confused sense of a big lump of a hill crowned by towers we knew belonged to the Cathedral, though at that distance they looked like some medieval château.

The hill is a great "limestone island," with a spur that curves around an extraordinary formation, a deep, square valley like a burnt-out crater, heavily wooded with pines and fruit trees and garnished with gardens. It makes Laon a natural fortress, and as you look at it from the plain below you do not wonder the timid Carlovingians clung to it for safety. When the roundabout tram brings you to the top, or you have climbed the 263 steps and their intermediate inclined planes, you feel that if the city and its encircling champaign were as beautiful of old as they are now you understand in a way why the Carlovingian kings dallied here, where the views extend wide over the tree-tops into the bottom-lands, the aromatic winds sing among the lofty branches in a strain no lowland city ever knew, and the air is clean and pure.

We wandered through the picturesque town, enjoying the stern old mansions with their martial round towers and the queer, crooked little alleys that go rambling off to the sides and lose themselves near the walls; we peered into black private courtyards, through fortified gateways eloquent of former warfare, down into the vast *cuve* or valley of St. Vincent, among the thick pines and friendly fruit trees, when, hark! Drums ruffled smartly and bugles shrilled a lively strain. Peasants ran. We joined the crowd, and the dust-crusted red and blue infantry toiled

up through the main square. How different this from the old days, when these peasants' ancestors scurried into their burrows like frightened rabbits at these same sights and sounds.

The beautiful parish church of Notre Dame, with its notable group of bold and graceful towers, is one of the very earliest of Gothic structures, and shows a striking family resemblance to Notre Dame de Paris, even though its façade is graver, and in some respects presents, as M. Louis Hourticq puts it, a "violent and uneasy physiognomy." How are the mighty fallen, indeed! In the old days it was a cathedral, and the Bishop of Laon a functionary hardly less important than the Archbishop of Reims himself. The interior, with its great, flat, English-type eastern end instead of the usual apse, its noble proportions, its strong, round columns, with elaborately carved capitals, all different, is fully as striking as the outside. It is fresh from the restorers' hands; indeed, the clink of the chisel still echoes down the long nave, that looks so white and cold and new.

According to tradition, the stones that built the one-time cathedral were laboriously hauled up the steep slope by animals, who often came voluntarily and offered their services. However that may be, nowhere else has the medieval Christian idea of commemorating the workers found a more poetic realization than in the great oxen, that look like gigantic gargoyles from the towers.

## VI

### CHAMPAGNE AND CHURCHES

THE city of Reims lies yet a shell-torn, fire-blackened ruin with less than an hundred of its original houses intact, a full thousand completely destroyed, parks, fountains, statuary and whole streets turned into hideous desolation, the Archbishop's Palace a gutted, roofless shell, St. Rémy's church open to the sky, and, worst by far of all, the Cathedral so battered and burned that for a considerable time its reconstruction was considered highly problematical. Yet never for a moment from September 4, 1914, until Easter of 1917, when for military reasons all the inhabitants had to be evacuated, was Reims either deserted or dead.

The story of the city and its surrounding vine country is a strange, sweet mingling of champagne and churches, of bacchic labors and festivals interwoven with religion, its lees the bitterness of wars, with mounting industrial importance to add its own tonic flavor.

"To crown a fine dessert
There's nothing like champagne,"

runs the old French chanson. Be this as it may, it has been used for less than two hundred and fifty years, though wines have been used since the dawn of time, apparently—remember Noah. Champagne was accidentally discovered by the monk Dom Pérignon, who had charge of the wine cellars of the Abbey of Hautvillers, near Épernay, about 1670, and since that time elaborate establishments for its manufacture have sprung up, the most important at Épernay and Reims. "*Chateaux de commerce*" the French call them, a very queer-sounding combination to American ears. They are well worth a visit.

A taciturn employé herds visitors ahead of him, in groups of a dozen or more, down the stairs into the damp chill of the "caves," explaining mechanically, as he goes, to the lucky two or three close enough to him to hear. It is interesting to learn that champagne of the finest quality is made, not from white grapes, as one would suppose, but almost exclusively from black. Therefore, the picking, sorting and pressing are done as rapidly as possible, to prevent the juices from absorbing any of the coloring matter of the skins. After the pressing the juice is allowed to settle for a few hours, when it is drawn off into barrels to ferment. In December the wine is put into bottles, laid carefully on their sides, in these "caves."

Sometime during the summer after the bottles are placed here they are stood on their heads, not upright, but slanted in racks. Three million of them make a very queer dumb show, with here and there a deft, gnome-like worker with a light, who twists

and shakes them delicately every day to work the sediment of fermentation into their necks. When this fermentation is complete the wires are cut, and the force of the gas blows out cork and sediment together. The bottles are then refilled with a mixture of brandy, candied sugar and fine wine—"dosing" the French call this process—after which the bottles are recorked and rewired. The most interesting of all are these "dosing"-rooms, noisy with the popping of the degorging process, as men work like machines to turn mere wine into the costly golden elixir.

Corks were Dom Pérignon's discovery, also. Before his time, wads of hemp or cloth, soaked in oil, were the only stoppers known. In all probability, the old monk's chance use of corks to stopper the bottles led to the discovery of the gas in the wine, since it could not escape when tightly corked. And while it may seem strange to speak of manufacturing champagne, the term is correctly employed, for without the "dosage" it would be a mere gaseous wine.

Physically, the "caves" are a marvel—old chalk quarries, wine-cellars with a vengeance, seventy-five feet or more underground; whitewashed, immaculate galleries literally by the mile. The largest one contains no less than twelve miles of these long, dim, cool corridors, each with its own painted name—Gambetta, New York, Lisbon, Strasbourg, etc. It is two stories or galleries deep. The next in size is three galleries deep and five and a half miles long. During the war, while there were still many thousands of the Remois who could be neither coaxed, fright-

ened nor threatened into leaving town, these "caves" sheltered them. Schools for children, courts of law, a daily newspaper with vivid first-hand news of the immediate battle overhead, and other activities were courageously carried on, and an exceedingly live city maintained steadfastly under the martyred one.

During the reign of Louis XV wide and beautiful public gardens, or Promenades, were laid out along the northwestern edge of the city, and today, about the Square Colbert, in the middle of these gardens, vividly painted temporary shacks and buildings house the town's principal activities while permanent structures are going up as rapidly as funds, materials, and labor are available. At the upper end of these Promenades, fortunately not ruined by the constant bombardment, still stands the oldest monument in Reims, the Roman Porte de Mars, a triple triumphal arch, named after a temple to Mars that once stood nearby. Fluted Corinthian columns flank the archways, with their mutilated carvings—and Roman flutings exercised considerable influence upon subsequent achitecture in France.

Unfortunately, beautiful old houses which projected on wide, sweeping arcades—a great convenience in such a drippy country as France—are all gone. Every afternoon the cafés used to fill the whole street-long arcade with tables and chairs. This custom of monopolizing shelter throughout France for pleasuring is most delightful if one has the time to sit and sip his *apéritif*. Gone, too, is the striking little House of the Musicians, in the Street of the Tambourine, the most unusual in the city. Across its

façade extended a band of five musicians, stark figures altogether too big for both the house and the narrow street. Their importance lay not in their artistic value as sculpture, but as showing the musical instruments of the period and the manner in which they were played. Fortunately, though the house itself was blown out of existence, the statues themselves were saved.

Christianity came to Reims about the end of the third century, and some two hundred years later St. Rémi, one of the early bishops, by his success in converting Clovis and his Franks, made the city a great religious center. From that time onward it was increasingly influential, the scene of many an exceedingly important religious council, and after the Capetian dynasty came into power most of the kings of France were crowned there. St. Rémi was commemorated by the Abbaye St. Rémi, founded in the sixth century. The present church that bears his name, however, on the same site, belongs to the transition period, when all manner of experiments were being tried, while still many of the details of the pure Romanesque were adhered to. One feature not included in the architects' plans is a long hollow worn in each stone balustrade beside the stone steps. Water, it is said, will wear away the hardest rock, but it remained for the youngsters of Reims to prove that skin and bone will do just as well. We found three tiny girls, very scantily clothed, continuing the polishing. For our benefit they gave an especially vigorous exhibition, and the bright young mongrel puppy with them considered it as

much a duty as a pleasure to follow his leaders. Every time the children reached the bottom he sprang to the top, and, squatting on his haunches, barked blithely as he slid down, too.

Notwithstanding the bombardments, and the previous frequent changes and restorations of St. Rémi, the church still retains its personality as a vast and noble basilica. Today, with ruin thick about it, it wears an added dignity for all its roof is gone and some of the details of its façade yielded to the German shells. The nave is ruined, and for the time being one cannot, as in former times, lose one's self amid the forest of piers and columns. On the wall of the south transept is a quaint seventeenth century conception, in high relief, of the baptisms of Clovis, Constantine and Christ. In the center, John baptizes Jesus in the flowing Jordan, while the Dove descends in an aura of clouds and flaming rays. On the right, Constantine, immersed in a Roman font, curiously enough receives the same spiritual visitation. The sculptor denied it to Clovis, who, on that far-away Christmas Day, in 496, was sternly admonished by St. Rémi to worship what he had burned and to burn what he had worshiped.

The basilica in which the interesting ceremony took place did not stand on this spot, but occupied the site of the present Cathedral. And of all the cathedrals built in that fabulously active period, the thirteenth century, this one of Reims, commenced in 1212, is perhaps the most magnificent, while its façade offers the most splendid example in the world of the unfolding of the Gothic idea, with its deeply

recessed portals, its rose window the width of the nave, its beautiful gallery and graceful towers. These great portals are the development of the narthex or ante-church, which we find in Burgundy and farther south. Directly over the rose window is a striking tableau in two scenes; on the left, David killing Goliath; on the right, trying to provoke the giant to combat. How careful the sculptor was to grow oak and olive and fig trees under which the lambs of David's flock could rest while their master and his faithful hound—he looks like a modern crop-eared bull terrier—went after big game.

The Cathedral stands today like a clay model against a black curtain. It is not, fortunately, so irreparably damaged in a structural sense as was at first believed, though the injuries to its wealth of glorious decoration are so serious it can never again be exactly as it was. In the first shelling the roof of oak covered with sheet lead, was destroyed, taking down with it in the fire the graceful fifteenth century *flèche* or "Angel Spire" rising from the apse. At the same time the shells fired the restorers' monster scaffolding, which covered the entire façade. This fire did almost as much damage to the sculpture as the bursting shells. Further continued damage, aside from shellfire, was wrought by the immense piles of sandbags, ten feet thick and thirty feet high, banked solidly across the façade in the endeavor to protect the statues. The rain soaked these bags, and the soft, chalky stone, already tender with its great age and exposure, was seriously affected.

The damage to the western façade, which tells no

such connected story as that of Amiens, but whose work is far finer and more delicate, was severe. Prophets and saints, the Virgin—beheaded now—and architectural details have been torn and shattered. The southern side, overlooking the destroyed Archbishop's Palace, which caught the full fury of the heavy batteries at Nogent l'Abbesse, miles away, is shot through and through, and the open-work staircase in the southern tower is partly destroyed. Fortunately, the important and interesting figures in the tympanum of the northern side's main entrance are largely intact. They present an exceedingly engaging exposition of the belief that St. Rémi drove from the city a band of devils who had set it on fire. The faces well repay scrutiny. The fiend on the left takes the expulsion as a joke; his work is done, and he can go, laughing. The second is merely impertinent. The third, evidently the leader, and his attendant imp, are truly devilish in their snarling resentment. St. Rémi, sad, but firm and unmoved, displays calm confidence and spiritual strength more than equal to the emergency, while two monks behind him are scarcely even interested. Since they were accustomed to dealing with devils and exorcisms, it seemed to the sculptor that they would take such a thing as a matter of course. The whole group is a remarkable imaginative conception.

Beside the north transept door another, long since walled up, is consecrated to the Final Judgment. The tympanum shows the Judge of all the earth, stern and awful, upon His throne, with the resurrection of the dead below, in a double panel. What

a presentation of the resurrection! How naif and natural are the figures crawling out of their tombs! One soul in the upper row gazes devoutly upward even while he struggles with the heavy lid of his penthouse. In the lowermost, angels bear the souls of the saved to the bosom of Abraham, and devils drag the damned to a great pot over a fire. The life-sized souls become mere dolls for devil's broth or patriarchal bosom; a notable transformation, whose reason is obvious. Among the lost are a king, a bishop and a monk, "undoubtedly," a French writer declares, "for moral reasons."

The sculptors here at Reims who worked on the Cathedral attained a mastery of style that recalls the noblest works of antiquity, with the addition of an individuality the ancient works lacked. Indeed, "the last half of the century reached a climax which has been likened, not without justice, to the Golden Age of Pericles; in fact, the whole Middle Ages can offer nothing, in point of classical purity and elevation, to compare with the finest among these works."*

The nave, now flooded with light because of the destruction of the marvelous rose-window and the removal of some of the other stained glass, is bold and free and airy. Both aisles were formerly hung with priceless tapestries. About the capitals of the massive octagonal pillars are wreaths of foliage, among which the caprice of the sculptor mixed human and chimerical figures. The nave and the north transept are in use at present, and when the choir, buried by the collapse of part of the vaulting,

*Luebke: History of Art.

and the weakened south transept are repaired, the whole structure will be opened again. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, splendid gift of a restoration fund is shortly to be put to use in bringing back all that human hands can of the original glory.

One day, as we came into the Cathedral, the fifteenth century organ was thundering softly high above in the majestic cañon of the roof. Before the choir stood a great catafalque, its candles flickering like fireflies against the somber funeral pall draped over the altar. The little knot of black-robed mourners, the very size and grandeur of the empty edifice, seemed somehow a personification of grief, a materialization of human sorrow that not even the strong, comforting voices of the priests in the choir, chanting Gregorian music, could allay. How different from the brilliant coronation scenes the Cathedral has witnessed so many times!

In all those ceremonies a precious vessel, called the Sainte Ampoule, was used. According to tradition, this ampulla, filled with inexhaustible holy oil, was brought from heaven by a dove for the coronation of Clovis. The Revolution shattered the miraculous receptacle, but somehow some one managed to preserve a fragment from which the oil had not entirely vanished. This was carefully enclosed in a new jeweled reliquary, and Charles X was anointed from it at his coronation in 1825. Freeman summed up its importance very well by pointing out that its use seemed a sort of patent of royalty, since the divine right of no king anointed from it was ever disputed, or even challenged.

The treasury is unusually rich and complete for a French cathedral, when we remember the frantic pillaging of revolutionary days, the wanton destruction by the blood-maddened people of precious relics of no intrinsic value, and even of immovable furniture and decorations. Though very few of the tapestries and other treasures of art have as yet been put back into their accustomed places, most of them escaped harm. The Cathedral, accordingly, has considerable extremely valuable jewelry and goldsmith's work of an unusual character, among other notable pieces the so-called Chalice of St. Rémi, solid gold twelfth century work, richly encrusted with jewels and enamels.

No matter where one looked at the great structure, inside or out, there was more than enough of beauty. A whole vivid little world of it ran in and about the three lofty galleries above the walls close under the edge of the now destroyed oak and lead roof: finials, crockets, cariatides, medallions, delicate little spires and turrets and dormers. Everywhere lean old gargoyles of amazing fierceness and expression thrust their eager necks far out to carry away the rain from the walls—weird, half-imaginative, half-real monsters overflowing with individualism and spirit.

And while the destruction was thundering on, what of the grotesque chimeras that used to sit upon the topmost balustrade of the apse, peering out over the city? They always seemed to me, as I studied them day after day, a sort of elfin watchdogs, guardians of the sacred fane who smiled from their lofty perches so long as one behaved, but who would rend

one in pieces did he so much as lay a finger upon their precious charge. My fancy was all wrong! They not only never rent any of the restorers, but they did not exercise a single spell against the deep-mouthed guns thundering at them from distant Brimont and Nogent l'Abbesse. Perhaps I regarded them too seriously. Perhaps, after all, they were only watching for the bringing in of the grapes, for wine has always been very close to the Gallic heart, and they were as Gallic as anything in all the length and breadth of France.

## VII

### THE "ENFANTS-PERDUS"—ALSACE-LORRAINE

IT was not until 1917 that I came to some understanding of the sentimental attachment in which Alsace and Lorraine, those lovely "lost children" of La Belle France, were held by their mother-country from that calamitous day at Frankfort—May 10, 1871—when Bismarck took them bodily, as part of Germany's spoil of war. Bismarck himself did not understand what he was doing for the Germany of the future when he secured the vast timber and potash resources of Alsace, the enormous riches of Lorraine in coal and iron. He, more than any other individual, made possible the supreme effort of Germany in the World War by providing her, within her own borders, all the coal for fuel, the iron for munitions, the potash for industrial and agricultural purposes she could use.

Aside from this tremendous sentimental and economic importance to France, Alsace and Lorraine brought back into the Republican fold a region of marvelous, if at times somewhat sombre beauty,

though Lorraine, even including Metz, has few lures for the traveler who has already seen the beauties of her southern sister.

From Paris it is a day's ride by whichever way one goes to the Vosges Mountains. On the longest and most southerly route, the train runs through one of the most beautiful and fruitful regions of central France, striking first southward to Mélun, then eastward to Troyes, the home of "Troy" measures of weight, and one of the most fascinating of all French cities to the student of architecture and archaeology. The city is under-run and traversed by the Seine, but the principal waterway is the important Canal de la Haute-Seine, which divides the western, or commercial, section from the older city, which was originally settled, like Paris itself, on an island. Chaumont, farther east, is interesting only as the headquarters of the American army under General John J. Pershing. To the southeast, Langres hides coyly within its great ramparts. Without a guidebook one would hardly suspect these mighty walls to be largely of modern construction; but the authorities declare they date, with the exception of the remarkable fifteenth and seventeenth century towers, from the middle of the last century. Vésoul gives a glimpse of a huge statue of the Virgin atop the hill of La Motte directly above the town. Some thirty miles farther on the train begins to ascend the gentle lower slopes of the Vosges, and finally reaches Belfort, known as the "Heroic" from its defense in 1870, commemorated by the Lion, 72

feet long and 36 feet high, carved upon the bald rock just below the citadel of the fortress, by Bartholdi the Alsatian sculptor, a native of Colmar.

If one would have the fullest appreciation of the misty beauty and charm of the Vosges, there can be no better starting point than Belfort. Safe and commodious motor-coaches of the "Route d'Alsace" cover all the regained territory not served by rail lines, and give the visitor an excellent idea of the region. The Route Joffre, which since the war has been added officially to the national roadway system, was planned with characteristic French foresight, not only as a highway for war purposes, but as a scenic route to encourage motor travel afterwards. Hewn and carved laboriously from sticky red clay and shale, it climbs in zigzags at times so sharp one wonders the guns ever mounted it. Every grade bears its plainly lettered signpost—"18 *Pour Cent*," "20 *Pour Cent*," and in one place the distinctly startling "28 *Pour Cent*." Skimming over its improved surface today, with the time to enjoy to the full the marvelous views on every hand, affords a distinctly different sensation from the one experienced by those who traversed it as quickly as possible while the war was in progress.

Though none of the peaks of the Vosges are lofty, they are many of them abrupt and the scenery is stimulating to a high degree. From Belfort northward the highway up to Massemünster stretches away like a broad white ribbon between fields brilliantly green or golden in summer. At Giromagny, some tricksy elf seems to have taken French houses

and given them a fantastically humorous twist. The dull gleam of their red tiles and the clambering vines that spray façades and sides with brilliant flowers are Gallic enough. But there is a greater vivacity, a greater abandon to the *joie de vivre* as the blossoms frolic all over little outbuildings and massive low stone walls, splash up over a bridge here and scramble down a little bluff yonder. Everything is small, everything has a strong earthy personality, and the snubbed gables of the houses themselves suggest the curious people who inhabit them. In the front yards of many of the houses spreading old trees give distinctly the effect of monstrous umbrellas before the doors.

From Giromagny the road twists and winds and fairly leaps through the exquisite valley of the Rose Montoise and then, still upward, along the more picturesque and larger valley of the Sewen to the village of that name, as delightful and homey an Alsatian town as could be imagined, sprawled across the banks of its clear emerald torrent. Sunny-headed children with light blue eyes and thick tongues speak a weird patois difficult to understand, and the brilliant Alsatian costume adds greatly to the attractiveness of the women and girls. In the tight black velvet, black-laced bodice over a snowy waist, with scarlet short skirt, white stockings and a huge black bow in the hair, they make a picture that lights up their surroundings vividly.

Towns with all but unpronounceable names nestle snugly in dense forests, invisible until one is fairly upon them, and then reveal themselves as lovely as

any painter's conception: Dolleren—green and calm as a philosopher's dream—Weegschied, Kirschberg, Niederbruch! And then happy Massemünster, or, as the French now call it, Massevaux. It is a typical Alsatian town, with a somewhat Spanish effect of a big, earth-floored central square in the midst of which rise a monument and a fountain. The shops thrust out their signs over the scrupulously clean streets at right-angles to the walls, and woe betide the unlucky visitor who happens to be taller than he should! Many of these signboards silhouette red bears and golden rising suns and snowy horses against the tender blue of the Alsatian sky.

In the shops one finds an amazing jumble, typical of the country store everywhere, but with this difference from the stores in France, that almost everywhere here American goods seem to be favored, and wherever possible the people are buying American machines and tools and oddments of all kinds—Americans occupy a very warm spot in Alsatian hearts. Alsatian thrift has, of course, a part in this.

Leading up to Hartmannswillerkopf and to the higher Mulkenrein—which commands a view of the trenches on mountain and plain—the Route Joffre branches away from the main roads and becomes a hair-raising adventure in itself, sheer cliffs on one side, sheer precipices on the other, until it stops—or did during the War—on the shaggy flanks of the Stauffen. From the *rondpoint*, or halting-place for motors, one had to go afoot through the forest to reach the Mulkenrein's crest. Directly below, across

Grenoble is the loveliest picture France affords, and not even Granada itself can compare with its marvels.

The perfume factory workers in Grasse amid great heaps of rose-leaves.

the narrow valley, rises "Hartmann," as the French often abbreviate the mountain's name. The fighting here was ferocious—equal on a small scale to the struggle about Verdun. The summit of the hill, criss-crossed by trenches and tumbled about by the shellfire of both Armies, is monumented by the one bare pine stump which is all that remains of its once dense forests. It flings its mute arm to heaven in despair and memory, while at its feet lie the shattered limbs and trunks of the forest that surrounded it before "Furious Frank and fiery Hun" came to death-grips there. Comparatively little of Alsace, however, was devastated by fighting. The Germans naturally did not wish to smash up what they considered theirs, and the French were equally reluctant to destroy what they knew was to become theirs again. A little to the east on the Mulkenrein is a sort of natural observation point, from which extends, in a kaleidoscope of gold, green, silver, azure, carnelian, topaz and opal, one of the loveliest panoramas imaginable.

Behind us in the wood squirrels barked and an occasional bird piped. At our feet moss and thin grass carpeted the grey rock. About us to west, north and south stretched the smoky blue of the Vosges and their foothills. Eastward lay a flat plain stretching to the distant Rhine, beyond which the Black Forest of song and story smudged the horizon darkly. Directly below, Vieux Thann crouched against the side of its hills and straggled off to the east into New Thann. The Old Thann glimmered, a blueish huddle of dull red or orange roofs dominated

by the delicate flame of its church spire, all hazed in a Puvis de Chavannes overtone that gave every outline the softness and delicacy of one of the master's paintings. The New Thann, in the full glow of the sunlight on the plain, burned more brightly. Straight as an arrow's flight the empty highroad, and the untouched metals of the railway where no cars moved, ran to Sentheim and Cernay. Beyond, scarcely visible through the haze, flowed the Rhine, broad, placid, and rising from its right bank the sombre Schwarzwald, whose trees were only a black cloud at that distance. Farther to the north St. Amarin and Guébwiller, and away in the distance Colmar itself, could be imagined rather than discerned, and almost at our right hands the Forest of Nonnenbruch, beneath which lie the rich potash beds which give Alsace much of its wealth. On exceptionally clear days it is possible to see Mt. Jura in Switzerland, while the Rhine looks a sparkling ribbon almost underfoot.

In the struggle about Vieux Thann the richly sculptured sixteenth century church of St. Thiébault suffered the loss of its windows, but its graceful pierced-work spire—the most beautiful in the entire province—was undamaged. The church is Gothic, with unusually lofty walls for an edifice of moderate size, and an exceptionally high-pitched ornamental slate roof.

From Thann the road runs up the valley, giving a momentary glimpse of an old and crumbling ruin, the feudal castle of Engelbourg, one of whose huge towers was blown up in 1674 by Marshal Turenne,

and still lies, full length on its side, like a giant's conduit. The old highroad to Kruth—by way of quaint little Bitschwiller, Moosch, Fellering and Oderen—runs for some distance between high stone walls, behind which soar gaunt and lovely poplars. By day, in peace time, it is a fascinating avenue. But I shall never forget the night we made the run: three correspondents, with a French Staff Captain in charge. We had no lights, for the entire road lay under the eyes of the German artillery observers. While our discomfort was what might have been called a purely "psychological condition," it was real enough at the moment: swooping along in the dark, taking frightful chances of hitting whoever might be abroad—and suddenly running past one sentry and being almost shot by another who halted us!

Later by day we followed other roads on up the wooded peaks to the jewel-like little Lake Sewen, from which the Moselle rises, and on to the Ballon d'Alsace, one of the highest peaks of the Vosges. "*Ballon*" is the French adaptation of the Alsatian *bolong* or *bois-long* (tall trees), which refers to the time when all these hills were wooded clear to their crests. The top of the Ballon today is a rather rocky pasture. Surrounding the crest is a stone wall with a shining brass top on which have been carved arrows and names giving the directions and descriptions of the views in every direction: Alsace, France, Germany, Switzerland. But no brass letters, no printed words could ever give the charm, the color, the poetry of those boundless visions of shining lake and river in the almost black green of the

endless forests, the rolling spread of farm country stretching into the plain where heroic Belfort shimmers in the golden sunshine, with the Swiss Alps faintly suggesting themselves in the farther distance, and the dark ribbon of the Rhine binding the whole sweeping panorama close to the heart of France.

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Of the real cities of Alsace—after commercial Belfort and rail-bound Mulhouse—Colmar, the thriving principal town of the new French Département of the Haut-Rhin, has a peculiar interest for Americans as the birthplace of Bartholdi, sculptor of the Statue of Liberty. No one knows exactly how or by whom the town was started, it is so old, but an eighth century farm which belonged to the Frankish Kings here was called Columbaria. The streets are certainly more like cowpaths and farm byways than like city highways, and constantly surprise one pleasantly with their delightful old carved and timbered mansions.

Strasbourg the lovely, built as a Celtic fishing village on an island in the crooked little river Ill, lived a distinctly hectic and amazingly democratic life in a distinctly hectic age until, in 1381, it was annexed to France. The tourist who wishes hectic gastronomical entertainment will not forget that his beloved *patés de foies gras* originated and are still made here. One has to go to see the geese "crammed," but the storks for which the city is celebrated, stretch their long legs and necks from the roofs and chimneys in every direction.

The Cathedral, one of the grandest Gothic min-

sters in the world, with its astonishing and delicate six-story spire, rising like a pyramid of turrets in the most elaborate pierced or open-work, and its lavishly decorated façade, is worthy the study and affection of the most blasé lover of beauty. The famous astronomical clock in the south transept arrests attention with its four allegorical figures of Life, which march in procession striking the quarter-hours, while Death rings the hours to complete the cycle. It should be seen at noon, when the Twelve Apostles file out to reverence the Christ, and a life-like cock flaps his wings with three lusty crows!!

## VIII

### CHATEAU-THIERRY AND BEYOND

THE somewhat sentimental attitude Americans have maintained for many years toward France has, since the conclusion of the World War, crystallized into something much more definite and solid. The two main reasons are the seventy-five thousand American soldiers who died on French soil, and the epochal change in our foreign relations. In a travel book there is neither the space nor the opportunity for a detailed account of what we did: that is pure history. Nor are we concerned with the effects of our parting with the past upon either the United States or France. But because of what has happened every live American visitor is awake to the fresh romance breathed by war upon a part of France whose rich beauty and varied compulsions stir him to depths of emotion and a keen, attentive participation in many engaging features previously, perhaps, passed unnoticed.

The field of the American military operations, a beautiful, partly wooded, rolling plain, is not only historic ground and the scene of innumerable battles in the distant past, but it is also rubricked with exquisite little châteaux and charming towns full of

atmosphere: here a lonely fragment of some feudal castle; there a typical, stone-walled, aloof old farm with its steaming midden close to the house-door; yonder a slender, graceful spire etched above the trees and suggesting quaint old stone reredos and time-blackened pulpit or stalls.

Almost twelve hundred years ago, when Paris was little more than a fortress with a huddle of houses clinging about its skirts, Charles-the-Hammer built a mighty castle for the Frankish King Thierry IV on a brusque hill dominating the river Marne, some sixty miles east of the capital. Château-Thierry, as it was called, was a storm-centre from its birth. After King Thierry's time it was held by the powerful Counts of Champagne, and went through siege after siege in the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and nineteenth centuries, Napoleon himself adding a page to its bloody history when in 1814 he crushed the Russo-German armies under von Blücher in its vicinity. Of the original castle not much was left within the old outer walls, now the border of a pleasant little park, when in July of 1918 the American troops in the second Battle of the Marne, under Marshal Foch's high-command, threw the enemy back and saved Paris from danger. The Americans were untried. Yet they passed triumphantly through the ruthless street fighting with the coolness and courage of veterans. Their marksmanship was astonishing. Their manoeuvring indicated the high intelligence and initiative no one but ourselves believed they could display.

The present bridge across the Marne, connecting

the railroad station suburb and the city proper, was a graceful American gift, replacing the old one blown up in the fighting of 1914. There is little of interest in the architecture of the place, and the scars of bombardment and destruction are healing fast. About seven miles away, however, just outside the little town of Bourèsches, is the still inspiring and battle-mutilated remainder of the famous Belleau Wood, renamed by the French the "Marine Brigade Woods" in honor of the Fourth American, or Marine, Brigade, which did such gallant service there. Merely to look at those tree stumps and the broken, rocky ground, is to see again the ferocity of the combat in which the Marines—those justly feared "Devil Dogs" the Germans respected so highly—peeled off their coats, rolled up their khaki sleeves and finished their victory with the bayonet.

In the Meuse-Argonne battleground name after name of the old towns has a familiar ring to American ears which heard them so often during 1918 and after—Buzancy; Montfaucon; Grandpré of the thirteenth century church with its splendid black marble tomb seriously damaged when "les Yanks" battered their way up through this northern entrance of the Argonne, cut by the river Aire.

The Argonne is a high, wooded tableland more than forty miles long and eight or ten wide, its eastern edge a line of ragged bluffs above the lower plain of the Barre and the gorge of the Aire. Five main roads traverse the plateau, which is cut up by innumerable little valleys and ravines. Part of it is heavily wooded and matted with underbrush, which

made the fighting unusually difficult and desperate in character. It is a country of charming old towns and abrupt little hills, dotted with the crumbling ruins of feudal castles—nothing of importance, but much that overflows with beauty and atmosphere.

On the western edge of the Forest is the picturesque old fortress town of Ste. Menehould, regarded in ancient times as the capital of the Argonne region. During the war it was hammered severely, but to-day makes an excellent headquarters for a visit to the battlefield. The original town, still known as "the Château," crowns a height overlooking the Aisne. In the lower may still be seen the old Post Office where Louis XVI, "Citizen Capet," and luckless Queen Marie Antoinette, were apprehended by chance —Louis' curiosity—on their flight in 1791, and returned to Paris—and the thirsty guillotine.

On the slopes of the loftiest hill in this region, the village of Clermont affords a remarkable view of both the Verdun and Argonne fields. Clermont was almost completely battered out of existence during the fighting, but the sixteenth century church—if one can turn, in the presence of such a view, from the thought of war to architecture—of St. Didier, still keeps its two Renaissance portals, which happily escaped the shells. Another feature intact among the ruins is the "Entombment" in the Pilgrims' Chapel of Ste. Anne, the figures of which are a full life-size.

It was in late September of 1918 that American troops began the terrific battle of the Meuse-Argonne, by far the greatest action in which we had

ever engaged. Already, in the Cotes de Meuse and the Woëvre, they had attacked both sides of the menacing St. Mihiel Salient—with French troops at the point—smashed it in two days, and liberated more than two hundred square miles of captured territory. Except for St. Mihiel (St. Michael) itself, none of the towns within the huge triangle are of importance, but the former's fame is secure as the birthplace of Ligier-Richier the sculptor and his descendants, who formed the St. Mihiel School of sculpture. Though the town was damaged in the fighting, the church of St. Etienne, a florid Gothic structure dating from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries, preserves Ligier-Richier's magnificent "Entombment," with thirteen remarkable statues, and a handsome Renaissance reredos. During the war the Germans, in dire need of bronze for the bands of their shells, removed the statue of the sculptor from the square bearing his name.

When the great offensive began, with characteristic American dash a group of hills commanding the left bank of the Meuse—the first objective—was gained in less than two days. Then the real fighting began, desperate struggling through the woods, over little hills, down into gullies and up again, where every hollow concealed a quick death or at least a desperate hazard. Into this difficult terrain General Pershing —twenty-two years ago in the Philippines I knew and respected a Captain John J. Pershing as an excellent fighter, a strict disciplinarian and a man of all-around ability, but had no thought of his future renown—threw his citizen Army. It was a daring,

typically American idea, a typical American force such as has been our weapon in all of our wars: the men many of them virgin to fire, neither trained together as an army nor accustomed to fighting together as a unit; many of the officers entirely untried. The line was stiffened where weakest, and commanded, by veteran professional soldiers. The men, hating the bloody task and savagely determined to get through with it as thoroughly and quickly as only men of intelligence and spirit could, proved everything America expected of them, and often had to be restrained rather than urged ahead.

The world knows the result, but it will never appreciate the hideousness of that titanic struggle where heroism was commonplace, where the smallest successes cost agonizing effort, and where captured ground was measured in blood. Armistice Day found our lines clear east of the Meuse, the enemy in retreat before them, and only the cessation of hostilities to prevent the investment of Metz itself, with the promise of an even greater victory. All this territory is historic ground, already sanctified by blood. To the northwest, Sedan made up for the débacle of forty-eight years previous, when the Germans surrounded and forced the surrender of not only 87,000 Frenchmen, but of their Field Marshal, MacMahon, and of the Emperor Napoleon III himself. Montmédy, farther southeast along the American lines, saw our grimy gunners regretfully firing the last shots of the war when the whistle blew at eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918.

When the final lists were compiled, it was found

that our total casualties numbered 119,000, or roughly, one man killed, wounded or missing out of every six engaged. That alone indicates the ferocity of the struggle and the spirit with which the Americans carried themselves. The twenty thousand prisoners and eight hundred guns captured made a glorious item to add to the untarnished record of the American arms.

Bar-le-Duc, once capital of the feudal Duchy of Bar, the town of preserves and wine, poises like a jewel in a green-gold setting above the murmuring current of the Ornain, with steep and shaggy hills flanking it on both sides and made spiky here and there by the short poles of spreading vineyards. The river cuts through the newer industrial section, while two canals belt it on the southwest at the lower edge of the old town, and along its northeastern boundary. Beyond the former, the *Ville Haute* is reached by flights of steep steps and streets that seem to mount almost straight up. The church of St. Pierre contains one of the most astounding monuments in France, the tomb of René de Chalon, Prince of Orange, executed by Ligier-Richier. The monument is too ghastly for description, but it is well worth seeing, the sculptor having literally fulfilled the last wish of the Prince—that his body be shown in a state of decomposition.

All around Bar-le-Duc are small towns and villages of interest, several with splendid old castles. The thirteenth-seventeenth century church at Ligny-en-Barrois contains a remarkable figure of the Ma-

donna painted on silk, while Grand—the Gallic successor of Roman Granum—possesses an interesting Roman mosaic pavement, and not far off is a wood in which Roman sculptures are numerous and ancient stone coffins protrude from the ground. The chief feature of interest today, however, is neither castle nor antiquities, but a road—the blood-soaked "Sacra Via". This long route of agony runs to Verdun by way of Souilly, where Generals Pétain and Nivelle conducted their magnificent defense in 1916, and two years later Gen. Pershing directed the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

Standing upon it, years after the last gun spoke, if you have a spark of imagination, you can picture the two streams which flowed unceasingly over the forty-two miles of its battered surface: the fresh troops going up into action, the supplies and ammunition and all the impedimenta of modern war moving toward the ghastly red front; the ambulances with their groaning, or silent, loads, the walking-wounded, the shattered guns and limbers, the flotsam and jetsam of combat drifting painfully back. And here and there, weaving in and out among this crawling mass, the staff cars and dispatch-riders furiously speeding to and fro, with repair gangs toiling grimly in the exposed stretches to make passable the great pits torn out by exploding shells. During the spring of 1916, when the Crown Prince's offensive was at its most furious pitch, more than two thousand trucks alone passed over the road during each twenty-four hours.

Verdun itself, at the northeastern end of the Sacred

Way, was the goal the Germans failed to win after the expenditure of more than four hundred thousand killed and twice as many wounded. The old town, with its historic citadel and bastioned fortifications, lying across the canalised river Meuse, was roughly handled but not destroyed. The Cathedral of Notre Dame lost its roof, but in the main stood intact, while the Citadel, though the especial target of the Germans because its lone tower was used as a wireless station, was so solid and massive in construction that both military conferences and public ceremonies were held in its deep vaults and behind its thick walls with perfect safety. Up on the hill, in the old town, some of the war ruins are still visible, but below, along the river and on the level ground, almost everything is rebuilt much in the manner of an American subdivision development, except that the work has been done more solidly, with brick, stone and concrete, as though Verdun were still—which it is not—a vital border fortress, and thus possessed of a highly important reason for being.

The sightseer, however, will find great interest in a tour of the battlefield to the north and east of the city, where the grandeur of utter desolation is beyond description, and the forests testify to their previous existence only by blackened stumps. Leaving the city by the former main approach to the front, the Faubourg Pavé, the first evidence of war is the military cemetery in which seven of the eight selected Unknown Soldiers are buried, one from each sector of the long battle-line, the eighth lying beneath the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. One fort after another

offers its glorious testimony for the defense: Vaux, Souville—nearest the city, where the attack was halted—and Douaumont, most famous of all, the focus of the main attack, unbelievably shattered and contorted.

Not far away will rise the enormous concrete and stone dyke of the Ossuaire de Douaumont, to be devoted entirely to the unknown dead who fell in the fifty-two sectors of this terrible field. Flung out in a long, low line, it will be a symbol of the living dyke the heroic defenders of Verdun interposed between France and the enemy. The soaring central shaft will burn every night with the funeral taper the dead could not have upon the "field of honor." Marshal Pétain said with deep emotion when he saw the plans and model: "It is as simple and sober as the soldier-soul; vast and noble as the grandeur of sacrifice; imperishable as the memory of these heroes of Verdun."

The interior is to be as simple and heroic as the exterior. Down the vast arched gallery will be gathered the coffins, each alveole holding two. As the French put it, they are to be reunited in death two-by-two to signify "that comradeship which has always reigned among our soldiers even to the death during the war, and which was so important a factor of both the Army morale and of its victory." The largest stones of the pillars are offered to families, parishes, societies, military groups and others upon subscriptions of five hundred francs, and each stone so paid for will be engraved with the names of the givers' dead. All the smaller stones are offered at two hundred francs each for the same purpose. In

this way it is hoped to swell the general fund being collected for the erection of the building, which will be the "crown of the great military cemetery." It is also planned to have three chapels within, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, with chaplains attached, to provide services and comfort for those of every faith.

The problem of affording a temporary resting-place for the remains of the unknown heroes was met by the construction of a barrack-like wooden building. As we enter it, we come first into a small room in whose walls are a series of half a dozen or so stereoscopic lenses. To look through these is to see the fullest measure of horror war provides: they show the trenches and forts of Verdun while the battle was going on, and before the dead and wounded had been removed. Here a dozen or more men lie piled on top of one another in hideous contortions; yonder a leg thrusts from the sidewall of the trench at a wild angle; headless bodies are plainly visible in clear perspective; a beseeching hand reaches up out of the mud, vainly grasping at life. Beginning at No. 1 lens, the views grow more horrible as the series progresses. Beyond this chamber is the main hall, where the coffins thus far gathered are heaped upon one another, with an altar at the farther end. The great tragedy of Verdun lay in the impossibility of identifying most of the killed. So terrible was the conflict that of the four hundred thousand who fell, only one-fourth could be recognized. They are buried elsewhere. Of the others, not a single entire skeleton has been recovered.

Close beside the main road, in the Ravin de la Dame, is the Tranchée des Baionettes, where 170 French soldiers, rifles on their shoulders, bayonets fixed, were buried alive in their trench. The explosion gave them not only sepulture but immortal fame. Nothing could be done by their comrades, in the heat of a Satanic combat, to dig them out. So they suffocated. To this day they stand firmly there, their rifle-muzzles and bayonets protruding above the pitiless earth which inhumed them years ago. But an American gift has reared above them a solid concrete shelter or roof, close to the ground, to keep off the corrosion of rain and storm, and one has to stoop low to see that rigid, ragged line of steel which better than anything else gives visible expression to the war cry of Verdun—"*Ils ne passeront pas!*" "*They shall not pass!*"

More than half way back to Paris, between Sézanne and La Fère-Champenoise, is another immortal spot where "they" did not pass, and where Ferdinand Foch by a single stroke emerged from among his fellow-commanders into the realm of greatness. My first intimate impression of the war was gained there in September of 1917, on the third anniversary of the initial Battle of the Marne. Dignitaries and correspondents—myself among them—and the country folk from miles around gathered upon an eminence crowned by the shell-split and battered little Château de Mondemont whose terrace overlooks the vast clay-pits of the Marshes of St. Gond. I stood within a few feet of General Foch, who had the President of the Republic and the Cabinet on one side, Marshal Joffre

on the other, and saw the battle unroll at my feet. The General, a pleasant, grey-haired, mild-mannered little man anything but military-looking—curiously enough, all the greater French leaders I have seen, from "Papa" Joffre down, seemed to me to be unusually simple, kindly and human, without a particle of the grim, martial ostentation we think of as the sign of the soldier—had not yet arrived at his full fame or his Marshal's seven stars. Map in hand, he explained with a quiet vividness I have never heard excelled, the part his troops played in the titanic fight whose objective was Paris.

Into his keen blue eyes as he talked crept a flame which belied the almost expressionless tones in which he described the Marshes at our feet, and told how he had crowded the Kronprinz's own showy Regiment, the Death's Head Hussars, among other thousands, to their engulfing fate in the sticky swamp. Behind us, in the main salon of the Château, had been the headquarters whence the General had directed at least a part of the operations. Whether or not the little mansion has been restored and is again a home, does not matter. It is the vivid panorama which counts as the setting of an historical event of world-importance: the magnificent sweep of the fine, partly wooded hills, the thick, lush green of the wide-spreading swamps, the vistas of beauty to be met at every turn. I see them all each time I glance at the black pennon with the white Death's Head and Squadron number, I got from a friend of the *poilu* who captured the trophy that memorable day in 1914.

# IX

## THE GOLDEN SIDE

ON to the south of Champagne is that other vinous district, Burgundy, where the wine is as heavy and rich and red as the champagne is light and golden and sparkling. It was here that both of the great monastic houses that influenced the growth of the Romanesque so profoundly, flourished—Cluny and Citeaux. And during the twelfth century the Burgundian school of architecture was far in advance of all others, not only in the size and magnificence of its buildings, but in progress in design, the sculptors turning from the conventional and stereotyped patterns of classic art to Nature for their models. The Burgundians, having invaded Gaul some fifty years earlier than the Franks, were already Christians when the latter came down to Amiens, and furnished Clovis with a Christian princess—Clotilde—to be his queen and guiding star. One good turn deserves another, and the savage Frank repaid his queen's province by promptly reducing it to the position of a subject kingdom. The only difficulty was that Burgundy

refused to stay put. Now a province, again a kingdom by itself, it was always puissant and active, always a thorn in the Frankish side; and in that tempestuous period when the feudal system was in its death throes, we find the ambitious Dukes of Burgundy ready to sacrifice not only the French crown, but the very French nation itself, to gain their personal ends.

Though they had no national feeling, these dukes did care mightily for their duchy, which they were trying to develop into a kingdom. It was always a land of prosperity and plenty; it is to-day, to such an extent that the *département* cut right out of the heart of Old Burgundy is called the Côte d'Or, the Golden Side, rich in grain and wine.

The city of Dijon is picturesquely situated at the foot of the hills of the Golden Side, in a splendidly watered plain, on two rivers and a canal which might well, in time of stress, help out the eight great forts surrounding it in defending the citizens. It became the capital of the duchy early in the eleventh century, but was not prominent until the latter part of the fourteenth, under its ambitious Dukes Philip the Bold, John the Fearless, Philip the Good and Charles the Bold. And what is this "City of Glorious Dukes" most famous for now? Mustard and gingerbread! The mustard is not even grown there, but only mixed. As to the gingerbread—every one to his taste!

There is the usual contrast of wide, new streets and old, narrow ones jammed with quaint and unusual houses of another era and other requirements. Many

of them are quite short; the others extraordinarily crooked, with a superabundance of names. It is highly disconcerting to find half a dozen names for one street; even more so to find it wabbling in almost as many directions, twisting and turning like the trail of some hunted animal. Perhaps, indeed, that is what many of these old streets are.

In the center of the city is the Palais des États—House of Parliament—built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries around the scanty remains of the ducal palace—a tower or two, the kitchen, and a few other rooms. The building, or rather buildings, are now used as the Hôtel de Ville, Post Office and Museum, which contains one of the finest provincial collections in the country. The gems of the collection are the tombs, carefully restored since the Revolution, of two of the great dukes, Philip the Bold and his son, John the Fearless, which stand in the Salle des Gardes. The older one, dating from 1414, is the finer of the two; both are built of black marble and alabaster, relieved by colors and gilding. In the niches of the fine Gothic arcades about them are statuettes of mourning ecclesiastics, exquisitely sculptured and disposed.

From the Palais des États the Place d'Armes spreads away in a huge, walled semicircle that gives one the sense of being in the bastion of some gigantic fort, though the walls all around are pierced by the doors and windows of the shops that abut upon it, and by two streets which run through it near the palace. The illusion is heightened by the roofs of the other houses behind, showing above the wall, and

two other streets driven through in narrow archways. I have never seen anything else like it.

Dijon is rich in old houses dating from the Renaissance, with charming façades, wooden fronts for artisans and stone for rich bourgeois. The work, however, is heavy and elaborate, for the Burgundians, in all periods, have been noted for their love of superabundant decoration for exteriors. The most complete of the façades of the French Renaissance is that of the church of St. Michel.

The present Cathedral of St. Bénigne dates from the latter part of the thirteenth century. It is a weird-looking structure, gray and forbidding of walls, kaleidoscopic of roofs, the covering ranging from stone and slate to bright, multi-colored tiles. In style, St. Bénigne is Gothic, but its plan is very like that of the later Romano-Byzantine churches. Here we find the narthex, or vestibule, an ante-church sometimes provided for the catechumens—believers not yet baptized.

The most remarkable church, however, is Notre Dame, which M. Viollet-le-Duc called "the masterpiece of the Burgundian school of the thirteenth century." Nothing you may have read quite prepares you for the extraordinary ecclesiastical zoo that stares down at you from the façade. Immense gargoyles that are more than gargoyles, chimeras and other unholy dream-beasts glare and grin, and lean far out with craning necks, in rows of seventeen, from rich and splendid friezes on each of the two arcaded stories above the fine triple porch. Every one of these monsters is different, and every one so

overflowing with life and expression that you forget everything else in Dijon to stand, staring and wondering, below them. Apparently the architects expended their energies fully upon this façade, for the interior presents little of interest beyond its technical excellences. But you forget that, and turn again for one last, cheering, regretful glance at these swarming eccleciastical hobgoblins as you go away. They and the mustard make up your happiest memories of the Burgundian capital.

South from Dijon we pass through the heart of the Côte d'Or, where we find the historic names we recognize on every side are those familiar to us only on wine cards. It is as though the whole long list had developed from bottles into towns, and sprung into life here. Within the past thirty years or so the phylloxera has necessitated the practical replanting of all the Burgundian vineyards. As in Spain, American vines were chosen, many of them from California. So it is the soil and the climate, not the vine, that makes the wine. The center of this fertile wine district is Beaune.

It is particularly satisfying in any country to go exploring the obscure, unimportant little cities of which you know almost nothing but the names. In the more important places, if you choose, you can usually take a book, written in your own language, and easily follow up every scrap of historic, scenic or architectural interest that amounts to anything. But in the byways, where you have to puzzle it all out bit by bit as you go along with the aid of the natives you meet, most often in the humblest walks

of life, you have almost the joy of the true discoverer.

The medieval aspect of Beaune—houses with quaint turrets and stair-towers, images and curious balconies—lends the old town a peculiar charm. Long ago, with the exception of a few scattered fragments, its walls gave way to pleasant, tree-lined boulevards. The moat, however, has not been filled up, and mighty-muscled laundresses use it as a wash-tub, with very picturesque effect. You wonder if they are not the ones who battered down the walls.

The old church of Notre Dame has a remarkable fourteenth century porch, or vast exterior narthex, like another smaller but unwalled church, surmounted by a handsome gallery, the finest of its type, and very like that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in Paris. Beaune's greatest hostage to fame, however, is no church, but the ancient Hostel Dieu, or Hospital of St. Esprit, which Dom Nicolas Rolin, the Chancellor of Burgundy, founded in 1443. The street exterior, of grayish-brown masonry, with small, square, barred windows, a high-pitched slate roof, and a series of elegant and graceful pinnacles and little flag-vanes of gilded lead, suggests an ancient château. Over the door, a small, high-pitched canopy, blue-ceiled and gold-starred, with fine leaden finials and pendentives, testifies perfectly to the ideal of beauty as well as usefulness that moved men in the fifteenth century; and the iron knocker—the original one—is a little Gothic frame, up which a lizard, the knocker proper, is pursuing a fly.

The simple exterior gives no hint of the beauty of the interior courtyard, in Flemish-Gothic, with

elaborate wooden *pignons* and covered galleries. In one corner of the court is a deep well with a beautiful old Flemish iron frame, from which dangles the ancient iron bucket. It is more like a king's lodge than a charity hospital. M. Nicolas, as Philip the Good's chancellor, had large ideas regarding money, and his aim was that each patient should enjoy, while in the Hostel, everything an income of a thousand *livres* each could provide.

In the old days only the daughters of noble or wealthy families were sisters here; but that is not the case with the devoted band of nuns who give their lives to the service of the poor to-day. They have, however, retained their fifteenth century costumes—white in summer and blue in winter. They flit across the court, and up and down the galleries, silent, grave, story-book princesses full of good works and practical tenderness. Their quaint, full skirts and coifs strike a pleasant note of harmony against the satisfying background of this splendid old court, where the mere presence of the modern visitors and doctors and workmen is a harsh anachronism. One carpenter especially roused my ire by clambering astride a *pignon* he was repairing, to roll a cigarette. Zounds—tobacco in the fifteenth century!

The main ward is a vast vaulted hall, the beds separated by curtains—to keep out the drafts, a nurse said. But they can be drawn back to let the patients hear some good father read the mass, or preach consolingly from the mellow old pulpit under the magnificent stained-glass window at the lower end of the room.

Everything in the great kitchen is as spotless as on a man-of-war, and most appetizing odors waft out from the range, some twenty feet long. The roasting is still done in the cavernous chimney-place, on steel spits heavy enough to support a whole sheep or half a beef. The spits are turned by Tourne-broche, a captivating little spit-boy. He turns and turns and turns, without ever a headache or a glance, beyond watching his roasts, for Tourne-broche is a clockwork boy, wound up with a key. The sister who showed me about said that Messer Nicolas would never tolerate real spit-boys, and that the little mannekin dates from the very foundation of the institution.

"You may think of the hospice as you like," one writer says, "as asylum or hospital or business proposition." That is not fair. The two elements of religion and charitable healing are its main features, and both require money to accomplish anything. After all the centuries of its useful existence the Hostel's chief source of income is the sale of its vintages, and why should not this be done in a businesslike way? The Hostel is one of the largest owners of vines in Burgundy, and this sale of its wines in November is of considerably more than local importance, its influence extending even to England. The actual bidding, I was told, is done in the council hall, but the quotation board is posted in the court, so that the vast crowd can note the prices, which fix the market values of all the principal Burgundies for the succeeding year.

From Beaune a jerky little steam tram runs out

through the hilly heart of the wine section, where the vineyards stretch away in vast fields as big as corn fields here, acres upon acres of soft and tender green, striped with the thin brown lines of the four-foot poles to which the vines are tied. Even the house yards are full of them; not a flower, a blade of grass or a weed is to be seen. Again you see the high stone walls, massive and frowning, great *clos* to be entered only through the padlocked iron gate in the wall, or thick, thorny hedges, sufficient to keep everything that walks or creeps at a safe distance from the precious crops within.

I walked two very dusty miles of road between Pommard and Beaune to see how the vines are taken care of in July. In one place a two-hundred-pound Maud Muller, when she saw me about to photograph the vineyard, asked me to wait until she could go home and dress. Her employer, a very friendly agriculturist and vine expert, told me his troubles with the government, which, he said, bestowed its decoration of the Order of Agricultural Merit on know-nothings who wrote for the papers, and let good men who did the actual work go undecorated. When I jokingly suggested that he buy the decoration, he sighed and answered: "I might, but it costs a lot to bribe the right people."

West of Beaune is the Morvan, a country of rolling plains and lofty hills, where the people, like their own granite rocks—Morvan means Black Rock—have kept apart from the rest of the world for centuries. To this day the marriage of a Morvandeau with any one of a different section is a rarity,

and consequently the original physique, physiognomy and curious moral code of the district have been preserved almost intact.

One of my objects in going through the Morvan was to see some of the typical Morvandeaux, said to have round, hairless faces, and queer, flat noses. Somehow or other, the only round, hairless face I could find that that of a tiny girl, Baby Jeanne, though I tramped Château-Chinon, the geographical center of the district, from end to end, visited the church twice, and went far out along the country roads. The supposition is that these people are descended from some of Attila's Huns, who remained in this district after their leader's defeat. As a matter of fact, the men I saw were all very hairy, and rather American-looking. The women were even better proportioned than their husbands. So well known in the last century was the robustness of these Morvan women that kings and emperors sent here for wet-nurses. Napoleon's little son, the King of Rome, was nursed by a young Morvan foster-mother.

As Château-Chinon is the geographical center of the Morvan, so Autun, the Augustodunum of Cæsar, is its commercial focus, a city of some fifteen thousand, with quite a trade in cereals and other agricultural products. To-day, Autun is little more than the shrunken mummy of the city the Romans built here in the plain to take the place of Bibracte, the capital of the strong Celtic tribe of the Aedui, which occupied the crest of Mt. Beuvray, eleven miles distant. The former greatness of the Roman metropolis

is amply attested by many remains of architectural importance, among them two fine, half-ruined gateways, the Portes St. André and d'Arroux. On the latter appear the pilasters whose flutings exercised such a considerable influence upon later architecture. We find it clearly manifested in the fine triforium of the Cathedral of St. Lazare. The capitals of the fluted pilasters are just as unmistakably Byzantine. Indeed, the whole Cathedral is a curious but elegant mélange of Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance, though the main part was only fifty-eight years in building.

To visit Autun without going to Bibracte is to miss the sense of its true relation to the prehistoric past. It was there that representatives from all over Gaul convened a great assembly to find means for making one last desperate struggle against Rome, sinking their tribal jealousies, and choosing Vercingetorix, chief of the Arverni, as their leader in this forlorn hope. Legend and fable cluster about Mt. Beuvray as thickly as the mists and rain that made its ascent impossible for me.

Nevers has not the same historic prominence as Autun and others of its neighbors, but is worth a visit, if only that its main thoroughfare, leading up from the railroad station, pleasantly reminds you of a New England village street—sunshine streaming down through the orderly rows of fine old trees to dapple the pavement of very rough stones, cut like bricks; houses set back from the narrow sidewalk a little; flowers here and there; shades down, or shutters drawn in the windows. The town takes a firm

hold of you at once, and the people are pleasant-spoken and witty.

What matter if the feudal castle has put on a new face and turned into a "Palais de Justice"? It still presents its grim, original back to you, and to the town that snuggles up behind in its shelter; and the broad, open square in front rolls away to an exquisite series of terraces, below which the lovely valley of the Loire curves away on either hand into infinity. The scene is unforgetable: the lazy, shimmering serpent coquetting among myriad sandbanks; the railroad bridge of gold crossing it, a veritable Roman aqueduct for immortality and beauty; a thousand tints of foliage and flower gleaming on the terraces and the wooded slopes on the distant bank.

The most unusual building in town is the Cathedral of St. Cyr, one of the two double-apsed cathedrals in France. Tradition explains prettily why it is dedicated to St. Cyrus, and why the saint is sculptured as a naked child riding a pig. King Charles, it seems, had a dream in which a naked little boy appeared to him while he was out hunting, and promised that if his majesty would clothe him he would save him from a terrible wild boar. The king promised, and the child, none other than the saint himself, mounted the ferocious animal's back, and, guiding him by the tusks, drove him straight upon the king's lance. And the Bishop of Nevers guilelessly explained that when the little saint asked for "clothes" he meant the rebuilding of the church.

From an architectural standpoint, the eleventh century church of St. Etienne is more worth while, a

splendid example of the Romanesque style of Auvergne, which worked its way up into the Nivernais.

However, the most fascinating object in town is the ancient Porte du Croux, a great, square tower, with all the loopholes and traces of medieval defense so picturesque and so useless now. Dripping with delicate vines, and scarred with the wounds of time, it suggests in every graceful but sturdy line the fourteenth century, of which it is so beautiful a representative. The street leading through it winds outward between stout walls to a noble barbican, or outer defense; and to see Nevers at its best, go through them both, and a little beyond, of a June afternoon, just before sunset. There, in the slowly fading glory of the scented afternoon, lies the town, its roofs and pinnacles, château and Cathedral, gateways and spires, all a blaze of liquid gold, conjuring the ghosts of another day to people anew each storied house and tower.

## X

### AMONG THE DOMES

AS the train rolls over the viaduct, westward, the view of Nevers, proudly cresting its hill in the background, is very fine; and onward toward Bourges, purple delphinium, golden buttercups and yellow mustard, flaming scarlet poppies and brilliant white daisies spangle the fields with color, the most colorful landscape in France. Great white cattle graze, unstartled by the iron horse, in nearby pastures; and trees of a dozen species checker the landscape with their lofty hedges: *tilleuls* (lindens), maples, spindling poplars, lofty acacias, thick-bodied horse-chestnuts; gray, stuccoed houses, with soft, warm, reddish-brown roofs, peep out from among the trees, often with pleasant vines spraying over doors and windows.

But it is better to see Bourges in connection with Touraine, and to go on southward through Auvergne from Nevers. Here all the world seems going to be "cured" at the baths of Riom, Vichy, Royat. The trains are full of would-be sick folk, who dearly love to tell just where and how they imagine themselves afflicted. An unusually stout young Frenchwoman

The Cote d'Azur, or Blue Shore, is an entrancing panorama of unrivalled splendor and charm.

The monastery-castle of St. Honorat was once held by the pirates for a whole year.

tried to keep us out of two compartments—why, we could not understand. She had her father in one, and held a seat for herself in each, buzzing back and forth, to the annoyance of every one in both, as well as the people standing in the corridor for the view—the country along this line is beautiful. She was continually eating, with offensively dirty hands, and then going to the door of the next compartment to feed her father, who evidently was really ill. Our other companions were two very healthy and cheerful Austrian gentlemen from South America, but bound for Riom.

Auvergne is one of the most interesting districts in France, a region of burnt-out volcanoes and Romanesque churches. There is probably no other section anywhere in the world where prehistoric volcanic action can be so easily studied, or where it has presented in a comparatively small space such amazing results, in the form of great chains of domes, so perfectly rounded, and so regular in sequence, they seem artificial. There are three of these groups, and Clermont-Ferrand, formerly the capital of Auvergne, stands directly before—on the east—the center of the group, called the Monts Dôme.

The whole city, even the cathedral, is built solidly of almost black lava from the dead volcanoes near by. Yet it is anything but somber. The great open square, the Place Jaude, which occupies low ground at one side of the city, is a delight to the eye, and not only from it do you have a splendid view of the domes, but interest never flags for lack of graphic scenes among the people.

The very first morning of our stay in Clermont a thin, reedy piping awoke us bright and early. Could we be in Sicily again? Surely that was a shepherd's pipe! Right under our windows stalked the piper, most musical; behind, solemn and dignified, a herd of beautiful shiny and well-kept goats, keeping very good step to the fluting. Afterward we found the goat-charmer no magician at all; his whistle not for the goats, but for customers.

Leading hotels and cafés surround the square, some of them five or six stories high. In the afternoon all the cafés fill the sidewalk with chairs and tables; but one goes still farther, enclosing it with awnings, and having an excellent string band and vocalists. It is a delightful spot after a hard day's sightseeing; the tea is good, the square a rapidly turning kaleidoscope, and the goatherd usually somewhere in evidence with his sleek pets. One afternoon, as he came piping past, the proprietress came to the side door of the hotel next our café, and called. Immediately the herder's dog singled out a handsome black-and-white goat with huge horns and drove her up to the door. Bit by bit Madame fed her a great piece of bread, while the man squatted behind and milked, and the dog saw that none of the other goats wandered.

A day or so later another and somewhat distressing cross-section of life passed under our windows into the church of St. Pierre-des-Minimes, at the corner of the Place. An acolyte and three priests headed the little procession: a rusty old hearse, decorated with two or three dreadful glass-bead wreaths,

inscribed "Souvenir"; a few bareheaded men and a handful of very bored-looking women—surely there were no relatives in that indifferent *cortège*. Upon the casket lay four big bunches of flowers wrapped in coarse paper. The master of ceremonies, waiting importantly at the church in a cocked hat, tossed them carelessly to either side of the door, jerked the pall back into a messy heap, and motioned the bearers to take the coffin in. It was a poor thing, pathetically cheap in the revealing sunshine, and the men handled it like so much brick. On one side a blind beggar, whose bald crown was sunburned a deep tan, held out his hat to it; on the other, a paralytic, steadied by his daughter, also begged for alms from ears forever deaf.

How short a shrift is given the poor, in either life or death. The sad little crowd filed blinking out almost before we thought the service well begun. Backing his horse up to the curb like a coalman, the driver stood at his head while the casket bumped noisily in, and the priests, evidently in a hurry, led the way off at a smart pace, while Life in the Place flowed on, unheeding and unceasing, totally indifferent to its twin brother, Death.

After the color of the city, its most striking feature is the way in which some of its streets mount the hill upon inclined embankments. Cresting the highest point is the stern, somber Cathedral, a fine Gothic building, begun in the middle of the thirteenth century and never finished, though in the nineteenth the eminent architect, M. Viollet-le-Duc, completed the western façade with its two towers. The high

altar, bishop's throne and choir railings were also designed by him, and testify not only to his skill, but also to the fact that good work could be done in the nineteenth century.

But it is the Auvergnat church we care most to see here, a development of the Romanesque. An important and typical example of this native architecture is the church of Notre Dame du Port. To reach it we pass through the Place Poterne, a pleasant, shady square on the brow of the hill, whence fine views of the Monts Dôme spread away for miles. There is no rush or bustle of life here, as in the busy Place Jaude; the Poterne is rather a quiet, homely sitting-room for all the people of the neighborhood—nurses with their young charges, children, old folks who would sit to gossip a bit on the stone benches. One afternoon I caught two of them—dear old souls—in caps and shawls and neat black dresses, knitting and chatting, and making a charming *genre* picture if ever there was one. Before I could photograph them they saw the camera, and though they tried to look perfectly unconscious, one straightened her cap coquettishly, and her companion visibly stiffened.

Down one of the long inclines, and through a narrow street or two, we come at last to the old church. It is quite small, and the choir is its most prominent feature, with four fine little chappels and as many buttresses alternately radiating from it. The transepts are also flanked by small apses, which give them a very original appearance.

Vercingetorix, the hero of that last great conflict

in 52 B.C., in which Cæsar battered the truculent Gallic tribes into submission, is commemorated in this, his native province, by the broad, tree-bordered Avenue Vercingétorix, out near the attractive public gardens, and in the Place Jaude by a bronze equestrian statue which is full of vigor and spirit, if not exactly the highest form of art.

From Clermont up to the summit of the Puy de Dôme is an eight-mile trip, negotiated by carriage, or preferably by the crazy little steam tram, that gives you such an excellent opportunity to study the people when they go a-junketing. We left Clermont in sunshine and arrived in a driving rain, gale, and fog as impenetrable as a rubber blanket.

After a few moments of tooting out through the suburbs the tram emerges into a marvelous rolling country, the foothills of the dead volcanoes that sweep about Clermont in lofty semicircles. Behind and below appears the city on the hill, the cathedral very prominent on its height, but dead black against the green of hill and swale. The track winds interminably, now in cuts, now along scarped ways where the vivid yellow gorse (*génet*) spatters the rock in great thickets, in striking contrast with richly colored, black-striped violets as big as pansies, and innumerable poppies. As we go higher, the panorama of the valley expands into great squares of plowed and cultivated land, patches of gorse like the Yorkshire moorlands, and the domes themselves, huge, greenish-black sugar-loaves, an endless series of smooth arcs, fading here and there into the loftier curves of the distant ranges.

At La Baraque we changed cars, for no apparent reason, and had a pleasant little illustration of the charming manners of the true French *touriste.* A large, powerful young woman, built on ideal lines for a New York subway crush, drove her way through the more leisurely passengers and reserved about a third of the new car. Shrieking at the top of her voice for "*Papá*" "*Maman!*" "*Louise!*" how she glared at those who tried to pass that outstretched arm or seemed inclined to hurdle it!

Above Baraque, the view of the domes against the violet-black and gray of an approaching storm was the most majestic vista of the kind it has ever been my good fortune to behold: those great, round, green heads, so many titanic beehives, streaked with black, with red earth, with strips of grain, and the furious downpour misting one after another out of sight. The air grew chilly, the wind howled among the peaks; the storm was upon us.

There are two little restaurants on the bleak summit of the Puy, and we made for one, with the wind at our backs. Holding our hats tightly, staggering over the rough lava, blown almost inside out, we struggled across to its comforting warmth and dryness. And what a crowd it was that stamped in, all French but ourselves, laughing, flapping useless umbrellas, and all talking at top speed and pitch while shaking the rain from their coats. The one waiter, an insignificant little specimen, with red hair and blue eyes, and no nose, backed up against the wall and tried to smile, but only looked scared instead. The hulking female Stentor added to the confusion

by making the windows rattle with her demands for *déjeuner*. A genial little old man, who made a harmless jest of everything, and kept everybody in a gale of laughter, twisted his fierce, white moustachios and seconded her, and "Charly," a young man with him, beat upon a plate with a spoon. The Stentor, finding that there were Americans present, shouted, "I spik Angleesh! I spik Angleesh!" and proceeded to give an unprintable illustration. Those of the French who understood her seemed to consider it a royal joke.

Luncheon over—it was not so bad—notwithstanding the continued gale, rain and fog, we all clambered over the top of the Puy, dutifully looked out through the windows of the observatory—from which, in clear weather, the view is magnificent—explored the ruins of the Temple of Mercury, deciding that the guide-book descriptions of it are quite inadequate, and finally came down the circuitous route in the tram, bitterly disappointed at missing the view. The experience, however, was very well worth while. Blaise Pascal, Clermont-Ferrand's most celebrated son, had more patience than we, for he stayed long enough on the Puy to make those memorable experiments in weighing the atmosphere.

We did not go up the Puy again. Though there was plenty of sunshine after that in Clermont, a single glance was always enough to show the uselessness of piercing the rolling cloud of vapor that continued to play fast and loose with the Dome. So we confined our wanderings to those odd corners of the city still unexplored and to the little neigh-

boring town of Royat. The huge bath establishment at the end of the trolley line we passed by—a single stroll through its too formal and florid gardens was enough to "cure" us. Instead we toiled on up the steep hill, into an atmosphere wholly different from the air of the newer low town.

Old Royat's chief attraction is a curious battlemented church, the successor of the seventh century fortified church established there by a company of Benedictine nuns. Here the stout sisterhood, should an enemy approach, could give an excellent account of themselves until male help arrived. There are no high roofs or apses or other means by which the church could be easily stormed; but thick stone battlements all around the top, machicolations—or, as Freeman calls them, "murdering-holes"—through which you can easily imagine the brave sisters pouring boiling water down upon the attacker, or smashing him with heavy rocks. The conventual life in those early days meant greater freedom than at home, it is true, yet it must also have required genuine consecration on the part of those devoted women to build away up here in the mountains, in the midst of such alarms that their church as well as their conventual enclosure must be turned into a strong fortress.

Old houses, not a line of which appears either strictly horizontal or perpendicular, crowd up close to the church now on two sides; on the other two a dirt square, flanked by more queer houses, with a dilapidated fountain in the middle. On the corner nearest the church the house has become a *débit des*

*vins*—in plain English, a groggery of the lowest type. Like the other houses, it is built of dark-gray lava and the rough stone of the locality, and all look as though they might be dens of the deepest iniquity. But the people all about seemed the personification of the harmless and the commonplace: women with market baskets and babies, a man carrying fresh bread in a latticework scaffold on his back and head, and old crone washing lettuce in a rat-trap-like cage in the fountain, children and dogs and starveling cats.

Up a black side street we ran into a little group of old women. One, whose face was a perfect palimpsest whereon the fading lines of spirit and beauty still shone through the superscription of age and privation, was selling strawberries. "How much, madame?" I asked her.

"Whatever you like, sir," she mumbled toothlessly. "Hold your hat, and I will give you good measure."

Back in another part of town is the mill where the lovely semi-precious stones displayed in so many of the shops of Clermont are cut into shape—amethysts, exquisite pink and yellow quartzes, and wonderfully colored agates. All these stones are mined nearby, among the domes, and ground into every imaginable sort of bead, ring, pin, talisman, paperweight, and so on, by big grindstones and buff-wheels worked by water-power. The results are beautiful, but not cheap.

The road which forms the steep ascent from the lower town runs above the burbling stream that turns the wheels of a big laundry glued to the side of

the gorge, that rises, along part of the way at least, fully one hundred feet higher than the water. Below, the black cliffs are pitted with dark grottoes, where peasant women splash at their soapy washing, in defiance of the modern mangles above. And all the way, up or down, you hear the susurrant music of the stream, singing softly to the roses and clematis nodding in garden and hedge above its rocky bed.

## XI

### THE CITY OF MANY BRIDGES

THE day we made the trip to Lyon the hills were all veiled in mist, that occasionally lifted enough to let us see the more distant mountains, so blue they were almost black, against a dull violet sky. The rolling plain is full of farms; the hills, cultivated all the way to the top, rippling with seas of waving grain, through which the poppies dance their fiery fandango. The houses are usually of rough brown stone, often, with their barns and partly roofed-over enclosing walls for sheds and storerooms, forming a compound, much as in Spain.

It is worthy of note that here in France the walls and houses spout greenery, instead of flowers as in Sicily. While of course this robs the country of a great deal of color and liveliness, the green is, nevertheless, restful to the jaded eye. Soon the Allier appears, its shallow stream filled with broad sandbanks, little islands, full of low trees and scrub, whose leaves are blown by the friendly gale until their under sides show as gray as gray can be; poplars along the banks, beheaded willows—nothing but stumps about ten feet high—spraying foliage

out in a verdant shower from each mutilated trunk; stone farmhouses with mossy roofs of red tile turned almost black in places.

Cherry-trees that bloom in June like a flower-garden border the tracks near Lyon; here, too, gardens come to within a few feet of the rails, full of potatoes in blossom, with poppies mixed in between, and all sorts of other garden-truck. Now we strike the Rhône, a splendid, cold, gray river, that really merits the name of river, flowing between lofty banks dotted with villas and farms, and bordered with poplars and other trees; and then, suddenly, Lyon appears in the distance, the church of Notre Dame de Fourvière standing on a hill that commands the whole town, giving it the air of a truly medieval stronghold.

It is an imposing city, the third in France, the second in commercial importance, lying between two great navigable rivers, and spanning them with twenty-two bridges, nine over the sullen Rhône, thirteen over the dashing Saône. A university town, headquarters of an army corps, center of half the entire supply of manufactured silk in the world, and one of the handsomest cities of the present day, Lyon is a perfect whirl of activity, its own stream of life flowing as swiftly as the rivers that lave it with many waters. Its women are among the handsomest and best dressed in France; its men are tall and strong and prepossessing; its children numerous and beautiful. In a word, the city takes a mighty hold upon you, and you thrill to its charm, full of enthusiasm for its beauty and activity.

And it was great in the old days. Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, Claudius, Geta—emperors all—were born here; so were Saints Irenæus and Ambrose. In modern times it continued to give hostages to fame—Délorme, the architect; Ampère, the electrician and physicist; Flandrin, Meissonier and Puvis de Chavannes, the painters—a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude. The city kept its balance during the revolutionary madness, and the Convention condemned it to demolition. Powder and cannon-balls were to blow it out of existence; but, fortunately, before the work could be completed Robespierre met his richly deserved fate, and, under Napoleon, Lyon crept, phœnix-like, up from her ashes into an epoch of unexampled prosperity and civic beauty.

The great Place Bellecœur, the fashionable promenade of the town, is a delight to the eye, a happy combination of Central Park and the Plaza Cataluña. It is a vast, dirt-floored square, with a wide strip of flowering park along one side, containing two ponds, on one of which idle two black swans, on the other two white ones. All around the edges chairs are set, and rented at two cents apiece to whomsoever will; and scattered about in convenient locations are rest-houses, a restaurant—the Maison Dorée—a café, bandstand, and so on. By all means come here in the afternoon to take tea in the shadow of the restaurant, while the band plays, and watch the thousands who every day sit or walk about here, some sewing, some reading, some watching the children play, which they do very prettily, at all sorts of games, even bare-legged digging in the dirt, as

at the beach. One very popular feature is the man with the tiniest and sleekest of donkeys and carts, who takes the children for rides, calling out like the train hands, "*En voiture! En voiture, s' vous plait!*" until his cart is full of the dainty passengers, and the wise little donkey looks them over with gentle eyes before he starts sedately around the busy enclosure.

The night-life in Lyon reminded me very much of night in Madrid. Every shop is closed, every café at full blast, and all the sidewalks are jammed. The majority of the people seemed eminently respectable folk, taking their ease after toil in the chilly June evening by eating ices and drinking iced beverages, reading newspapers on the cold stone benches under lamp-posts, or listening gravely to the band music, which lasts until half-past ten in the Place Bellecœur. The principal streets are almost as brilliant as Broadway, illuminated by private enterprise—cafés, shops, and so on. Many of the cafés, after the popular Paris style, have singing or dancing as attractions. At one I noticed a German with a pocket dictionary strike up a flirtation with a Frenchwoman, who vastly enjoyed his clumsy efforts at conversation by thumbing his dictionary and pointing out the words. In a minute the street was enjoying it, too, and the waiters had to bring out extra chairs and tables to accommodate the crowd.

In the Place a group of young men became interested in a girl who had stopped to fasten up her garter, and though she had a man and another girl

with her, they circled about, and refused to believe it had come down until she reluctantly showed it around her ankle. Then they all wanted to help her replace it. When the fun had gone far enough they voluntarily ran off. About fifty feet away they looked back, but the girl had it fixed safely by that time, and, swishing up her skirts like a flash, cried, "*Voilà, messieurs!*" and turned back to her laughing companions, the man—he looked as if he were her brother—evidently approving her *chic*.

From the Bellecœur you see the church of Notre Dame de Fourvière, high above the Saône. Keep a watch on it day by day, and the first time the fickle weather is perfectly clear go right up, no matter what you may have planned for that day, for the view is the finest anywhere about, and Lyon is a city of many moods. The quickest and best way is to take the funicular, which lands you before the great church, a most astonishing hodge-podge in the modernized Byzantine style. The interior is gorgeous with mosaics, painting and gilding. But the view is the thing. Around the outside of the apse a broad, semicircular gallery or terrace commands a prospect almost as extended as from the lofty tower above, a hundred-mile panorama, in the center of which lies the city, at the bottom of the vast surrounding bowl—the snow-capped Alps. Before you, ninety-six miles as the crow flies, towers Mt. Blanc; to the right more mountains; and on the left the valleys of Rhône and Saône, the rivers glinting like burnished platinum in the crisp sunlight.

After the view, down the hillside again, through

the shady garths of the little bosket of the Sacré Cœur, along inclined walks that zigzag from one picturesque flight of dirt steps to another. Birds fill the trees with song; a fountain tinkles pleasantly; the sunlight, streaming through the branches, makes a brilliant patchwork of the warm, moist earth, and the air is redolent with woodsy fragrance. Small terra-cotta monuments of the Dolorous and Joyous Mysteries, and granite Stations of the Cross, dot the path all the way through the miniature wood. Beyond, you go down the Montée des Chazeaux, a street-stairway 242 steps long. Up this toilsome way streams a steady procession of men, boys and young women, carrying "breads" in great wheels, through which they thrust their arms, or in great circles difficult to clasp and carry. Truly, some noted baker must have his shop at the bottom of this high flight. The way is precipitous, but carefully paved, with a gutter down the center, the drainage stream making a thin pencil of water that glistens against the dull stone background. And at the foot behold the bakery, its windows full of vastly tempting pastry and the great loaves.

And also at the foot of the hill is the Cathedral of St. Jean, showing a remarkable mixture of the styles of this particular part of the country. The west front, with its vigorous carving, and the nave, are Northern Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but in the Romanesque choir the flat arcades, with their fluted pilasters, are characteristically Burgundian, deriving clearly from the Roman gateways of Autun. To the right of the façade

is the long low, battered eleventh century façade of the Manécanterie, the chapel where choristers used to greet the dawn; hence its name, *mane cantare*—to sing at sunrise. No such service dignifies the ancient chapel now. But we did see the school of the Petits Clercs de Lyon coming out, pasty-faced little fellows in black smocks. These dreadful "overalls" always give me a shock. Why dress one's child as if going to a funeral, or in filial mourning, especially when there are other dark colors that show dirt and damage less? It takes a deal of insight to find charm under such a repellent exterior as a black smock.

The banks of the Saône, lined with public washboats, are always lively and picturesque. One morning I found there the biggest market and rag-fair I had ever seen, mostly a sale of necessities and eatables, where thrifty housewives came to get their houshold supplies and squabble fiercely over the last *sou's* worth of bread, cheese, garlic, meats, fish, flowers, fancy delicacies in game and *légumes*, new dresses, stockings, shoes, hats, ribbons, garters, bolts of cloth or of silk, underwear, notions, children's garments, and so on, *ad libitum*. Here was a poor, flea-bitten little yellow spaniel, made to wear spectacles and a hat, while his prosperous Gargantua of a master and very dirty mistress "barked," demonstrated and sold a truly "magic cleaner." Would that they had demonstrated it on themselves! Yonder, a cripple squatted beside an opened umbrella full of colored elastic bands; farther on, a patriarch bellowed of his maps, a blindfolded woman posed as a mind-reader, answering questions and giving

mystic numbers, and so on. The jam was terrific, the weather warm, and the people inclined to behave very independently, with the result that there was a good deal of unnecessary and unusual butting and shoving. The meat-stalls were too horrible for description; they turned the long quay into a stinking shambles, a literal Via Putrida.

Hunting for a restaurant, rather than go back to the hotel for luncheon and have to start all over again afterward, we found the shabby, humble little Café de la Grotte, whose tablecloths were wine-spotted and whose patrons were not exactly *chic*. But the food was good, the cooking excellent, and the crazy stucco grotto in the middle of the sanded floor spouted water as clear as any fountain in a costly hotel. Most surprising was the fact that here, where we least expected it, we could order *à la carte*, and need pay only for what was served. In most French restaurants the meals are interminable *table d'hôte* affairs, with the same soup, fish, omelette, meats, salad and dessert. If you insist on being a savage, and ordering from the list, you pay for the whole meal just the same. *À la carte* apparently means nothing to the average French *restaurateur*. As for the soup, there is an amiable legend to the effect that a Frenchwoman will make soup of what her American sister throws away. After you have dined a few times outside the finest hostelries you are sorry the Frenchwoman didn't throw it away, too. For weeks at a time we saw no soup but sublimated dishwater, full of bits of sour bread. Both ends of the meals left us longing.

While the Frenchmen around us devoured platefuls of moist white cheese swathed in sugar, that turns an American stomach to see, how we hungered for a good old-fashioned wedge of pie, or even the "poor-man's" rice pudding!

Who would recognize in the deep, sullen, gray Rhône, on the other side of the city, the sparkling, sapphire stream that fairly leaps out from the Lake of Geneva and later dashes, in clear emerald, down through the Alpine foothills? Here it is spanned by many a busy bridge, and its broad quays, below the level of the street, are lined with bowling-grounds, where men and boys are always playing, while an interested audience hangs over the street-wall above. Across the river, on the eastern bank, is the imposing group of the University buildings; farther along the Prefecture, a handsome nineteenth century Renaissance structure, in which the assassinated President Carnot breathed his last; and still farther along, northward, the fashionable modern residence quarter of Les Brotteaux, adjoined by a fine park and lake.

Lyon is full of splendid streets, broad highways of which any city might well be proud. The central town, between the two rivers, is full of interest, and though there is little of real architectural value, there are large and dignified public buildings, great monuments, statues and fountains in the squares, and any number of churches. The most distinctive is the Romanesque St. Martin d'Ainay, nine hundred years old, its façade incrusted with colored stones, which give it a bizarre effect, like that of the Auvergnat churches. The west façade is divided by a

single square tower with three rows of narrow little windows above the door and four acroteria at the base of the squat pyramid that crowns it. Four large antique granite columns support the low, square tower over the crossing, and a priest told us that they were from a temple of Augustus, and anciently believed to have "fallen from heaven."

Next in importance to the Place Bellecœur is the Place des Terreaux, so called from the *terreaux*, or heaps of earth, that had to be removed to allow for its construction. At one end is a monumental fountain by Bartholdi—we owe him the Goddess of the Bay in New York Harbor—representing the chariot of the springs and rivers on its way to Ocean. The basin is semicircular, with a low-surrounding seat, where you gladly pause to watch the steady ebb and flow of the crowds through the busy square, or to feed the pigeons that bathe and flutter about fearlessly. Suddenly all the springs and rivers seem to be coming your way—on the wings of a playful gust of wind.

Here, in 1794, the guillotine, working its fastest, proved so slow for the number of citizens selected to die that the blood-stained revolutionists took to powder and grape as a lot quicker. Facing the square are the seventeenth century Hôtel de Ville and the eighteenth century Palais des Arts. The latter formerly belonged to the Dames Bénédictines—their refectory can still be seen—and the courtyard inside is now a tiny public park. The building itself contains an important and admirably arranged museum. Not far distant, in the Palais de Bourse, or Stock

Exchange, a striking Renaissance edifice, on the beautiful rue de la République, is another valuable collection, the Musée Historique des Tissus. It is a vivid exposition of the art of weaving, painting and embroidering silk, velvet and other stuffs, from its infancy to the present, all over the world. The display is dazzling, and the Lyonnais products easily hold their own among the best works of China, India, Persia, Japan, and other countries famous for their weavers and craftsmen. Tissue-working began in Lyon under Louis Quatorze, we were told, and a long series of specimens, of both the work and the machines that wove and weave it, make the exhibit very graphic.

Just back of the Bourse, in front of the church of St. Bonaventure, I leveled my camera one afternoon at an old candlewoman by the door, an especially kindly and pleasing type. But she was too quick for me, and springing up with astonishing agility, turned her back. When I went over and asked her coaxingly if she would sit down again in the same position, she answered angrily: "You can't talk to me as if I were an ass! If you want a picture, come back to-morrow morning, and photograph the mister who sells the flowers!"

## XII

### GRENOBLE, THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE AND CHAMBERY

WE intended to go down the Rhône by boat from Lyon, but to our disappointment found that the boat service had been discontinued. As we had been down by rail before, we cut across country to Grenoble, instead. And glad we were, for it is a child's picture-book country, with little towns on slight swales, rolling fields of grain dotted with poppies, and full of trees that look from the train as though Kate Greenaway had made them. Then comes a lovely little lake, so long and narrow, so rippled and winding, that it seems a river instead. In the distance the gray crags of Dauphiné look like misty snow-peaks, vague and uncertain, though they are only bare and scraggy limestone. Olives begin to appear along the way; and almost every station along the line has a quaint stone-curbed well, usually with an old oaken bucket beside it. A poet could find plenty of both material and inspiration here.

We passed a tiny hamlet about milking-time, and

across the lush fields the spotted kine plodded homeward at the hest of a barefoot boy, who whistled with shrill cheeriness as he switched at the flowers. The westering sun splashed dull wall and gleaming field with gold; long shadows barred the road with purple; the houses lay still and peaceful in their emerald frames, with here and there a man smoking contentedly in a doorway, while from the chimney a blue spiral of smoke eddied up, as gaunt and unreal as the slim poplars by the hedge. Now there are deep cuts and enclosing scarps, stone-protected, or, in lieu of masonry, guarded from washouts by wickets of brush woven through stakes. Then for some time the country suggests Switzerland—the conformation of mountain and foothill, the color of the landscape, the tiny streams dripping down the mountainside—but the cottages not at all. And then Grand Lemps, with mud walls along the track enclosing the village, and houses of either mud or rubble, giving a very Spanish effect. Again farm scenes, men and women haying, goats nibbling off the top of a hedge, vines on low trellises.

The mountains increase in grandeur, with a wonderful play of sunset on the snow in the distance, while the nearer peaks are blue-hazed, like a Puvis de Chavannes vision. One must see mountains and landscapes under exactly these conditions to appreciate his color effects; and then it is to marvel at his ability to overlay colors, or at least to give that impression—a sunset blue over a sort of old rose pink. Our Lady of Vouise, a huge copper figure, silhouetted against the brilliant sky at Voiron, made us suddenly

aware of the mountain on whose top she stands. Almost at her feet we dropped three carloads of picture-book laborers we had brought up the line, and they filled the platform with corduroy and color and chatter.

If so far we have passed through a picture-book country, now we enter fairyland. Not even Granada itself can compare with the marvels about Grenoble, coming in of a summer evening. Surely it is the loveliest picture France affords—the ancient town, whose walls bristle with bastions and *tourelles;* the thick gray stream of the Isère plunging madly past; the endless series of superimposed snow mountains. Think not of hotel or dinner. Take an open carriage and get right over to the river. At first, the mountains swim in a glorious heliotrope haze, and the town is ghostly and cold and gray in the midst of their slendour. The sun drops behind a sheltering peak; the heliotrope sky flames, quivers, fades; the very *air* turns green, a curious, eery green; the distant mountains emerge icy black, the nearer and lower ones change into huge, translucent lumps of jade, and the river to ink; vast, dull-green shadows creep slowly down to grip the city with chill fingers that choke out of it the last waning spark of day.

The marvel is over? Not quite. Somewhere, faintly, a silvery bell begins to sing, wee lights gem the edges of the flood and twinkle out along bridge and avenue; it is night in Grenoble. Still in a dream, you turn away, wishing for the tongue of a poet to phrase the glory you have seen as all its majesty and weirdness deserve. Not even the smells and lights

and champings of the hotel dining-room can quite rob you of the ecstacy you have inspired from the miracle. Eventually you have to come down to earth again. Yet even then Grenoble does nothing to shatter your hopes. Genius itself must have chosen the site, and not all "man's vile arts" could spoil it.

Grenoble is a city of nearly seventy thousand population, and formerly the capital of Dauphiné. When that province was added to the crown possessions, in 1349, the heir to the throne of France took his title of Dauphin from it, while the lands of the province became his princely appanage.

Where the Dauphin's palace used to stand is the handsome fifteenth century Palace of Justice, facing the Place St. André, with the old chapel, now the church of St. André, diagonally opposite. It is a disgrace to Grenoble that the church should be disfigured outside by having big posters advertising various nostrums plastered over its wall to one side of the door, and small shops tucked up on the other. The effect is very bizarre. Before the door we found a crowd of idlers, mostly lower-class women and girls, waiting for a wedding party which the in the adjacent Hôtel de Ville for the civil ceremony. With great dignity, during the interim, the verger came out, gorgeous in black and purple robes, with a scarlet-tufted black biretta, holding a stray cat by the scruff of its neck, stalked down the street, peering into shops until he came to an empty one, threw her in, slammed the door, and stalked solemnly back.

The wedding party had literally to fight its way through the elbowing, crowding mob, which followed

into the church. The only seats left were at the very door, where we could see nothing of the ceremony for the backs of the people who stood on the chairs in front. The interior of St. André seems to have suffered as much in modern times as the exterior. Surely no thirteenth century chapel ever had such tawdry tinsel and glass, such dreadful paintings. The most interesting thing in the church is the monument to the memory of the Chevalier Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach, who was born at Le-Cheylas-la-Buissière, twenty miles away.

The Hôtel de Ville, with its handsome towers, occupies part of the former mansion of the Duc de Lesdiguières, one of the Calvinist governors under whom the religious wars raged fiercely at Grenoble. The duke's ambition was to be Grand Constable of France, and he did not hesitate to change faiths and fight his former friends when he thought it would benefit him. His garden is now the Jardin de Ville, beautiful if rather precise, and a popular as well as a fashionable promenade.

The city is full of flowering squares, and as if that were not enough, one morning gardeners climbed to the top of the little white trolley station in the Place, right under our windows, and filled it with potted plants, brilliant geraniums and the like, changing a very commonplace necessity into a thing of beauty. The most spacious park of all skirts the walls, and is named, picturesquely, the Promenade of the Green Island. Right across the river the rugged town swalls zigzag up the craggy hill to the Bastille at the

top, for Grenoble is a first-class military post, protected by a belt of up-to-date fortresses.

At the foot of the hill is the old Porte St. Laurent, and, just within, the eleventh century church of the same name, whose crypt was originally a sixth century cruciform chapel. Almost opposite, in a spotless little two-room apartment giving upon the street, lives a very dainty old lady who makes gloves. The Grenoble district employs no less than 29,000 glove-makers, and the importance of the industry may be judged from the fact that every year almost seven million dollars' worth of gloves come from this section alone. All day long, in good weather, Madame David sits outside her door, with a little saw-toothed vise between her knees gripping the kid, which she sews with machine-like perfection and speed. Sometimes she makes as many as a dozen pairs a day. Married in St. Laurent, across the street, she has lived forty-five years in the one house, "always happy," as she put it, with a smile.

When I asked her if I might photograph her, she replied very gently: "*Non*—I cannot pay for it." Assured that it was only for a "*p'tit souvenir*," she looked stern.

"Are you a merchant? I do not wish my picture upon the postal-cards."

When she finally understood, her fine, clear skin flushed like a child's at her innocent mistake, and she thanked me very prettily. And a duchess might have written every word of her note of thanks for the pictures I sent her. *Bonheur à chère Madame David!*

As you come back along the river, its swift current impresses you, not as water, but as very liquid clay, and you do not wonder that the piers of the bridges turn knife-like edges to meet the torrent and are square and solid behind. As you walk along the bank, the lowermost bridge seems suddenly to have sprouted full-sized trees in an orderly line from end to end. You stop to consider this phenomenon, then hurry forward to observe it closely; and as your viewpoint changes, the trees move back to their rightful position along the river bank, which curves just below the bridge in such a way as to present a perfect illusion when seen from upstream.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a heavy Romanesque building of little distinction; but, as has been said already, it is the site, and not the sights, of Grenoble that make the city a joy to the traveler. In every direction you may take long and short excursions among the beautiful environs, by tram, on foot, along the different railroad lines, or by automobile. Perhaps the most interesting is to the Grande Chartreuse. This trip can be made by changing from the railroad to a steam tram and then to an omnibus; but the ideal way is by one of the P. L. M. automobiles, that run all summer from Grenoble to Aix-les-Bains, by way of the Chartreuse and Chambéry. The machines are big trucks, with comfortable, four-seated bodies, that hold eighteen people besides the chauffeur. The cautious driving is a surprise to Americans. At times the machine makes twenty miles an hour, but the average for the whole trip, going and coming, can hardly be

more than about twelve at the outside. In fact, this slowness becomes so pronounced occasionally that the machine jerks itself along rather than runs, which results in giving the passengers a tremendous "vibration cure."

The route over the higher part of the hills, especially the Col du Porte, is of use only during June, July and August. The one means of communication the foresters and peasants have with the outside world during the winter is on muleback, and seldom then, avalanches on the Col making even such travel very risky. So each little hamlet is practically self-contained and self-supporting in the fullest sense.

A little pink time-table and guide issued by the local Syndicat d'Initiative says: "Dauphiné! Savoie! These magic names evoke in the eye of the tourist avidity of emotions, a succession of uninterrupted marvels: sombre, boiling gorges, abrupt rocks, toothed peaks whose savage horror contrasts strangely with the sweet luminosity of the pasture lands that cover with a carpet of velvet the flanks of the loftier mountains." It is all true, and much more. But a detailed description of that scenery, as we saw it from the huge car, that slowed down or stopped entirely now and then, to let me make a picture, would be wearisome.

The Chartreuse, where the unctuous liqueur was made until a few years ago, stands in the midst of a circus of mountains covered with pine forests, at the foot of the escarpments of the Grand Som, and some four kilometers from the entrance to the valley called the Désert, once the property of the

monks. The monastery was founded by St. Bruno in the eleventh century, but what we see to-day is a tremendous walled enclosure filled with ugly seventeenth century Renaissance buildings which belong to the State. They are exhibited at fixed hours to the curious by a functionary with a very lackadaisical manner, who announces the various names and functions of the different rooms and halls with no more expression or feeling than a slot machine, and apparently with not the slightest interest even in tips.

The convent itself is now in rather badly kept condition: dust all over everything, and the names of tourists scribbled in it, on tables and walls; the floors thick with dirt. From the great chapter hall the portraits of the former generals of the order have been taken to Tarragona, in Spain, whither the monks removed on being exiled from France a few years ago, and only the names and titles above their places, with the painted escutcheon of each, remain on the plaster. Every single thing of the slightest value has been stripped away, and the effect is that of looking over the bones of a desiccated skeleton.

On toward Aix-les-Bains it is a comparatively short run to St. Pierre d'Entremont. Here the Fête du Bon Dieu was in progress, the houses neatly trimmed with branches, and over the middle of the main street an arch of green, from the center of which hung a cotton Dove of the Holy Spirit, with red sealing-wax feet and white fluted-paper wings and tail, bearing a pink paper rose in its beak. A Frenchman in our car sprang up in his seat as we ran

under it, and, with a shout of "*Voilà le Bon Dieu!*—Behold the Good God!" tore it off. It was so quickly done that the villagers had only time to gasp as we shot by, but we could hear an angry tumult behind us. No better example could be desired of the savagery of the automobilist, who relies on his speed and power to commit indecencies of this sort; but I doubt that any one but a Frenchman would have thought of quite such a sacrilege as this.

At the culminating point of the route, with woods about you, and nothing especial to see, you turn a sharp corner, and there is the snow-topped fence of the world. It smites you. Words are too paltry to contain a tithe of that infinite splendor whose peak is Mt. Blanc itself. Now the road begins to go down, winding through a dense forest, and then, through a tunnel, we see a lovely blue pastoral, framed in gray by the vault. As we came through, Lake Bourget was half veiled by a driving rainstorm, while above it floated a tremendous black cloud, ready to burst and let down oceans. Meantime the sun was shining brightly all around us, and the cloud cast a huge purple shadow over field and foothill. We could not see the Château of Chatillon on the near hill, projecting into the lake, because of the haze; nor any of the other ancient castles around its banks, nor yet Aix-les-Bains, for the same reason. But the color scheme was marvelous: every mountain blue, each a different shade or tint; the fields ranging up their sides all different greens, some clean-shaven and smooth as skin, others rippling with waving young grain that yielded to

the stormy breeze blowing in from the lake, some tinted with the yellow of mustard or buttercups, and everywhere the redeeming touch of scarlet poppies. Chambéry, right below, seemed a "play-toy" of low spires and chimneys, of dull red tiles and slate-roofed houses and forts and barracks. The road down into the town is a series of sweeping curves, and from the tunnel into the nearly level stretches there is a horseshoe where we travel five or six miles at least to make a scant one of approach.

Chambéry is full of "atmosphere"—houses overhanging the river; the river vanishing under the town gardens; little balconies full of potted plants with red blooms, and of chairs and tables, as if arranged for taking tea; boulevards lined with low sycamores that meet twenty feet overhead; a freakish elephant fountain; red, white and blue striped poles for flags at the street crossings; splendid arcades on the rue de Boigne, equal to those of the rue de Rivoli in Paris. But the real atmosphere of the town comes out best in the unique way the central part is built. You can go almost its whole length and breadth without ever using the streets, except to cross them, for the houses are built mainly around hollow squares, with queer, black little passages underneath, leading from one block right through to another, making one think of the innumerable labyrinths of a rabbit warren. They spell intrigue, robbery, midnight assassination, all the picturesque life of medieval times, when the commons had to be able to make instantaneous disappearances, and

The Amphitheatre of Arles, a great house of death around which there is an indescribable atmosphere.

The Palace of the Popes at Avignon is a most extraordinary mixture of fortress, prison and convent.

only the nobility and gentry, in their steel clothes, dared walk openly in the streets. From winding stone stair or sable doorway you look out into the lofty courts, whose iron-barred windows, rising four or five stories above, are so prison-like it takes all the magic of the pot of geraniums that some one is nursing high in air to make you feel that here could be home for any one.

In old times, Chambéry was the capital of the Duchy of Savoie, just as it is the capital now of the French *département* that bears the Savoyard name. Its chief feature is, of course, the ancient château, a tremendous affair, about a thousand feet long, on a little hillock at the end of the rue de Boigne. It was originally built in the thirteenth century, as the castle of the powerful and independent Ducs de Savoie, and many a brilliant and stirring scene have its grim old walls witnessed. But the dukes were destined for higher things than ruling a mere duchy, and when they became kings of Sardinia—en route to the throne of Italy—their castle gradually slipped down the easy descent, until to-day it is a police station. Few indeed are the châteaux that give a better idea of those ancient feudal lords than this, though a large part of the structure has been restored. Its scarps and walls, titanically thick and high; its massive, lonely tower; the wonderful ramp by which you venture into the interior courtyard; the exquisite *Portail* at the lower side; the beautiful apse of the chapel, a good-sized church in itself—all spell military power, boundless resources, and a soaring imagination that are wonderfully im-

pressive. Not even the ugly commonplace that has built up all around the noble old structure has much power to take from its effect and charm.

It is rather dusty and gusty in Chambéry in summer, but the quaint little Café P. Barlet has provided against that by a glass enclosure outside, where you can sit, and have your *apéritif* or your tea comfortably, and still see all that goes on or goes by. It will not be more than two or three minutes after you sit down before things begin to happen. It may be only a miniature covered "schooner," full of birds for sale, drawn by a medium-sized donkey and two big yellow dogs in front, and pushed from behind by a third panting, trotting, yellow mongrel, who surges forward into his collar-harness with tongue hanging far out. Or it may be an enormous peasant woman, in a handsome costume of black and royal purple, sauntering by with her family, husband and son together not equaling her for bulk. Perhaps a big touring car, full of prosperous bourgeois, stops at the door for a gasoline *apéritif*. The women have good clothes and big diamonds, but, oh, such feet! Their shoes look like the old ones you give a tramp, who puts them on because he needs them, in spite of the fact that they are down at the heel and much too large and too long.

At night, one-half of Chambéry seems to spend its time at the big moving picture park, and the other half at the one café-chantant the town boasts, the barnlike Brasserie Moderne. Here a good part of the audience is composed of officers and men from

the garrison, "Dragons" and Alpine Chasseurs-à-Piéd, picturesque fellows all. The good folk of Chambéry are very proud of their Chasseurs, and boast that any one of the artillerymen attached to this type of regiment can carry, or at least hold for a moment, the mountain gun it takes two mules to carry up the dizzy trails. Fortunately, they did not exhibit their Samsonian qualities while I was in the café, and the scene was one of discretion, as the French would say, though the performance of the singers and dancers was as *méchant* as their appearance and their voices were attractive.

By all means go back to Grenoble by automobile, as you came. The return trip inevitably clarifies and strengthens the delightful impressions received on the way up, impressions that not even a visit to Aix-les-Bains, with its tepid sulphur baths, its gambling casino, and its magnificent location, can spoil. Coming back, we noticed not only the familiar crucifixes for human beings by the roadside, but tiny little crosses made of cleanly whittled twigs, standing about two feet high, in fields of mustard, grain and small vegetables—crosses for the birds of heaven to worship at. At least, that is what the chauffeur said, crossing himself and lifting his cap, as he noticed one. Another Frenchman, smiling at his naïveté, remarked gravely that perhaps that was the reason they were there; but, anyway, it was good to have one's crops dedicated to religion, and the birds might worship if they chose. The grave old crow I noticed sitting on one, nevertheless, did not

look worshipful; he was tilting the little symbol of faith far to one side, so that it looked rakish rather than religious.

As we rolled along we passed several small cattle fairs in the mountain villages, and in one place, as the chauffeur said, "one market of women, one of cattle." The only women we noticed being sold in the market, however, were those who were buying at the carts.

## XIII

### GOING TO GRASSE

ONE of the great new motor roads of France, a splendid wide concrete avenue that flows like oil, runs down from Grenoble to the Mediterranean, and one may glide over its smooth surface and experience something of the now almost forgotten romance of travel in the entrancing vistas it provides. Connecting at the lower end with the main Riviera highway, it affords such a sight-seeing opportunity as few other roads in the world can provide.

But for everyone who takes the train every window frames a picture, with a peak as a background. About twenty miles from Grenoble we suddenly swing out on a viaduct that sweeps up the mountainside in two spiraling curves that fairly take away the breath. The view is inspiring! I lost my head over it completely, making picture after picture, to the interest of a Frenchman and his wife, who very pleasantly gave me window rights on both sides of the compartment, and so missed part of the scene themselves. It is over all too quickly, with a rush

through a cindery tunnel, and then again we see it, and go still higher. Below, the plain and the foothills unroll like a flag thrown to the winds, and the panorama, in the sunshine of mid-June, is beyond words of praise or description.

After changing cars at Veynes we soon pass two remarkable mountain formations. In the first, a rock crest runs up in a curve just over the tip, exactly like the brazen crests on ancient helmets. To one side this ridge looks a splendid piece of fortification, that might flame at any moment with gunfire. The second is a series of low foothills approaching a mountain shaped and formed like a walled city, with regularly built defenses and bastions all along. All through the mountainous regions of southern France there are these peculiar formations. Now the scenery changes rapidly—barren, rugged mountains rising from orchards of almonds and olives, clear indication of the sunny south. And then you cry out in surprise at the sight of a village of feudal days, topped by an old fort on the crest of its hill, with the vale and river winding away toward Provence in blue waves, upon which the setting sun casts a romantic splendor wholly at variance with the facts. Traveling by day, to miss none of the scenery, we saw most of our stopping-places for the first time in a ruddy glamour of the sunset.

As a matter of plain statement, Sisteron is an unwholesome place, full of vermin, stenches, filthy streets, houses without ventilation or sanitation, dirty people, talking a patois which is a mess of French, Provençal and argot. Yet the people are very good

to look at, the children lovely and well-mannered, and the whole situation so unusual and attractive that one is apt to forget everything but the beauty of Nature in both still and animated life. You avoid all the drawbacks by stopping near the station, at a Touring Club hotel, with a terrace full of potted daisies, little marble-topped tables and a tinkling fountain. A long, dusty, sycamore avenue leads to the town, where the twelfth century church of Notre Dame and the ruined towers of the ancient ramparts are mightily attractive.

We were standing before the miniature "Palace of Justice," when a gentleman, clearly of the *haute volée*, came out of a small, very ordinary house directly opposite. In answer to my questions, he said he knew very little of the place, as he was a stranger himself; but he did direct us to the best viewpoint. I concluded he must be the judge, as afterward proved to be the case. Following his advice, we climbed up through a winding lane to the crest of the hill and the fort, a wonderful structure, partly designed by Vauban, so situated as to utilize the natural rock wherever possible for parts of its walls and scarps. Ruined outworks, testifying mutely to its original strength, make a melancholy belt about its lower side. But we did not go in. The French authorities are inclined to view cameras with jaundiced eyes, and I had no desire to prove the hospitality of a border fortress inhabited only by a handful of artillerymen, who posted no sentries, and gave small evidence of contact with the world.

A little to one side, however, on a slightly higher

spur of the hill, we found a stirring panorama: the silver lines of the railroad metals along which we had come paralleled by the blue mountain stream that cuts into the bigger, muddier river just above the town; the almost flat plain through which they run; the mountains fencing it in on every side and throwing out low lines of foothills that venture only a little way into the open. Two great defiles, or passes, through one of which the railroad vanishes, form a natural entrance into central France, and the forts which mount the commanding hills all through this district are designed to prevent invasion from the Italian frontier, not far distant.

After dinner we sat out on the terrace, listening to the bird-songs and the tinkle of the water, and watching the egg in the fountain turning somersaults. By-and-by the judge came along and sat down for his coffee, and a drummer for a *liqueur* house argued vigorously with Madame that his gentian cordial was infinitely superior to any other *liqueur tonique*. When we retired at last, in the moonlight, the gentle murmur of flowing water was still in our ears, and the perfume of the garden, wafted in on the crisp mountain air, fresh in our nostrils.

The town, though filthy, makes an effort to be as clean as possible. Its street-cleaning department consists of a horse and cart, a girl of ten, with fuzzy, faded yellow hair, a foreman who does little, and a vigorous woman of forty, who does most of the work. Broom and shovel in hand, she gathers into big heaps the little piles of refuse the girl

collects, shovels them into the cart, and then climbs in on top to stamp the load down. Along the main street in the early morning there is plenty to see: sturdy old farmer-women, with pitchforks over their shoulders and wide-brimmed, floppy straw hats, on their way out to the fields; young girls roasting and grinding coffee on the sidewalk; women damming the rushing gutters to get enough water for a vigorous broom-scrubbing of whole shop-fronts; women and girls carrying water from the fountains, or doing laundry work there. One fat laundress at a little square fountain basin was very up-to-date —she washed sitting in a chair, with an umbrella over her to keep off the sun, which was really hot.

Everywhere through southern France you find the gipsy. In the square facing the "Cathedral" two of these vagabond families were encamped. The most surprising thing about them was that the men were doing the culinary work, while the women and girls were lounging and reading the papers. There is a compulsory education law in France, but how do the authorities hold the gipsies anywhere long enough to teach them anything? One man washed dishes, and then some lettuce, which he shook in a dirty jute bag to dry for dinner. Another peeled vegetables for a stew, and put them to simmer in a black kettle over an open wood fire. All the gipsies looked fairly clean and comfortable, at least as much so as the townsfolk. Some of the young girls were as pretty as they were wild-looking. On the way back to the hotel we saw two playing like fawns, leaping over a mountain rivulet and running about.

The elder, about twelve, was the picture of a grand-opera gipsy—black eyes, thick black hair, tawny skin with high color. She wore a vivid red kerchief over her hair and a dress full of startling color contrasts.

All about the hills are charming walks, and the stony height across the river, which gives a splendid view of town and fortress, is a veritable paradise of every imaginable kind, size and color of wild flower, the air saturated with their rich fragrance. On from Sisteron the scenery is striking and varied. Near Annot, the rock formations are especially novel. Big, isolated boulders perch insecurely in all sorts of impossible places on the hillsides. In a number of places walls have been built, making a house of the niche or cavern under the rock.

Once more we left the train in the late afternoon, at the little town of Entrevaux. It is condensed picturesqueness itself, crowding together on a rocky head of land deeply moated on three sides by a torrential mountain stream. Black, steep, narrow alleys, too tiny to be called real streets, wander fractiously up and down among the lofty houses, paved with flat, round stones, set on edge, and calculated to give corns to anybody but wearers of wooden *sabots*. Around it all the walls run up the forbidding hillside to a wonderfully situated citadel, once a strong fort, now a military prison.

The statement that no cabs are allowed to enter the town is rather ridiculous. There are no cabs, in the first place; no demand for them, in the second; and in the third, they could not get around in the

town if they were there. Entering through the double gate over the drawbridge, we followed a twisty little street to the main Place, where the only hotel occupies an ancient building. It is the sort of hostelry one learns to expect in such a place, but clean and fairly comfortable. A winding stair, with distracting branches, leads from the basement on up to the bedroom floors; the dining-room, about half-way between the entrance hall and the first bedroom floor, on a little offshoot. A rather elaborate dinner was served by the pleasant proprietress and her young daughter, though the only guests besides ourselves were three cheery young Jesuit fathers and a disgruntled artillery colonel.

Next morning we found the village farrier shoeing horses, mules and donkeys right before the hotel door. If ever there was anything that spoke of medieval days, it was this. I could imagine knights and roistering blades, looking for trouble in the good old novelistic fashion, leaping down from their steeds at the door, and going inside for refreshment while the swart peasant smith took a turn at their horses' feet. The façade of the hotel itself suggests poignards and swords and hose, though I cannot tell why, since it is merely old and grimy, and featureless save for a big vine climbing over it. But the atmosphere is there, nevertheless. The steeds to-day are usd to carry in produce from the fields and gardens outside—there are none whatever in town, since space is precious on the bare rock—and you have to flatten yourself in a doorway to let the panniered beasts go by. Here and there a horse toils at the end of a

long rope, hoisting bales of hay or fodder into the upper stories of dwellings, the people preferring to live in what we consider the least desirable part of the house, black, damp, cellar-like rooms at or below the street-level.

The people, while they lack the attractiveness of their town, are very pleasant and gracious—perhaps the tourist-in-a-hurry has never been in Entrevaux to spoil them—and most of the children are both pretty and charmingly shy. Two little witches, Illaudie and Hélène, stole our hearts as they washed their well-darned little stockings at a fountain basin in the dappled shadow of a great chestnut; and we longed for the power of a Sorolla to bewitch them, in turn, into forever smiling figures upon a sun-splashed canvas. They followed us around, livening dark alleys and black doorways; they brought up their little friends to pose for us, and even the *bonne maman* of one—though she had so hideous a mustache I could scarcely believe her willing. Unfortunately, she is only one of many thousands of such women in provincial France, many not only mustached but bearded.

As there are no manufactures in the town, practically the entire able-bodied population emigrates every morning to the fields and gardens and vineyards outside. Some of the gardens are unbelievably narrow, mere strips of terrace a few feet wide, hanging above the rushing stream.

Leaving Entrevaux behind, the train soon passes through some of the glorious mountain gorges that give this whole southern region an unforgetable char-

acter. One town, Touët-de-Beuil, is distinctly original, the houses on the rocky hillside climbing in some places to what appears from the train eleven full stories. Of course, this is mere illusion. It is simply that two or more rows are visible, one above and behind the other. Later, the valley narrows to a mere defile, with the road and railroad on a narrow shelf. Farther on, town after town comes into view, each on its hilltop, making an effect better imagined or seen than described, especially at the spot where from the low valley you look up to the eternal peaks and see no less than five, each with its man-made coronet.

The train goes on to Nice, but we left it at the junction station of Colomars for the narrow-gauge line to Grasse. This Sud Railroad runs through beautiful, if sometimes terrifying, landscapes, over long viaducts, through tunnels, and among flower plantations all the way. For a little the train, more like matchboxes than ever, parallels the boiling Var, darts across it on a rattling, double-decked bridge, and plunges into exquisite scenery—a ruined Templars' castle on a hill, a black etching against the flaming sky of approaching sunset; the town of St. Jeannet-la-Gaude, nestling under the Gibraltar-like crag of Baou; a deep little gorge, merely the earnest of what is coming in the twilight.

Vence and Tourettes, beautiful towns both, drop behind, and our speed accelerates until the matchboxes hop about alarmingly on the rails. These narrow-gauge lines are all very well on straight metals, at slow speed, and on a level, but when they go

careering around the sides of mountains, with sheer drops of several hundred feet on one side and jagged walls towering sheer above on the other, or nothing at all on either side but the narrow edge of a viaduct spanning a ravine so deep and crooked the trestle has to curvet to get across, it makes your head swim and turns your stomach.

That is what you feel going over the Gorge du Loup, and any blasé person craving a new sensation has only to try it, about dusk, to gratify his wish. Gorge of the Wolf indeed it is; a bottomless gorge, apparently, from the car window, full of unearthly lupine rock shapes and of ghostly waterfalls, at which the affrighted little engine shrieks madly and runs away. You can hear the wheel-flanges *smack* against the rails as the speed and the curves throw you from side to side. The safety of the road and the speed is best proven by the fact that there has never been an accident on it; but any one with imagination can conjure up some very lively horrors at twilight, notwithstanding.

The last gorge is the worst. All we could see of it was a yawning black void, with here and there a faint light far below us, distant and twinkling as a tiny star.

## XIV

### GRASSE AND THE RIVIERA

GRASSE lies about twelve miles inland, and a thousand feet above sea-level, delightfully set on a hillside, where its houses and factories, chimneys and spires, sweep in a great amphitheater about the cathedral, and mount the slope tier upon tier. Somehow we expected to find the city all a bower, full of perfume, with splendid villas and magnificent hotels right in the heart of things. In reality, the fine estates, flower-gardens and hotels which attract such a tremendous patronage from every country under the sun in winter, are all outside the town proper. As for the perfume, it is there —in spots. Aside from them, Grasse smells very much like any other old town in France.

Belted about with high walls that rise to the level of the third-story windows, it is a damp labyrinth of crooked, narrow, vilely paved ramps that frequently end in tricky stairs or split into twins, one going on at its old level, the other descending or rising, and perhaps ending in a passageway running through the heart of some prominent building. Here

and there a fountain, overhung by sycamores or a single big willow, makes a bright spot in the street, and gathers the color and gaiety of the mercurial people about it, while everywhere, now almost swallowed up by tawdry conventionality, now surquidant and alone, rise fragments of the splendid past, bits of sober doorways, stately arches, a battered palace façade, or a melodramatic square donjon tower, all eloquent of Italy.

The most important building is the church of Notre Dame De Podio, the ancient Cathedral, with a tall, simple, square campanile, both essentially Italian in type. These Italian influences in architecture are undoubtedly the result of the commercial relations and political treaties between the old Republics of Grasse, Pisa and Genoa. Unfortunately, the French town became embroiled in the bitter factional quarrels of her allies, and her own people split into hostile parties themselves, with the result that the Count of Provence, Raymond Béranger, was able, in 1226, to take possession of her. The people may have been valiant fighters in those ancient days, but they do not look the part now—slight of stature, and insignificant of feature, with especially small noses. Indeed, over in the little neighboring town of Le Bar this latter peculiarity is so pronounced that it seemed to us a positive disfigurement.

Grasse is renowned the world over for its perfumes. In the vicinity of the town, on hill and in valley, more than twelve thousand acres are devoted to the cultivation of roses, tuberoses, jasmine, violets, pinks, orange-blossoms, and innumerable other flow-

ers, whose petals yield the precious essence. The region seems to have been sprinkled in the old days with convents and monasteries, and it is in them that many of the larger distilleries are housed. This does not seem quite so bad as stables or wine-shops in dismantled religious edifices; yet as we stand in the door of some beautiful old chapel, and look in at the sweating crowd of workers, it seems a desecration, even though they are piling up great heaps of rose-leaves and the air is surcharged with a fragrance no incense could ever give.

Visitors are welcome in the factories, and a woman cicerone guides you through from the room where the flowers are pulled to pieces and the petals heaped in great baskets, to the packing-room, where the finished bottles of perfume are prepared for shipment to every civilized land. The stripped petals are thrown into huge vats of boiling fat, and after various interesting processes—all carefully explained, if you wish to hear about them—the essence is condensed, and the precipitated fat turned into fine scented soaps, so that the only waste in the whole proceeding is the petals themselves, from which every semblance of shape and odor has been expressed. This hot process is employed for all the flowers except jasmine and tuberoses. Their perfume is first extracted by cold grease, on glass plates, after which the process is the same.

A French authority declares that every season 642,400 tons of different flowers are destroyed at Grasse for the manufacture of the costly essence. No less than twelve and a half tons of petals are

required for the manufacture of a single liter of rose essence, which sells for anywhere from four hundred to five hundred dollars there at the factory. Little did Catherine de' Medici dream of this when she sent her famous doctor, the Sieur Tombarelli, to Grasse to found a laboratory for perfume distillation in the sixteenth century.

From Grasse it is only a dozen miles or so through a perfumed Eden to Cannes, on the Cote d'Azur, the Blue Shore, as the French half of the Riviera is called. It is hard to believe that only about eighty years ago Cannes, now the millionaire's paradise, was nothing but a little fishing village, huddling about the ancient church and castle, on a rocky eminence thrusting out into the middle of the bay. At that time the English statesman, Lord Brougham, fleeing from the fog and damp of an English winter to the sunshine and flowers of southern Italy, could not go on to his destination because of a quarantine, and stopped at Cannes. He found in its climate and location exactly what he desired. His villa built, other Englishmen came, talked of this Blue Shore, and the Riviera was launched upon a swelling tide of prosperity.

The most interesting feature of old Cannes is the Chevalier's Tower, part of the eleventh century fortress-residence of the mainland representative, or Chevalier, of the Abbot of the nearby Îles de Lérins who was feudal as well as religious lord of all this territory. The tower is square and massive, built of great cut stones with rough faces. It is typical of the south, as the round tower is of the north, and

is found everywhere—as an isolated defense, a part of the walls of protected cities, and in forts. The stormy times in which it and many similar towers throughout this region were built show clearly in the entrance—a square door in the second story, reached only by a ladder, that could be instantly drawn in on the approach of an enemy. The step or ledge where its top rested is still there, making a narrow sill. There is a stairway now for visitors. For all the light admitted by the narrow loopholes is very meager, and the climb toilsome, it is well worth while to make the ascent for the magnificent, brilliant panorama from the top.

On either hand stretches away a flashing crescent of blue water, pearly sand and white-walled, red-roofed houses. Away on the west the Estérel Mountains creep out seaward in a rich blue fringe of thorny peaks. To the east, the curving shore dimples and coquettes with the sea in an apparently endless series of glistening bays and hilly little capes. Right at our feet is the old town, and off shore the islands of St. Honorat and Ste. Marguerite make a mass of blue and green on the horizon. It is as lovely as anything ever imagined, the broad water-front boulevard lined with truly magnificent hotels and gardens, villas of the rich and noble, palms, flowers, statuary, fountains, everything man could desire. After seeing the villas of the fashionables it is easy to understand why the hotel dweller does not get into society. They are palaces—their gardens are marvels!

Though the Riviera was a part of Old Provence,

neither name, by any stretch of imagination, ever suggests the other; and yet, in a measure, each has the same suggestion: Provence, good wine, fair women, and the splintering crash of spears; the Riviera, good wine, fair women, and the seductive clink of gold. Of course, everybody who is anybody goes to the Riviera during the few weeks that Fashion has decreed as the season; and all such envied ones declare positively that this flashing coast is quite impossibly hot in summer, and nobody who is anybody would think of it then—*ça suffit!* As for us, we have tried it in the height of the season, and during the summer, and declare unequivocally for the latter.

Is there any satisfaction in being one jot among a million tittles, crowded for room, robbed on every hand, and half-frozen except when you have taken off your foolish summery clothes and gone to bed? Anyway, what's the use of going "where every prospect pleases" when the view is sure to be blocked by the Prince and Princess of Tarara; where, when you do snatch a chance to level the camera, some one jostles you; or where, no matter how modest your appearance, some Count Noaccount tries to scrape acquaintance—because *tous les Américains sont riches?*

On the other hand, this picture: A park bench all to yourself and your paraphernalia; over you a whispering palm, making exquisite shadow-lace on the sand, whence impish little heat ripples dance upward; before you one of the loveliest panoramas ever created, stretching for miles on every hand; a knot of colorful fishermen off to one side, working

at their nets; a native child skipping gaily along the beach; a dozen lusty women at the mouth of a rivulet, ruining perfectly good linen; and a lone sail in the offing, wheeling about like a great white moth in the blue. The few hotels that are open are all yours, and you can have any sort of boat almost for the asking.

And above everything, now on a bare shelf upon the rugged mountainside, now sweeping up or down in great, birdlike curves and loops, runs that most fascinating of a highroads, the Grande Corniche—literally the *cornice* above the highly decorated Riviera, where the motors of all the fashionable world fly to and fro. Seen by night from the calm waters hundreds of feet below, the Corniche is easily traced by the glaring headlights of the cars which flit like so many skyey fireflies in the upper distance, darting off now and again at angles we know mean roads up or down the sides of the steep hills, but which seem from below to be arbitrary flights through the night on wings.

Nothing but a catalogue, and a lengthy one, could name the resorts, famous and otherwise, all the way along this captivating shore: resorts for all conditions of men and pockets, each with some peculiar charm and loveliness of its own. Nice is more of a city than any of the rest, and while it has all the "attractions" that mar the other places, it also has more comforts for those in moderate circumstances, while I have been told the villa colony is at least approachable. And Monte Carlo—where in all the wide creation is there such another miniature paradise as

this Mediterranean hill, where the green tables inside keep the outside gardens green, and the whole world lays its tribute under the wheels of Juggernaut? The flower-scented air is sick with the vitiation of mingled blood and gold—you cannot escape its baleful pervasiveness. Three days were all I could stand of that atmosphere.

Along the whole shining length of the Riviera I know of nothing more delightful than the sail across from Cannes to the lovely Îles de Lérins, said to have been named for the Greek pirate Lero. In the season a little steamer runs from Croisette Point; but in season or out take a little sailing lugger, and your own time, and go as you please. St. Honorat, for all it is a tiny island, possesses by far the most important medieval buildings to be found anywhere on the Riviera. They contain some of the features at least of every period and style of both civic and religious Provençal art. In the fifth century, St. Honorat founded a monastery here, which for a very considerable period was the chief source and focus of all the learning and culture in southern Gaul. Missionaries went out from its sheltering haven to carry the light of Christianity and civilization into all the world, not the least famous of them that Patrick who gave faith and fame alike to the Emerald Isle.

As the monastery grew in riches, the murderous raids of the Mediterranean corsairs became more frequent, until finally the monks built them a strong castle, rising out of the water on the southern side of the island. But even that did not always save

them; once, indeed, the pirates held the castle for a whole year, and were driven out only by the concerted action of all the nobility of Provence. Its object, of course, was first of all to provide a safe retreat, and its appearance outside is consequently military: moated, battlemented, loopholed and portcullised; inside, religious and monastic from top to bottom, with cells, refectory, domestic offices, chapel, and an exquisitely double-arched cloister which belies the stern visage on the other side of walls mellowed by time to a rich golden hue that harmonizes brilliantly with the dark green of the pines and the blue of the southern sea and sky.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the abbey was suppressed. Nearly a century later it was reconstituted, and occupied by Cistercians, who still have an orphanage on the island. A highly perfumed monk showed me through the new building. The contrast between a monkish refectory in use, with the bottles and other things on tables covered with shiny brown oilcloth, and the deserted ones usually seen, is very striking, and wakes a sensation in you of being part of the past. The old cloister, in its simple Cistercian style, with its round-headed little windows instead of the usual large arcades giving upon the garden, and its tunnel vaulting strengthened by transverse ribs, is also in strong contrast with the new structure. Of the seven ancient chapels which once dotted the island only two remain. That of St. Trinité, at the eastern end of the island, is a peculiar domed edifice with three

apses, and without doubt one of the very oldest buildings in Provence.

One of the principal charms of the place is that you can visit the castle and roam about the entire island at will, unmolested by any guide. In a field we saw the brothers a-haying, their black robes tucked up, their heads half hidden by huge straw hats, looking like so many old farmer-women. Everywhere aromatic pines have made a springy carpet of their needles for your feet. In rows and groups and columns they stand, an unforgetable and charming population. They lean over the water to caress its shining mirror, and their slim, graceful bodies stripe the horizon like the bars of a cage, through which you look across to the Île Ste. Marguerite. There is nothing to attract one on Ste. Marguerite now, unless he cares to visit the fortress-prison where the famous Man in the Iron Mask was so long confined. Richelieu built the fortress, which was later used as a state prison, and now is guarded only by a caretaker, who shows you around.

Originally, tradition says, there was but a single island there, inhabited on one side by St. Honorat and his monks, on the other by Ste. Marguerite, his sister, and her nuns. Being very fond of her austere brother, Ste. Marguerite used to visit him at the monastery every month. But the good abbot, fearing that even so pure a thing as sisterly affection might deflect his thoughts from higher and holier things, and imperil his immortal welfare, finally commanded her to come no more. In his cloister he spent the night in prayer, and behold, at dawn the sea had

made two islands of the one! Then St. Honorat sent his sister word that he would cross the gulf to see her each year when the cherry-trees blossomed.

She, too, then spent a fervent night at prayer, the pretty legend runs, and when the ruddy morning dawned, lo! the cherry-trees were all in blossom, and ever after that, while the good saints lived, the trees blossomed every month, and St. Honorat, seeing that Heaven willed him not to forget his sister, kept his pledge, and saw her as before.

## XV

### OLD PROVENCE

MORE than twenty-five centuries ago swarthy Phœnician merchants dotted the halcyon coasts of Provence with little posts for trading with Ligurian inhabitants. Then came the colonizing Greeks, whose civilization molded its life until the Roman conquest. Under its new masters, Provence became rich and favored—The Province, Provincia, Provence—filled with the monuments of their success, elaborate architecture of the high tide of the Empire's greatness. And after this the deluge! But Provence, far removed from the source of these new, uncouth influences, preserved at least relics of its Latin civilization during the Dark Ages, and with the dawn immediately showed life in music, art and literature.

From this feeble beginning there gradually developed all that wonderful and romantic life of the period of chivalry, with its Courts of Love, its troubadours, its devotion as much to making verses and singing them as to the sterner virtues necessitated by the roughness of the greater world beyond the

Provençal borders. Luxury and perfume were in the native air of Provence: the sunny, enervating climate predisposed men to voluptuousness rather than valor, and as the resisting power of the province waned by degrees her national pulse beat slower and slower, until finally, her promise unfulfilled, she slept upon the broad bosom of La Mère France.

Westward along the ragged coast from Cannes unrolls a resplendent series of clean-cut panoramas of red, white, green, blue. Here and there, as at Théoule, the railway runs along the very edge of red cliffs that slope abruptly down to the sea, which sweeps into the distance, where the Lérins float the castle of St. Honorat, clear as a drop of golden honey, in the sapphire background. So vivid, so lovely are these views that no one who has not seen them can gather from the written word a true idea of the color, beauty and placidity of the picture.

Fréjus, the Forum Julii of the Romans, is a big, rambling, prosperous town, whose Latin remains are rich and important, and whose medieval structures are scarcely less engaging. Forcqualqueiret-Garéoult —imagine anybody giving two towns on opposite sides of a railroad names like that and expecting the trains to stop!—boasts châteaux, old and crumbling; so does Tourves, where a Virgin, on a spire of rock right alongside the track, looks down upon her town with an expression of melancholy. Here you see a church with the typical Provençal bell-tower above its spire, a bird-cage of iron rods and wires; there a villa whose bulging façade is glaring with faïence plaque monstrosities, stuck on without rea-

son, or regard for architectural propriety, and adding a gleam of savage color to the scene. In fact, it is the strongly contrasting colors both in nature and in "art," all along this line, that give the scenery its greatest charm and distinction.

St. Maximin—and again late afternoon. Picture a railway station on a lonely swale of green, surrounded by oceans of powdery white dust that puffs up in an impalpable mist at every step of the horse that pulls the rheumatic old omnibus away toward the curve in the road where the town, squatting in its dusty basin among the low hills, begins to appear, a straggling collection of sunbaked houses around a church whose spire is both too slender and too short. The dust is stifling and hot; the afternoon sun pours down with an almost tropic fierceness; grass and weeds by the winding roadside are white instead of green, and when at last we step from the omnibus, at the hotel, we are white, too—more like millers than travelers.

Our room quickly selected, we threw open the shutters, and were astonished to see our coachman, evidently a "lightning-change artist," arrayed in a chef's full regalia, sitting across the street, talking to a woman shopkeeper. As he stayed outside until dinner was served, some two hours later, he must have cooked it before he went to meet the train. But for all that the dinner was better than we had in many a would-be Parisian hostelry elsewhere in the provinces, where we never saw the chef.

Rambling leisurely through the streets in the

gloaming you stumble over an impossible number of children and pets: tame goats, puppies, kids, magpies that exclaim "Oh!" and flap heavily off a few feet when you come too close. The people are coming in from their toil in the fields, on foot, in donkey carts, riding big plow-horses, whose chains clank against their fat sides. Now you see a wiry farmer and his buxom spouse crammed into a child's-size cart, pulled by a little ass no bigger than a dog; now two simply mountainous old women on the skeleton of a hay wagon, clucking to their little horse; again, a female huckster crouching in her market wagon, drawn by panting Fido, who makes heavy weather of it, but trots along briskly. A woman appears in a door with a milk-can full of water—woe betide you if you get in her splashsome way! The town is settling down for the night, washing its dusty face and getting its dinner. Two hours later the sudden cry of a wakeful magpie in a garden is loud and startling. You can hear a pin drop in St. Maximin by nine o'clock.

Here we come upon one of the strangest of all the religious legends of France, a story that accounts with great circumstance for the introduction of the new religion so speedily to supplant paganism. After the final scene on Calvary the little band of relatives and disciples scattered before the determined persecutions of the malignant Jews, and several—Lazarus, Martha, Mary Magdalen, Mary Jacobi, sister of the Virgin, Mary Salomé, the mother of James, Trophime, Maximin, and others—miraculously escaped to southern France, where they are severally com-

memorated in shrines and churches, often of great beauty.

The big church here is the most perfect specimen of the Gothic in Provence, strikingly out of consonance with its surroundings. It might, indeed, have been transported bodily from the Île de France. Its lofty, simple, pointed vaulting and arches are light and airy, and the effect must have been very beautiful when the long, slim windows, which reduce the masonry to its smallest limits, were filled with stained glass. The contrast with the usually dark and gloomy southern churches must also have been great. Yet it may have been glaring, too, in the brilliant light of the south. We can only guess at it, for the stained glass is mostly gone, and the aisle windows are closed by added side chapels.

The wood sculptures throughout the interior are excellent, the choir stalls carved with scenes from the lives and martyrdoms of old-time Dominican monks. If these wooden pictures are historically accurate, the Dominican brethren must have had an amusing time dying. One, for example, is shown half hanged, recumbent, with a pleasant-faced soldier hacking out a large section of him with a dull sword. It is highly instructive—swords ought to be sharper!

The chief treasure of the church, however, is not carving, but the highly venerated object which purports to be the skull of St. Mary Magdalen. Above the eye-sockets are two dark spots, which the sacristan declared are the finger-prints of the Christ, who touched her on His way to Calvary. The legend says that the Magdalen lived as a hermit for a long

time, and died in the cave at Ste. Baume, nine and a half miles away. One of the many excellent pictures in the church at St. Maximin shows her renouncing the world by throwing her pearl collar to the floor of the dripping cave, which is covered with unset gems. It is a very pleasant little pilgrimage to the hermitage-shrine of Ste. Baume, if you can spare the time, and the beauty and wildness of the location repay you for the exertion.

Eight miles further on, toward Aix, the little town of Pourrières marks one of the bloodiest fields the world has ever seen in any age, the Campi Putridi, literally, "Stinking Fields," where Marius the Roman, with a skill matched only by his ruthless ferocity, practically wiped out of existence the vast barbarian horde which had swarmed down, with women and children and chattels, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the sunny lands of southern Europe. More than 100,000 fell, and 300,000 more Marius sold into slavery all along the southern shore they had risked so much to reach. Then, as so many of the Israelitish captains of Biblical history had been commanded to do before him, the Roman reared a huge pyre on the scene of his triumph, and the bodies, and all the plunder he could not carry away, roared up to the heavens on wings of fire, whose traces were easily uncovered centuries after Rome herself had ceased to be an empire.

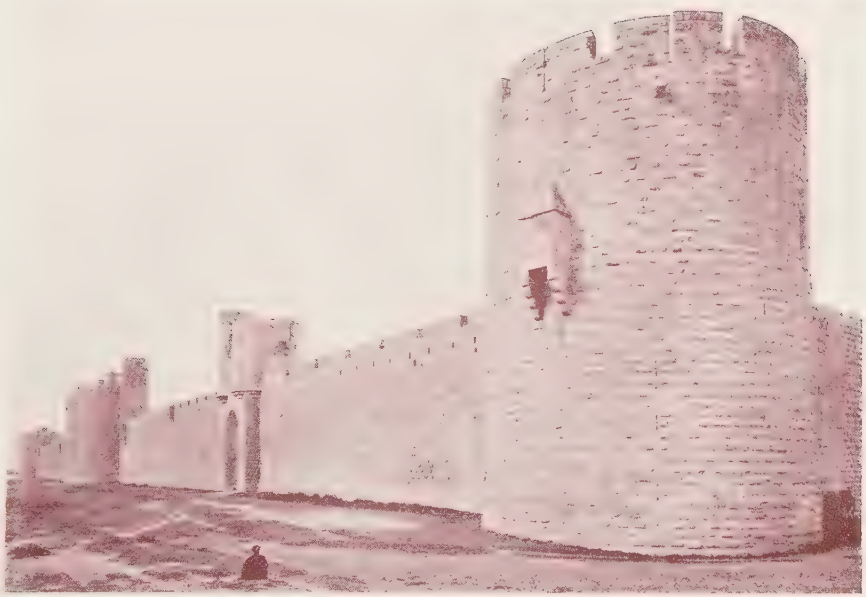
With the shadow of the Campi Putridi still hanging over us, we come to Aix, the charming, sleepy, modern-medieval city that grew up from the ruins of Aquæ Sextiæ, the first Roman settlement in Gaul.

The barbarians who smote the Roman city did their work thoroughly. Only a bit of wall here, a pillar there, and a few fragments in the museum, tell the story of the early days. But memory in Aix is not of the beginning; it is of the end, for here dwelt good King René, here were the Courts of Love, the troubadours, the good wine and fair women, and song and laughter, that gave Provence its fame—and its fate.

All the sunny charm and glamour of Old Provence opens before you in the leafy, square-trimmed tunnel of trees up the Cours Mirabeau, that parts the modern Aix from the old. It is a long, narrow, dirt-floored promenade between the sycamores, with a cobbled road, and a scanty sidewalk on either hand, and a series of fountains, mossy and dripping and green, up the center. And at its head, looking down as though to greet you in the favorite city of his smiling kingdom, stands the effigy of René himself, Count of Provence, Duc d'Anjou, de Bar and de Lorraine, King of the Two Sicilies and of Jerusalem. The tide of life flows lazily by in the brilliant sunshine at right and left, the fountains plash, and the breeze that elsewhere makes the dusty streets unbearable here whispers a suggestive requiem for the all but forgotten past.

After rambling through a labyrinthine tangle of streets and barren squares in the older part of town you find him again, gazing out from one of the panels of a fine tryptich in the Cathedral. A young king on the Cours Mirabeau—how he would have wept over such a name and its associations!—he is

The ancient Roman baths at Nimes are rich in urns and cupids, stucco balustrades and bridges.



At Aigues-Mortes rises one of the most wonderful pieces of military architecture in the world.

old and gray in the great church, yet still the poet-king, still the well-beloved of his people. René himself painted it, they of Aix would have us believe. But no—artist and poet and musician though he may have been, René did not paint himself and his second queen, Jeanne de Laval, in these panels of the Burning Bush. The artist, whose identity is disputed, was evidently a Fleming, since the work is a fine specimen of the Flemish style.

The Cathedral is a curious composite. The ancient church of St. Sauveur, believed to have been built on a part of the cellar of a temple to Apollo, dating from 1103, now forms the southern aisle of the fifteenth century Cathedral. Still more unusual is the tiny octagonal baptistery, said to date from the sixth century. Its eight antique granite columns, from the old Temple of Apollo, support a dome whose modern stucco finish spoils the character of the whole structure. I believe that there are only two other baptisteries like this in the whole of France.

The beautiful Romanesque cloister of St. Sauveur is distinguished by the boundless resource and variety of its white marble sculpture, columns that range from plain cylinders to fretted octagons, from straight to bent and twisted and even knotted shafts, surmounted by elaborately carved capitals. The dull, faded red of the brick pavement makes a pleasing background for their pallid beauty. The central doors of the western façade, with their prophets and sibyls, are richly carved early sixteenth century work. They are jealously guarded from the equally

destructive hands of time and vandal by stout oaken false doors, that swing open only to the silver key you drop into the willing verger's palm.

Westward, from Aix to Rognac, you pass under a prodigy of modern architecture, the towering, three-storied aqueduct of Roquefavour, that carries the water of the Durance fifty-seven miles to Marseilles. It runs among the little hills, a gleaming ribbon, a thing of beaten gold, arch rising above arch, striding easily across the green little vale through which the engine shieks.

At Rognac we changed to the main line for Arles. We had been on slow, small trains, going away from Paris, so long that when a big, fast train came in, marked "Paris," we did not recognize it as ours. Calmly we leaned back and watched passengers alight and embark, the guards bang the doors shut, the exchange of those touching little courtesies between trainmen and station employés which are a part of every train departure. Suddenly we looked at one another and asked, "Aren't we going toward Paris?" And then what a scramble! Not a porter, not a railroad employé of any stripe was visible, and the luggage was heavy and plentiful. But the lone French lady in the compartment we stormed gallantly dragged in bags and cameras, quite as excited as we, and infinitely more expressive, and finished by hauling us in afterward. Everything was neatly arranged in the baggage racks, we had our breaths, made our apologies decently, and rested a while before the train started leisurely on its northward journey.

The long Étang de Berre, a big salt lake, runs

for miles beside the track, blue and ruffled, its farther shore black and misty in the distance. The region is wild and hilly, covered with olive plantations that alternate with scrubby patches of gorse and heather. On the right rises a mountain covered with peculiar formations so like a huge castle that, with a little imagination, you can see sentries patrolling its walls, and gray pinnacles and bastions that have all the seeming of ruined outworks and watch-towers. And then that wonderful, shining, absolutely barren desert of the Crau, a slightly rolling plain covered still with the stones Jupiter showered down upon the sons of Neptune to save his favorite, Hercules. Trees and a little vegetation there are beside and near the track; but beyond, only a vast yellow prairie of stones. The very sheep that turn over the larger rocks for a scanty nibble of the whitish grass underneath, seem big stones themselves, and the meager fringe of trees in the distance is sere and gaunt. The lake turns green near shore, blue farther out, and streaked everywhere with black ripples, the fiery horses of the North Wind, that toss their little white manes pettishly. Comes then a low, marshy point, jeweled with shining pools, and the lake vanishes behind. Then a few miles more, and, through a marvelously fertile and marshy district, with a rush and a roar the train draws into the City of Lovely Women.

## XVI

### "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN"

"BEHOLD a marvel under the sun." No matter what it is in Arles that draws you thither, the glory of supreme Roman architecture, the reminiscences of Greek days, or the superficial interests of modern travel; no matter whether one or all of these things most interest you while there, no sooner are you away than the city becomes the soft, blurry background of a dream, through which move the sweet and stately, the fair and captivating daughters of Arles.

So I wrote in 1913. But alas for progress! One of the great railway companies has established shops in the vicinity of the city and imported workmen and their families from other regions in considerable numbers. With so many strange new faces appearing among the familiar ones, the local beauty is less conspicuous and arresting. In time the intermarriage of newcomers and old inhabitants will undeniably make a difference in type, and the Arles of fifty years hence will perhaps be actually as unlike its old self as it now seems on a casual inspection.

From the importance of the position of Arles, at the head of the Rhône delta, and in the older days upon vast navigable lagoons that communicated with the sea, all the different peoples of this southern littoral must have had a part in the city's early life. Of them all, Rome alone has left us imperishable history and monuments. No tangible evidence remains of the earlier Greek days, though we find Hellenic influence pervasive in architecture; and nowhere in the world—not even in Greece itself, according to one authority—are there more perfect examples of the old Greek type, physically, than in the women of Arles.

There are only two hotels in town, both of them in the Place du Forum, which has remained in the center of the city from Roman times. It has been written that, no matter which hotel you choose, you will wish you had gone to the other. I can vouch for only half of the statement. Starting out from the Place, the thing that most impresses you at first is not the Arlésiennes, but the curious bits of architecture thrusting out at every corner: old houses, whose walls bear only a carved window-lintel, a corner second-story Virgin, a part of some old Roman carving, a bit of Renaissance superficial frieze or decoration. Then, near the crossing of the rues de la Bastille and des Arènes, you see the Amphitheater. The effect is stunning. And with the Arlésiennes sitting on their doorsteps on either side the picture is complete in the narrow street, scarce eight feet wide, but very clean, with whitewashed houses and raised doorsteps undercut for a gutter passage.

This Amphitheater of Arles, the largest in France,

is in the familiar elliptical form and two stories high, sixty arches in each, built of great blocks of stone so accurately fitted together that no cement is necessary; and even to-day, after centuries of neglect and decay, many of its elaborate moldings and other carved decorations are to be seen. The imperial entrance, at the southern end of the ellipse, which measures about five hundred feet in length by some three hundred and fifty in width, is open, and you go in to the noise of a wild beast—the custodian's barking terrier, who welcomes anything to break the monotony of the blood-stained silence. But neither dog nor man follows: you stand alone where twenty-six thousand spectators at once used to enjoy the hideous spectacles of the arena at the expense of the Emperor in the palmy days of Roman Gaul.

During the Middle Ages the Amphitheater was transformed into a fortress, and four towers built upon it; three of them still remain. After its use had passed as a strong defense it became a noisome labyrinth where the human dregs of Arles festered in disease and crime. Many a reminder of those days and people you find as you walk among the silent arcades—here a soot-blackened ceiling, there parts of a shattered stair, yonder rude attempts to fresco the wall. An indescribable atmosphere clings about it all, and I felt, even more than in the Coliseum itself, a something I could neither define nor analyze, yet which sprang from this great house of death, consecrated by blood and tears, and standing yet a monument to Roman pride and degradation.

A pleasanter side of Roman life is indicated by the twin columns, the bits of Corinthian molding and the shattered marble ornaments of the great theater, where the higher culture of the Greeks is writ so large. The seats have recently been restored, so that we have an excellent idea of the magnitude of the building, which seated no less than sixteen thousand persons. Apparently ten thousand less cared for the play than for the real tragedies of the arena. Among the ruins in 1651 was discovered an exquisite work of Greek art, the Vénus d'Arles, now in the Louvre.

Many other impressive relics have been gathered into the Lapidary Museum in the ancient church of Ste. Anne. The collection is, I believe, unique in France; certainly I have never seen another in which the percentage of fine specimens to trash is so large, "the Grecian descent and culture of the country," as Mr. McGibbon remarks, "being distinctly observable in these monuments." Among the treasures are several inspiring figures, full of the joy of life and sport: Greek dancers, of swaying, yielding lines, brimming over with plastic grace despite cruel mutilations; a bust of the Empress Livia, Junoesque and frigid; and an altar to the Bona Dea, the Good Goddess of dim eastern lineage. Upon the face of this great Earth-Mother man might not gaze and live, so on the marble block is carved a delicate oaken wreath, within which the semblance of an ear is embayed at either side. Thus, if man might not see his dread divinity, he might, at least, be sure his petitions would reach her ready ear.

Among the sarcophagi which form the principal part of the collection, are splendid pagan and Christian tombs, a progressive series, as it were, clearly indicating the transitional styles from the Greek to the fully developed Roman, and from that on into Christian times. Most of them came from Alyscamps, as the Arlésiens call the old Roman cemetery of the Elysii Campi, the Elysian Fields. When the pagan gods had passed, St. Trophime, Bishop of Arles, consecrated the spot for Christian sepulture, and himself was laid to rest there. Ariosto and Dante sang its fame to all the world, princes of Church and State chose it for their long sleep, and at one time no less than nineteen churches and mortuary chapels stood about its verdant close. Bodies were even sent down the Rhône in barrels, with money for decent burial, and it is said that the kindly river always swung the grisly cargo in beside the plot where all would lie. But when, in the middle of the twelfth century, St. Trophime's body was taken from it to repose in his Cathedral, the prestige of Alyscamps departed, and it rapidly fell into disuse and decay. Its classic monuments and sarcophagi were ruthlessly plundered. Many were sent broadcast throughout France, and even to Rome, as models of classic art, and the few that remained a benighted generation turned into watering-troughs for cattle and bridges over ditches in the fields. The latter have been rescued from their oblivion, fortunately, and ranged in a solemn row at either side of the long avenue of tall, slender trees, through which the pitying wind whispers, and the sunlight filters

to dapple tomb and roadway alike with gold and gray.

Out near the Rhône, almost entirely shut in by mean modern buildings, are the scanty remains of what is said to have been the palace Constantine built in the fourth century, when Arles was approaching the zenith of her glory. The city of the lagoons was a favorite with the Emperor, who made it a splendid seat of government, worthy its reputation of being a smaller Rome; and the people of Arles under the imperial rule lived as became the citizens of a capital, among scenes of beauty, richness and profligate enjoyment such as Gaul had never before witnessed.

The Romanesque Cathedral, dedicated to St. Trophime, is dignified by one of the fairest, most majestic porches southern French architecture has ever produced—a massive twelfth century archway, which enthrones a Christ, surrounded by the emblems of the four evangelists; a lintel where the Twelve sit in benign meditation, and friezes of the redeemed and the damned on either hand. Its effect is enhanced by the almost plain front wall of the church, and by the steps that raise it from actual contact with the busy market square. The snow-white, simple and very impressive nave, with its pointed barrel vaulting, is an excellent example—typical of the revulsion against earlier and richer forms—of the rigidly austere Cistercian style found in the second period of Provençal architecture. But the most beautiful part of the structure is the twelfth century cloisters adjoining, rich beyond anything save a catalogue in

their Provençal floridity of details. Sunny, pleasant cloisters they are, where every prospect pleases—but the sexton. That worthy pirate ought to be immolated upon a pyre of the signs he has posted all about the sacred close: "Remember the Concierge"! Remember him? Can any one who has been herded about those lovely precincts, cornered at last, made to pay, and then thrust out into an unsympathetic world, fail to remember him?

And yet all thought of him is wiped away clean of a Sunday morning, when you stand in the dazzling sunshine beside the obelisk in the middle of the Place de la République, the cathedral shimmering in the heat-waves before you, the azure sky overhead and all about the pretty Arlésiennes of the cameo profiles coming from mass. And yet—is "pretty" exactly the word? No. Often they are not pretty at all, as we use the word. What are they? you ask. Certainly not Frenchwomen. Is it the fetching coif and fichu that give them their air? Are they Greek? Are they Roman? Are they Saracen? Surely all three, and more. Wealth and station in life have nothing to do with their superb appearance. One ancient Arlésienne I remember, clearly a woman of the people, seventy, stalwart, hawk-eyed, visaged like a Cæsar, and walking with a staff. She lived in a house facing the Amphitheater, and the first time I saw her she was proceeding majestically down the street, greeting her neighbors with dignity—and I simply did not have the effrontery to take her picture. Another day I came back, and deliberately stalked her. Though by neither look nor word did

she acknowledge my presence, she knew why I had returned. Yet, in spite of plenty of opportunity, I could not trespass upon her grand air. The picture is still untaken.

Another, a woman of thirty-five, perhaps, stood upon the stoop of a house in a tiny side street—a Saracen beauty, dark and slender, with black eyes that belied her calm dignity. I approached with elaborate carelessness. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did she deign to notice me, and I fatuously thought she was deliberately posing—the daughters of Provence have always been charged with being coquettes.

Follow the after-church parade down to the Lice, where the rich sunlight spatters through the leaves upon an endless procession. Colors there are, of course, but the most beautiful costume is the long black gown, gathered and full and sweeping, the soft, sheer, white fichu crossed modestly upon the breast; the hair parted, and brought down softly over the ears, then gathered up in a crowning knot, covered with white—a bit of lace, perhaps, or a tiny piece of flimsy cambric—and bound around by a broad band of black ribbon or velvet, with one free end behind. It must be admitted, however, that nowadays there are too many in the Sunday parade who affect the Parisian styles with their banalities—Frenchwomen they must be.

One day in the hotel dining-room an old Provençal, who looked half Don Quixote and half Frédéric Mistral, was talking poetry, art and letters with his companions. A big Englishman came in, and glared

about for a seat fiercely, but quite without animosity. For some reason he stepped back into the hall, and the Provençal, who had frowned, and stopped talking, at his entrance, threw up both hands over his head wildly and barked: "*Woof! Woof! Woof!* These English! Huge animals they are! *Woof!* I can no longer talk of poetry in the presence of so huge a creature!" The Englishman, coming back just then, evidently heard, and striding over near him said in excellent French that all could hear: "Waiter, give me a good seat, but don't put me too near that old Burgundy snail. I might eat him by mistake!"

Dear old *jouglar*, with his little rages and his fierce, yard-long mustaches! He is only a soft blur in the distance now. Blurred, too, are the Roman ruins, the fine Cathedral, the gray river—mere delicate bits of light and shade in the background of the dream of Arles, through which always stately, always appealing, weave the clear figures of those fair women, neither Greek, nor Saracen, nor Roman, nay, nor even Provençale, but wholly Arlésiennes and stirring.

Desert! and then the sea. A formless, straggling town about a fortified church some goldsmith might have carved from a block of old gold, a few bare streets, a handful of untidy people and shambling white houses, some peasants playing *boules* on the salt-meadow square between town and sea, gaudy fishing-boats on the gentle beach, and a great black cross for the fishermen upon the dunes—this is

Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, and who cannot be reverent in the little town had best not come.

From Arles, the route to The Saints—as the natives say—lies through the wild and desolate Camargue, the Rhône delta. It is a vast flat, three hundred square miles in area, only a few feet above the sea, and the occasional farm or ranch serves only to emphasize its general emptiness. The train rattled over the atrocious roadbed with doors and windows wide open, to give smoke and cinders from the locomotive good circulation. Our companions, simple folk of the Comargue, shouted back and forth among themselves, and tiring of this, drew both engineer and fireman into their conversation. Those worthies, turning their backs upon their tasks, leaned over the after-rail and chatted pleasantly while the engine bumped along unwatched and uncontrolled. So we hung out of the windows and kept watch ourselves.

When the three Marys and their companion saints landed in safety after their miraculous voyage the younger members of the party scattered, to fulfill their vow of consecration as missionaries; but Mary Jacobi and Mary Salomé, already advanced in years, stayed by the sea, teaching, preaching, and healing the folk of the Camargue, while their faithful black maid Sarah scoured the district for food for them all. Eventually she became the patroness of the gipsies, and they come by scores and hundreds every year, a swarthy, sweating, disorderly crew, to venerate the relics of the black saint they consider peculiarly their own, and to pray for her aid and the aid of her mistress in healing. Through the

thin, nervous lips of the little curate, who held me, like some Ancient Mariner, with the glint of his fanatic eye, I saw it all. Was he watching me for signs of doubt or wavering interest? Whatever the reason, he was apparently satisfied, and gave the whole graphic story of the annual May madness.

Immediately the religious ceremonies are over, the gipsies hitch up their crazy, shabby wagons, and trail out once more into the Camargue. But the townspeople and the visitors turn to the social functions of horse-racing and bull-baiting. Our little curate seemed to see nothing incongruous in this, but cheerily explained the bull-fight—not a fight at all, really, but a game, in which a man tries to snatch a cockade from between a bull's horns—and often the "bull" is a cow! The church and the vicarage actually form part of the arena, the rest being made up of a collapsible five-bar fence, the massive rails of which lie around in piles when not in use. The loungers about the little *place* were very ready to supplement the curate's story of the bulls, but they shied off when the Saintes Maries were mentioned. Have they, like so many other Frenchmen, lost their ancient faith, or did they fear a disbelieving listener?

The church itself, a remarkable twelfth century structure, built on the site of an earlier one destroyed by Saracen pirates, is typical of the fortified religious edifices to be found throughout southern France. Its exposed position on the shore, where these murderous raiders were always a danger, accounts for its high and massive walls, surmounted all around by battlements, and protected at the east-

crn end by what in a secular building would be the keep or donjon. Here it is a three-storied chapel tower. In the lower story, or crypt, are the relics of Sarah; the second forms the choir of the church; and above is the reliquary-chapel of the Maries.

It all took on a special color and significance in our eyes after the curate's turgid narrative, and in lieu of the bare stone walls, the tawdry fixtures, and the pathetic ex-votos, we could see only the eager throng, the smoking candles, hear the shouts of *Vive les Saintes!* and the full throated singing that so eloquently bespeaks the blind faith which in itself has wrought many miracles.

As we came away, the picture still vivid before us, the sunlight picked out the figures of a line of women washing clothes in an irrigating ditch, all greatly interested in the camera. Coquettishly the younger ones posed, while their elders smiled and went stolidly on with their work. Emboldened by their *chic*, I asked the nearest one her name. With perfect gravity she replied: "I am Sainte Marie of Arles, monsieur." Her neighbor giggled self-consciously: "And I, Sainte Marie of the Saintes Maries."

The engine shrieked, and I fled before the Magdalen had time to declare herself.

## XVII

### THE HOME OF THE SEVEN POPES

PRACTICALLY all that was left of the Roman Avenio or Avignon, after Barbarian, Saracen and Frenchman finished with it, were small articles that have been gathered into a museum. So interest to-day centers around the time, from 1308 to 1377, when Avignon was the residence of the Popes—seven of them Frenchmen, and legitimately elected, two anti-popes.

Their palace, a most extraordinary mixture of fortress, prison and convent, deserves its reputation as one of the show places of France. It climbs up the side of a great rock which falls sheer on the south and east, cut off completely from the town, that sweeps around it in a great ellipse which the Rhône completes on the north. On the west, the palace walls rise in another precipice, pierced by a narrow gate. There is no attempt at evenness in the height of the walls. The different buildings that make up the palace were simply set where they were wanted, without regard to the level of the ground, and this gives an irregularity and a charm that is very pleasing.

The most impressive feature of the exterior is the machicolation of the parapet, carried on tall Gothic arches, like the vaulting arches of a church. The walls themselves rise perhaps a hundred feet high by some seventeen feet think, and the six towers that still stand—there used to be seven altogether—are fifty feet higher. On the west, the principal entrance was originally guarded by outworks, portcullises, folding gates, and several baillies or courts. For the successors of St. Peter, as spiritual world-kings, the Popes here were certainly well protected. You enter their ancient domicile through the Court of Honor to-day, and find it far from inspiring. Masons, sculptors, carpenters, guides and tourists mingle on ground cumbered now with all the impedimenta of restoration. The chip, chip, chip of the stone-cutter's chisel fills the air; powdery gray dust carpets the enclosure; and for the courtly speech of the days when the palace was in its prime, you hear American slang, English monosyllables, and Provençal and French.

From revolutionary times until some years ago, the spiritual power was replaced by arms—the seat of the Popes was a barrack. In the small section open to inspection the mark of the beast is writ large upon frescoed wall and ceiling, in windows stripped of their stained glass, in all the traces a conscript soldiery leaves behind. Whitewash half an inch thick is being carefully removed from the walls of council hall and bedchamber, and paintings full of spirit and beauty are peeping out. In the Pope's bedroom, for instance, instead of the conventional relig-

ious compositions, the artist left a charming little fishing scene, with a jester on the bank ridiculing the fishermen and brandishing a landing-net for the minnow about to be caught. Apparently fishing in the France of those early days was as popular, and as amusing, as it is to-day. We see the low, vaulted hall where the College of Cardinals met to elect one of their own number to the keys of heaven and hell when the old Pope died; the vast kitchen, with its lofty ceiling, and chimney in which a whole ox might easily roast; staircases and rooms and corridors seemingly innumerable.

He who is fortunate sees it all under the cheery guidance of ancient G. Vassel, *jouglar*, *félibre* of the old Provençal school, and the friend of Mistral. Tall, smiling, white-bearded, the venerable poet-guide winks at you when his quick ear catches some foolish or ignorant sally by a visitor, and jokes with you genially in the kitchen—"Ah, those Popes! How they loved good chicken and mutton, roasted to a turn! And their wines. . . . They drank enough, enough!" And he launches, chuckling infectiously, into an enthusiastic description and catalogue of the papal cellars. Perhaps, too, if you please him, when you go away he will give you a picture of himself upon a postcard, ask for your fountain-pen, and scribble a couplet beneath his likeness, *per remembranço*. He is typically of the South, of Provence, a sunny, care-free child of Nature, who has "grown enough, but not grown up"; always ready to sing, in the weak, musical dialect of his region, as he did

when King George, then Prince of Wales, visited the palace under his care—

*Couro revendrès mai dins la Cèuta Papalo,*
*Bello Autesso Reiauto, reveire lis ami?*
*Vous faran soun salut li galoio cigalo,*
*E cantaran per vous soun refrin favouri.*

The literary life of Provence centers here in the city of the Popes to-day. It is the meeting-place of the Félibres, or Lovers of Beauty. Here they gathered, to attempt the resurrection of their charming speech as a written language of literature, not many years ago. Of old, Provençal was the speech of the troubadours, whose amorous songs were the natural expression of the idealism which, from its birth as an outgrowth of the crusades and the adoration of the Virgin, rapidly developed into a prime feature of civilization. Out of the glamour that surrounded the deified Mary gradually came the worship of all women, and as a consequence knights and nobles, commoners and kings, sang the one song. As many as could took their lutes and wandered about seeking what lady they might charm, sometimes with fatal, oftener with ludicrous results. Kings themselves played at being troubadours—witness the adventures of the Lion Heart—and it was only with the Albigensian crusades and the Inquisition's ban that Provençal died as a polite speech.

Its revival some years since by the poets Roumanille, Mistral, and their followers, met with instant approval throughout the province, and the movement can be traced entirely to an old woman's tears. The poet Joúsé Roumanille one day recited some of

his French verses to his aged mother, who had heard that he was "making paper talk." The old lady shook her head in sorrowful ignorance. "I do not understand," she said. So Roumanille, suddenly fired with the idea of writing in the only speech she knew, touched her heart with some new verses in Provençal, and she wept and kissed him. Could a poet wish a fairer omen of success, or a movement start more auspiciously?

The church of Notre Dame des Dôms, a heavy unattractive Romanesque structure, stands still higher than the palace on the Rocher, and is an important example of Provençal architecture. The distinguishing features of its porch are so very classic that for a long time it was thought to have belonged to an edifice of the Roman days. But there is now no doubt that its fluted Corinthian columns at either side, its triangular pediment, its cornices with the familiar egg-and-leaf ornamentation, were only copied carefully from Roman models, as was so often the case at the beginning of the revival after the Dark Ages.

The interior has been restored out of all semblance of the original, but the lantern supporting the dome at the eastern end is raised in a remarkable manner on a series of overlapping arches well worth notice. The only monument of any consequence in the church is the elaborate fourteenth century Gothic tomb of Pope John XXII, now stripped bare of its beautiful statuettes, six of which ornament the pulpit of the Gothic church of St. Pierre in the town behind the palace.

The whole crown of the Rocher, or Rock, is covered with the fine gardens called the Promenade du Rocher des Dôms, reaching to its very edge, a precipice full three hundred feet above the swirling Rhône. The gardens are full of flower-beds and statues, school-children and nurses with babies, old folks sunning themselves, and travelers come for the view or to rest. And here, too, we see many of the priests of whom all Avignon seemed full—beautiful, sweet, noble-faced men, all old, all ripe with holiness and the genuine piety and sympathy that come only to him who help his fellow-man. Visitors undoubtedly they were, the flower of priesthood from the ends of the earth, and they made us wonder if the memories of the papal capital draw only such of the clergy on vacations as are altogether lovely and lovable and good.

Below the parapet, down on the river's edge, the people look like ants, and the vehicles seem toys. Across the Rhône tower the massive walls and battlements of Fort St. André; nearer, the strong tower of Philippe le Bel, which guarded the farther end of the long bridge of St. Bénézet, built in the latter part of the twelfth century. Three of the projecting, boat-shaped piers and four arches of this bridge still stand, and on one of them is the picturesque chapel of St. Nicholas. According to legend, the bridge was built through the instrumentality of a little shepherd lad, Bénézet, called from his flocks in the distant mountains by a mysterious voice, which led him straight to Avignon. The mob jeered at his mission and pretensions, but the good Bishop,

almost convinced by his calm enthusiasm, tested his celestial authority by asking that he carry a huge block of stone, heavy enough to weary thirty men, to the spot where the bridge was to be built. Simply the child took the great stone in his little arms, as if he were carrying one of his own lambs, followed by the crowd, which turned its jeering into wild acclaim. And so, without delay, the bridge was built; and Bénézet, though he died before he was twenty, became, in the course of time, a saint.

Another bridge now leads over to Villeneuve-lés-Avignon, which through the centuries has declined from the prosperous suburb of papal days, and the later frontier fortress, to a mere straggling, sleepy country town. From the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, tramcars weave throughout Avignon, and omnibus lines still more ubiquitous take you anywhere you will. Wonderful vehicles these; long, creaking, rickety affairs, like small, open trolley-cars, with frightful seats and canvas tops—and pretty girl conductors! I am not quite sure but that it was the conductors that made us feel Villeneuve must be worth seeing. Before we started I played hide-and-seek with an especially pretty one, under the trees in the Place, where her 'bus slowly filled up. Dodging gravely about, she never admitted my presence, but by quick steppings into the shadows, and by swift leaps into the 'bus, in pretended assistance of old women and children, the fair conductor—and she was fair—managed to escape and leave me with only a picture of an elbow flying around the corner of the tailboard.

It is a long drive over that interminable bridge, which crosses a good-sized island, covered with scrub and small trees and what seemed to be well-cared-for meadow. The passengers doze or read newspapers, the glare of the southern afternoon falls warmly through the lowered curtains of the exposed side of the car, and the white dust turns to lather on the sweating horses' flanks. At the end of the bridge the 'bus swings off to the right, along the river bank, and the breeze comes fresh from King Philip's tower, a golden honeycomb against the cerulean sky and gray rock, where the end of little Bénézet's bridge used to touch the shore. The road ascends, in a long curve, past the silent tower, then sinuously descends to Villeneuve, shapeless, vaguely romantic, and sunbaked. The 'bus stops beside the ancient southern Gothic church, with its massive fortified tower, but you walk on up through narrow, ill-paved streets, past low houses whose doors open flush with the gutter and let out sleepy dogs who blink curiously at your heels. And then, at the crest of the hill where the town ends, you see the object of your journey, the grim Fortress St. André, visible proof of the jealous fear with which the kings of France watched the ever-growing power of the Popes across the river.

St. André is medievalism crystallized, with its one narrow entrance, a mere arrow-slit between two towers once toothed with a portcullis. The decrepit caretaker dozes all day long in his chair outside the titanic towers, round and northern, where one naturally expects them to be square and southern, while

artists paint impressionistic daubs of his heroic domicile. The fortress covers the whole top of the hill; it might be a little walled city, so large is it. Indeed, there are houses within these grim, yellow walls; many of them mere stone hovels, crumbling into dust. Grass almost hides the cobbles of the streets; the fighting-platforms inside the parapet sprout weeds and wild flowers; and the air of the entire ruin is ineffably sad. In countless little evil holes in the black damp and chill of the towers, holes you are told are dungeons, where the kings, notably Louis XIV, used to place forgotten men, the sadness takes visible form in the crude carvings upon floor and wall. Human moles, working with nothing sharper than their spoons, the prisoners toiled to make here a crucifix, there a St. George and dragon, a rude sketch of a Gothic church; and in one place the pregnant couplet: "*N' entreprenez rien sans envisager le fin. P. P. P. P.*"—"Undertake nothing whose end you have not seen. Have patience, poor prisoners."

But come outside and shake off the sadness in the liquid gold of a perfect afternoon. Sit for a while under the olive-trees, gazing over at the city, fair as a dream picture, built all of gold and gems. From an emerald setting it rises beyond the golden stream. The cloudless southern sky pours upon it all the glory of the Provençal sunshine; and as you contemplate it dreamily the city dwindles smaller and smaller, and the palace on the Rock waxes until its huge bulk dwarfs all else, becomes Avignon itself, domineering and extensive.

Though Avignon has no Roman remains to show, you will find them not far away, at the quiet, charming little town of Orange, in the magnificent triumphal arch and the great theater, which give us an instructive picture of the days of the Empire; and also at St. Rémy, in Cæsar's arch to commemorate his triumph over Vercingetorix, and in the towering pile to Marius, whose memory would have been safe without it. Who could forget the Campi Putridi? And at St. Rémy, besides monuments, you find beauty and spirit—women who rival the fair daughters of Arles.

Avignon is fragrant with memories of Petrarch and Laura, and they should be followed on out into the smiling country, through L'Île-sur-Sorgue, full of the purring music of water-wheels, and on to Vaucluse, where the Closed Vale of the Romans ends in a towering cliff. Petrarch's garden was here by the stream that gushes forth from the stone, and here he first saw Laura the lovely, for whom he sighed all his life. His love gave us imperishable sonnets: they give us the picture of a weakling, instead of a man able to override all obstacles in his path and win the one woman, whatever the cost or consequences.

At Tarascon, hapless King René made him a fairy castle on the bank, above the gleaming Rhône. Alas! it is a prison now, and none enter save those who do not return to any hotel in time for luncheon. But from the guard-walls outside you may look across to the heights on the other bank, where the romance of Aucassin and Nicolette has made the ruined castle

of Beaucaire forever famous. No one who has loved has any excuse for not knowing Aucassin, who, unlike the timid Petrarch, swore that he preferred hell with his sweet Nicolette and all the goodly lords and ladies of his father's train, to heaven with the aged monks and priests and poor, who knew naught of honest worldly joys. But neither René nor Aucassin drew us to Tarascon.

We went to hunt a *tarasque*, and to call upon Mister Tartarin. Long and hard we hunted through the uninteresting little town, and at last ran our monster to earth in a stable—a black canvas brute, with a bristly wig on his nodding head, and great goggle eyes, and too many sharp teeth. Red and white and green stripes bar him like a tiger, and he has the shape of a mouse—ten feet long. It is not hard to understand why the bold man-eater kept Tarascon in terror of its life until gentle Ste. Marthe, coming up from Les-Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, hunted and put a quietus on him forever with the sign of the cross.

We failed to see Mister Tartarin. Though I made diligent inquiries, no one seemed to know him, and it was not until a few minutes before our train left that a gentleman told me the mighty hunter's villa was about a mile outside of town. Then, alas! it was too late.

## XVIII

### THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

AS you step from the railroad station upon the broad, clean Avenue Feuchères, Nîmes turns brightly toward you a sun-kissed southern visage of ancient splendor and present prosperity: wide streets full of trees; formal gardens with sweet-smelling shrubs; promenades of the most lavish sort; bits of Roman architecture as precious and beautiful as rare scarabæi; wooded heights spangled with flowers and bristling with odoriferous firs. The city is so perfumed, with a subtle, elusive, fragrant freshness, you open your nostrils to it in sheer eagerness of life. You breathe in the essence of the German poet's line, "*Weisst du das Land wo die Citronen bluehn?*" Very different it is from the heavy, cloying sweetness of tuberose and jasmine, and perfumes in the making, as at Grasse.

What a race of Titans they must have been, those Romans, who built in defiance of time and man alike! The Amphitheater here is not so large as that at Arles, but its exterior is in better condition, and presents a very imposing appearance. Here, for

once, the Roman genius went wrong in designing the great corridor whose square-headed arches support the second story. Cracked like glass and crumbling like putty under the tremendous weight imposed upon them, the massive stone lintels of the arches have had to be reinforced by iron bars thrust through and up and down, until the great fabric looks as though sewed roughly together with these stout metal bastings. The arrangement of the seats is interesting: the lowest series for dignitaries, the next for the knights, the third for plain citizens, and the upper rows for the slaves, quarrelsome creatures, whose seats had to be marked off by a deep groove chiseled in the stone on either hand. The *podium*, or barrier between the lowest seats and the arena, is so low that it has given rise to a good deal of speculation about the sort of fights given. Surely no wild-animal combats could have been safe unless a metal netting was stretched above the *podium*. It seems more likely that most of the sports must have been naval battles, gladiatorial contests, chariot races, and other amusements not likely to injure the onlookers.

Those stirring scenes of old are commemorated to-day by presentations of spectacular dramas, the annual branding of the lively little bulls of the nearby Camargue, and by bull-fights, which for sheer brutality might well make the ghosts of the emperors rattle their bones in envy. Were the Romans, who built this house that they might sit in it and watch Life and Death play tag, prophets? Could they, nearly a score of centuries ago, have

foreseen the sordid, flashing pageantry of the present-day *courses aux taureaux?* Scarcely; yet over the imperial entrance two great bulls' heads, gazing out over the city with mild eyes, bespeak the character of the arena to-day. Why were they put there—to flatter Divus Augustus, born in a house that had bulls sculptured upon it? None knows, yet they link the present with the past as graphically as though the ancients had known what the moderns would be.

Nîmes is rich indeed in these monuments of antiquity; more so, perhaps, than any other spot in France. Of them all, the most distinguished and lovely, indeed the most beautiful and perfect specimen of Roman architecture north of Italy, is the Maison Carrée. Yes, the French language, which we are told is so exquisitely refined in its denomination of anything and everything, can find nothing better to call this little gem of a temple, dedicated to the "Princess of Youth," than the Maison Carrée, the Square House! More a splendid chapel than a temple, the little edifice is an oblong, measuring about forty by eighty feet, of the pseudo-peripteral type, with ten slim Corinthian columns enclosing the deep porch, and twenty others engaged in the side and rear walls. The gabled roof surmounts an entablature and a pediment so profusely decorated that the effect is, if anything, too rich; yet the details of style, to be sure indelibly stamped with Greek genius, are remarkably pure. It is hard not to wax over enthusiastic about it, especially when you see or think of the vast ugliness of the modern theater right across the Place. Compared with this gloomy coun-

terfeit of Greek dignity, the "Square House" fairly scintillates. In Roman days, rows of columns extended to right and left from the temple—this was evidently the end of the Forum—enclosing shops and public places of business or resort. On the façade is a series of holes for the bolts with which the original inscription, in bronze letters, was held fast. Many ingenious attempts have been made to decipher the inscription by reading the holes, but the authorities differ so widely that you may puzzle out a new one for yourself and be quite as nearly right, perhaps, as the savants. The reading most generally approved is that which dedicates the structure to the Princes Cassius and Lucius, the two fortunate boys adopted by Emperor Augustus as his heirs.

The history of the temple is quite as full of romance as the building itself is of beauty: we find it a temple, a church, a stable—then the flutings of the central columns of the porch were shaven away to give entrance to carts and other vehicles—an Augustinian mausoleum. When the Revolution waved its red flag at all religious institutions, the dread tribunal of blood met in it. Its picturesque career closed with its adoption by the State as a *monument historique*, and a museum for relics of the past. On either side of the door is a great amphora, one of the pair bearing an inscription informing the curious that this particular vase was found in 1823, on the estate of M. Lauret, at Saussine, and that it was just this sort of a "tub" that Diogenes lived in, in the happy days of old.

Two of the Roman city's gateways still remain,

one of them the Gate of Augustus, built in 16 B.C., as a double main arch for vehicles, flanked by a little postern on either hand for pedestrians. A tiny tower at each side contains the stairs leading to the gallery at the top of the arch, and served as a lookout and signal station. To-day, fenced in an angle between the blank walls of modern tenements, the noble gateway makes a curious impression of detachment and aloofness from both its ancient and present surroundings.

One of the loveliest walks in any French city to-day is in Nîmes, along the Quai de la Fontaine, with its little canal, to Fountain Park. Ten or fifteen feet below the level of the Quai runs the clear green stream, mirroring back long, quivering, silky vistas of the proud old trees that line the banks above, arching their necks and whispering to the scented breeze that the heavy, inartistic houses flanking them are modern excrescences, not without some dignity, but certainly creatures of no character. Crossing streets make the effect of the stream that of a series of very long and deep but narrow tanks or basins, full of glorious reflections.

The elaborate Garden of the Fountain is laid out in the Louis XV style, with broad lawns, prim borders of glossy oranges full of green and gold, and bright-eyed flower-beds. Nurses idle on the shaded benches while their small charges disport themselves on the clean gravel paths or the inviting lawns. And at the back edge of the park, close to the steep Mont Cavalier, a splendid spring gushes forth, to fill the ancient Roman baths, rich in urns and cupids, stucco

balustrades and quaint bridges, and all that florid eighteenth century taste could suggest to add to the already lovely scene. By all means accept the services of one of the old custodians always hovering about, and let him tell in his own droll way the story of the baths of eld and of King Louis XV's gay court ladies and their amusements here. You will learn history as it was never told in any schoolbook on either side of the water, but it will be none the less fascinating for all its novelty.

To one side is a tiny ruined Temple of Diana, built by the Romans on the site of a temple of the Celts to their fountain god Nemausus. Behind the baths, balsamy alleys wind up the slope among the trees, where everything is as natural and informal as the gardens below are precise. Rising alone from the trees on the crest is the Tour de Magne—Splendid Tower—a huge, hollow monument about a hundred feet high. It is the oldest building in Nîmes, erected by the citizens to the glory of Augustus. The view from the top is worth the climb—the whole city spread on the uneven plain, with broad avenues shooting straight out like the spokes of a wheel, the plain itself a moving sea of color, and away on the horizon faint fringes of mountain peaks. The Nîmois seem to have been content to rest upon the glory of their Roman remains, for here is no such Christian architecture as at Arles.

A few miles away, across the valley of the Gardon, strides one of the Romans' grandest works, a mighty aqueduct, a hundred and sixty feet high, as perfect pictorially as it is scientifically. It gives you a com-

"Carcassonne suddenly jumps at you . . . the fairy city of your dreams . . . spired, turreted, bastioned."

The great peak of the Meije rises more than 13,000 feet. Its glacier always menaces the little town of La Grave at its foot.

plete sense of the undeviating force and skill of the engineers who could produce at one stroke something so beautiful by making it so supremely perfect as a thing for use: hewn stones, uncemented, but clinging together, arch upon arch, three tiers high, the topmost row hollowed out for the passage of the water.

The City of Dead-Waters—what a name!

Southward from Nîmes, among the dead waters of the sickly lagoons that gave it its name of Aigues-Mortes, rises one of the most wonderful pieces of military architecture in the world. The town was founded by St. Louis at a time when he was fired with holy zeal; and thence he set out upon his unfortunate crusades of 1248 and 1270. But why should a king make a city because he wished to sail away? and why should he choose so mean a spot if he must build? Because at that time almost the whole of the southern coast was controlled by the powerful Counts of Provence and Béziers, and one who was only King of France had to take what he could get.

So flat is the country as Aigues-Mortes is approached that there is no thrill to it until, leaving the station, you walk in the blinding light of the salty, sandy plain, among the staggering white houses and little vineyards, to the town. A stone bridge humps its back to leap across the Beaucaire Canal, and from its arch you look down upon the slow-flowing waters to and past the spot whence St. Louis embarked upon his crusades. The walls, built by his

son, Philip III, rise from twenty-five to more than thirty feet in height, and make the town a rectangular fortress, some six hundred yards one way by a hundred and fifty the other. They are guarded by no less than twenty towers, some of them square, some round, and ten great gates, named after their various uses or from events that transpired in or about them.

Of them all, the Tower of Constance is the most effective, because it stands clear away from the walls, simply a smooth, round shell of masonry, pierced by unusually long arrow-slits, and crowned at one side with a slender little shaft, upon which is still the iron cage within which, in St. Louis' time, a beacon-fire used to guide ships entering or leaving the port. The priceless little French-English guidebook I afterward acquired, in its English half declares that the city was built "as a stronghold in the periods of scufling with the Saracens pirats landing from Spain or the Mediterranean border."

According to many writers, past and present, the miasma of fever stalks in by door and window as soon as the sun is down. Very likely—but people still are born and married and happy in the little city by the *étangs;* and so far as I could see they looked very like any other people, neither sicklier nor healthier.

From the flatness of the surrounding country, Aigues-Mortes could never have had the glorious effect of Carcassonne, and the filling up of the moat has robbed the grim walls of what majesty they once had in the days when they rose, alive and strong, from the dead waters. But looked down upon from

the Tower of Constance, or from any one of the corner turrets of the walls themselves, only the presence of men in coats of mail, and surtouts with white crosses, is indeed to make the picture true to the thirteenth century. The ancient houses are, some of them, still there; others of the same type have been built; the streets and squares all show the military-minded architect; and the long walk about the haughty battlements is a revelation of the very difficulties the crusading Saint himself had to face in the Holy Land, where he died.

As I stood upon the fighting platform, a sudden shower of missiles came whistling past in a touch of realism I had not anticipated. Sheltering quickly behind the battlements, I peered cautiously out and down. Not a knight was visible, not a man-at-arms. There were no ballistae or other engines of war. But a lusty shout surged up—"*Un sou, Monsieur—un sou!*" And when I tossed a few coppers down, the boisterous young ragamuffins who had for a moment made the *Moyen Age* alive again, screeched very modernly and scampered away with their easily won loot.

## XIX

### THROUGH LANGUEDOC

WESTWARD from Nîmes we have an uninterrupted series of exquisite vistas from the time we cross the blue waters of the Étang d'Ingril and come to Cette—the Mediterranean on one side, another blue lagoon on the other, great, snowy piles of salt dotting the shore like the tents of an invading army. The harbor, and the end of the Canal du Midi, connecting Mediterranean and Atlantic, flutter with the flags of the world. Comes a long, shining beach between sea and lake, and then Agde, its somber, frowning cathedral having all the seeming of a feudal castle.

A few miles more, and the locomotive drags us into Béziers, rumbling over the echoing railway viaduct, past the ancient, unequally arched bridge that humps its back as it leaps across the river Orb. It is a town full of color, from the brown, fortified pile of St. Nazaire's Cathedral, reared on strong-arched terraces at the edge of the almost perpendicular rocks, up which climb sure-footed houses, to the bright gardens and umbrageous promenade,

named for Paul Riquet, who was born in Béziers. At his own expense, this far-sighted and public-spirited citizen built the three-million-dollar Canal du Midi to link Atlantic and Mediterranean, and benefit not merely his native city, but the whole Midi region of France.

Do not miss reading Martin's* graphic description of the massacre of the Protestants of Béziers, July 22, 1209, during the Albigensian wars. It is very easy French. A line or two will give you an idea: "In a few moments the city was inundated by thousands of furious enemies. Then there followed the greatest massacre the world has ever seen; they spared neither age nor youth, not even the suckling babe. Before the massacre began the conquerors had asked the Abbé of Citeaux how they should distinguish between the faithful and the heretic. 'Kill them all!' replied Arnaud Amauri. 'Kill them all! God will know His own!' Arnaud Amauri avowed that twenty thousand (had been killed) in the account he rendered to the Pope of his victory. Such was the début of the champions of the faith."

At Narbonne is another fortified cathedral and bishop's palace—but Carcassonne waits just down the line. As you come puffing along through lovely rolling country, Carcassonne suddenly jumps at you around the corner of a low green hill, with the sun gleaming torridly upon its slate roofs and shining on the cool stretch of greensward between its inner and outer walls. It looks as much the fairy city of your dreams as a fact can ever resemble a fancy.

* Histoire de France, par Henri Martin, vol. IV: P. 32.

For twenty years I had dreamed of this mystical city of the south, this spired, turreted, bastioned fortress, whose every aspect, in pictures and description alike, fired my imagination with everything chivalry and medievalism suggest. And now, with the goal of years under my foot, it so transpired that to sit down in Carcassonne as I wished and study it at leisure for weeks, to come to know its people and the very stones of its frowning walls, was impossible. A few days at most for the realization of old desire? No! The train stopped half an hour; so would I; and the plan of years could wait for decent fulfilment.

I hope I shall not be like Nadaud's old peasant, who, at sixty, started to realize his lifelong dream of the castle walls "as grand as those of Babylon."

> "But (Heaven forgive him) half way on,
> The old man died upon the road;
> He never gazed on Carcassonne."

Even before the advent of the Romans, Toulouse was a city of importance, and it continued to be so under succeeding nations. In the latter part of the eighth century, indeed, its hereditary counts became so powerful that they almost succeeded in making themselves independent of their titular sovereign, the King of France. Under the rule of these counts, Languedoc enjoyed great prosperity and a remarkable degree of freedom in life and language. This very enlightenment drew down upon them the wrath of the Church, and a new "crusade" was gaily entered upon by the Catholic North to exterminate these rebellious southern heretics. Be-

sides having the charm of novelty, the Albigensian war promised plenty of loot close at hand, and under the leadership of Count Simon de Montfort, a diabolical butcher in the disguise of humanity, the "crusaders" turned the fair land of Languedoc into desolation, and called it Peace.

Toulouse to-day is the epitome of what a very large commercial community, unhindered by restrictions of space, can do in making its domicile attractive and easy to get about in. It covers an enormous area on both sides of the Garonne, full of broad, fine streets—the rue Alsace-Lorraine would do credit to Paris, of which it is typical—avenues lined with trees, big and little parks, open squares, ugly houses of the modern French school, and a few ancient civic and religious edifices of both importance and interest. The people are of an ordinary commercial type, the women plump, the girls very pretty and well dressed, and all highly perfumed.

The Capitole, or Hôtel de Ville, stands in the center of the city, a huge, hideous, pretentious affair, of little architectural merit, facing the barren vastness of the Place de Capitole, where the market is held. There is, however, an immediate antidote to this dreary commonplace in the lovely little park laid out right behind. It isn't very much bigger than the palm of your hand, but is crowded with trees, and flower-beds full of color, and is the picturesque setting for a delightful fifteenth century square donjon keep, restored, to be sure, by the omnipresent Viollet-le-Duc, but so striking and beautiful, with its dull-red brick walls and slate roofs, that glisten

as though they had been newly treated with stove polish, that you think of the illustrations of the fairy tales you read long before you were old enough to visit Toulouse.

Down the dark and narrow Street-of-the-Bull we come to the dull-red church of the Saint-Bull, a curious fourteenth century edifice, with triangular arches in its façade, and a belfry not only typically Tolosan, but which exercised a powerful influence in molding the style of belfries on churches throughout the province. The church stands, according to legend, on the spot where the bull to which the Romans tied St. Sernin, after he had refused to sacrifice the beast to Jupiter, stopped in his wild career. That incident is commemorated inside by a series of striking modern frescoes that look like mosaics and give the story with a wealth of color and detail.

At the end of the same street, in a vast open square, the saint is better memorialized by the magnificent church bearing his name, St. Sernin, at once the pride of Toulouse and one of the most splendid Romanesque churches anywhere in the world. It is built, as was fitting, of the "material of the district," plain red brick, as are most other great Tolosan churches of any age; for the city, lying in a dusty plain, had no convenient quarries, and so, taking the clay near at hand, wrought with it in perfect and beautiful works, fully as enduring as those fashioned of the less harshly toned stone or marble of other cities.

It is very seldom that one sees an effect so entirely pleasing and unlabored as that produced by the group

of the five round-topped chapels of the eastern end, which fairly flow upward toward the spire over the crossing. Five seems to be the significant number of St. Sernin—five aisles inside, five chapels at their ends, five stories to the spire, gradually decreasing in dimensions as they mount. The two little chapels attached to the east side of each transept, so far from spoiling the symmetry of the design, rather increase it, and the whole group is curiously Oriental in appearance. The opposite, or western, end, a huge, rough, unfinished pile, with lofty buttresses and a twin portal and rose window, serves merely to bring into stronger relief the rest of the edifice. Before the door on the south side of the nave rises a beautiful and elaborate Renaissance arch. Wholly at variance with the style of church as this arch is, it was so skilfully conceived as to do no violence to the harmonious whole.

Inside, St. Sernin is a true Latin cross, unusually large for a Romanesque church—330 feet long by 104 feet wide, with the transepts 210 feet from end to end. The columns are crowned by capitals wonderfully varied and rich, foliage and figures mingling in harmonious and lifelike profusion. Behind the chancel, on the walls, strange carven reliefs, some pagan, some Christian, form a curious fringe of gray. The feature that most interests the greater number of visitors is not here, however, but on a seat among the choir-stalls. Turn up a *miséréré*, and look closely, in the flicker of the taper the verger holds toward the ancient oak. Out of the shadows slowly emerges the form of a—pig, leaning from a

pulpit! And lest none but the elect see the point of the satire, he is labeled plainly: *Calvin el porc.*

One of the pleasantest memories you take away from St. Sernin is that of its bells. Every hour they play through the tuneful "Ave Maria de Lourdes"; and every fifteen minutes parts of the same air drift out over the city in a silvery, soothing recurrence from their melodious throats.

Of all the cathedrals of France, ancient or modern, I did not find one equal to St. Etienne de Toulouse for *bizarrerie.* It is really two short, wide churches telescoped into one another, but not quite on the same axis. Flat-roofed behind, half-gabled in front, with a fortress-like tower shooting up beside the façade, the Cathedral makes you rub your eyes and wonder if you are awake. The fine rose window was left in its place during the fifteenth century reconstruction, but a new door was cut, neither in the middle nor clear to the side, but just enough out of center to give a queer twist to the whole. Inside, you see the same effect. At the end of a short, wide nave, an immensely thick, tall pillar, to the right of which is a narrow aisle, and to the left the really handsome choir, which projects on that side like a transept. It has to be seen to be appreciated. It seems that a new choir was commenced, on a different axis, with the intention of tearing down the old nave and building a new one on the new axis. But it was never done, and, in all probability, never will be now. It would be a shame to destroy such a unique monument as this!

Toulouse has its share of other churches, one

of which, the ruined conventual church of the Jacobins, has a fine octagonal tower of red brick. The church itself has been used as a military barrack. Happier far the fate of that old Augustinian convent behind whose high walls is the Fine Arts Museum, a provincial collection really worth a careful inspection. When we first tried to enter, one gloomy morning, we found an old peasant woman sitting on the steps, unmindful of the mist that was fast turning to rain. "*Pardon, Madame,*" I said, "is the *Musée* open to-day?"

"Sir," she answered dejectedly, "I do not know. I am not of Toulouse, thank God!" And with a glance at the lowering sky, she huddled together again, the picture of dumb woe, marooned in an unfriendly city.

The two cloisters of the former convent, of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, are the acme of cloistral perfection. And the gargoyles—*Mon Dieu!* Taken from their old lofty perches, they stand erect, a long, grinning row, down the middle of one of the cloister arcades, gaping, laughing, sneering, snarling at you! All you can do is to goggle back in sheer amazement if you are an American, or say fervently, "*Mon Dieu!*" if you are French.

Toulouse has plenty of fine mansions of the days when a man's house was his pride as well as his castle. But its greatest charms are the swirling Garonne, with its bridges, its wing dam and picturesque old mills—one of them dates clear back to the ninth century—and the three splendid canals, which focus in one grand basin called the Embouchure.

Lines of trees bar their placid waters with long, quivering reflections; canal-boats surge heavily along at two miles an hour, towed by splendid horses, who do their work like machines; fishermen, women and boys line bank and bridges with a patience that is farcical, or pitiful; and trolley-cars empty crowds of gay amusement-seekers under the trees at the great stone basin where the boats tie up. It is here that the Canal du Midi starts on its long journey to the Mediterranean. After it was built, in the seventeenth century, it was found that the upper part of the Garonne was very unsatisfactory as a means of regular transportation, so in the nineteenth century the Canal Lateral was constructed to carry the traffic a hundred and twenty miles nearer the Atlantic, where it joins the river near St. Pierre-d'Aurillac.

Albi—and the Cathedral. It stirs you like the Pyramids with its awful simplicity and tremendous mass; it crushes you, dominates you. Is it merely a fortified church? Is it a sanctified fortress? What is it? And out of the dim, vague past that produced it comes the answer: I am the mighty rock to cast a shadow in a weary land, and the strong fortress that cannot fall. I am the Church.

"The circumstances which compelled the fortification of practically all the churches of the Midi," says a French publication dealing with the Cathedral, "explain the character of Ste. Cécile and its origin." Then it goes on to declare that, though the Albigensian heresy had almost vanished, the bishop was so zealous in his prosecution of heretics that there were

determined reprisals against him, which led him to make his church a material symbol of power; and for three hundred years the faithful, the bishop and the clergy were often glad to put themselves under the protection of the mighty walls of the Cathedral.

Flanked by the archiepiscopal palace-fortress, it rises on the crest of an abrupt hill overlooking the river Tarn. A huge hall, about 446 feet long by 120 feet wide, it terminates at the western end in a square tower like a donjon keep, that rises 152 feet above the walls, which themselves soar up 157 feet. Bald as the figures are, they give a faint idea of the sky-piercing character of the edifice. Then consider that every corner is a round military tower, thickening into a massive glacis at the base; that the buttresses are also towers mighty in defense; that not a window, loophole, or arrow-slit, even, comes anywhere near the ground, and you have some notion of the noble conception. All the old outworks which once fenced off its approaches have vanished, and so have the machicolations of the gigantic main tower, yet the effect is still overwhelming. Against the south side of this red brick fortress has been thrown all the delicate witchery and magic of the Gothic, in a gleaming, white stone entrance vestibule of four arches. But why—what business has a bit of lacework on the cuirass of a knight, however beautiful it may be in itself?

Within, the promise of the vast walls is fulfilled, and more. Before you, on either hand, the tremendous single nave stretches away, unbroken by pillar or column. It is, as Gautier said of Toledo Cathe-

dral, "a mountain scooped out, a valley turned topsy-turvy." Ninety feet or more above the floor, the painted ceiling is a veritable Bible in color; the open gallery that runs all around the nave affords an excellent vantage ground for studying this open book. But the *chef d'œuvre* is the flamboyant marble screen of lacework, canopied figures and pinnacles, that encloses the choir completely, and gives the effect of a small and elegant church within a vast one. Lace in stone it is, some of it so sheer it seems impossible that cold steel could have wrung it, chip by chip, from the inflexible heart of the block. So amazed was Richelieu, when first he saw the screen, that he demanded a ladder and a knife, and climbing up to one of the fairylike spires, scraped it carefully, to assure himself that the chiseling was actually stone, and not plaster.

There are in Albi other things well worth while. But Albi is, always will be, The Church, the great, unconquerable fortress-sanctuary upon a hill that cannot be hid.

## XX

### THE PYRENEES COUNTRY

FRANCE is fortunate in her south wall. From the grey and silver surges of the Bay of Biscay to the pellucid ultramarine of the Mediterranean, its enclosing barrier of ruggedness and beauty effectively corks the great Spanish bottle to the south. This range of the Pyrenees possesses everything the lover of natural beauty and the seeker after health can desire: tremendous mountains and little hills; deep, slit-like gorges whose bottoms are boiling torrents of foam; waterfalls not to be matched south of Scandinavia; dense black forests covering some mountains, while other Titans are as bare and naked as when they and the Alps were torn out of the protesting bowels of Mother Earth at about the same time. There are meadows here, spangled with brilliant color; dells where wildflowers make a veritable exposition of delicacy and perfume. Little sapphire lakes hide among the crags high in air. Wild goats and foxes, trout and other game fish, snow-partridge and heathcock live in this hunter's and fisherman's paradise. Everywhere the foothills

gush forth healing springs whose blessings are as great as their odors are evil. And behind and above everything else, overtopping the puny world of men and beasts, rise the gods of the snow and perpetual cold, those white and solitary peaks whose grim furrows hide their treacherous glaciers and immanent avalanches.

The Pyrenees may be roughly divided into three sections. In the western one live the Basques, a people neither French nor Spanish but wholly individual, as interesting and picturesque as they are unique, and as little understood as to origin as any race in history. They are a fine, clean-minded, clean-bodied folk, athletic and wholesome. Their natural gravity is tinctured with humanness, yet in many ways they are as clannish and unapproachable as the Bretons, and on the whole proud of the fact that "the Basques, like good women, have no history." Their language, which they call Euskara, meaning Clear Speech, is unique, allied to no other known tongue, and so difficult to acquire there is a saying that the devil tried for seven years to learn it, mastered three words, and went back to his brimstone in disgust. The Basques have a number of stories to account for their origin and language, but like best the tale which makes them the direct descendants of Adam, and their language the original speech of the Garden of Eden.

One could hardly ask a more charming *point d'appui* for seeing them and their country than Bayonne, the principal city and capital of the former Basque province of Labourd. Like ancient Gaul

The Chateau de Chenonceaux is built upon the piles and massive masonry foundations of an old mill.

Coming into Périgueux, you see the spire and domes of the Cathedral of St. Front gleaming above the river as impressive as some mosque.

itself, Bayonne lies *in tres partes*, Grand Bayonne to the west, Petit Bayonne to the east of the river Nive, where it flows into the larger Adour, and to the north, across that stream, the vivid Quarter of the Holy Spirit, a weird jumble of docks, steamers, fishing-boats, railroad station, abattoir and, high on the hill, Vauban's beautiful and still virgin fortress, bearing the proud inscription *Nunquam Polluta*. The whole scene is full of attraction: shops decorated with pendentives of yellow oilskins and sea-boots, great strings of garlic showing pearly white against the crimson peppers beside them, and goatskins bulging with wine, all in strong relief against the red, yellow and pink walls of the houses. It is all very cheery and lively, the Basques and Spaniards conspicuous among their Gallic fellow-townsmen, the former wearing the slouchy, artistic-looking tam or *béret*, the girls and women of the latter frequently disporting a vivid flower in their black hair.

Though the city proper has its excellent points, including grassy western ramparts and the Château built over a part of the Roman walls, its interest is mainly historic. The only building of any moment is the thirteenth century Cathedral. As a whole, though it is unfinished and the building is still going on slowly—in 1847 a citizen bequeathed the Chapter an annuity for carrying on the work and making restorations—it is a handsome and harmonious edifice with a magnificent southern portal and an interesting interior.

It would be hard indeed to find a more delightful location for a watering place than the line of low

cliffs above the fine beach where all the world bathes and the town of Biarritz straggles amiably along above the sea in cheerful nondescript. Like its greater neighbor, Bayonne, it was at its prosperous and smelly best during early times, when its whaling and cod-fleets gave it considerable importance. With the failure of the fisheries, it dropped down immediately to inconsequence, from which the Carlist Wars in Spain woke it after the lapse of a long and dreary period. Many Spanish nobles, finding Spain altogether too hot to be either comfortable or safe, fled to Biarritz, among them that Countess of Montijo whose young and beautiful daughter was destined, as the Empress Eugénie, to return to the town, and to live in the palatial villa Napoleon III built for her in 1854. The approval of royalty was all that was necessary to metamorphose the dormant village into a resort for the fashionables of every nation.

Outside the town the roads run past many a stately and formal villa set in its own little park, whose high stone walls gush delicate vines. Fancy iron gates allow fleeting vistas of the prim entrance-walks under flowering trellises, between still primmer flower-beds of gorgeous color. Beyond are the inevitable golf links and racecourse, while the broad reaches of meadowland rolling into the distance are brilliant in summer with crimson spurge-laurel and the burning blue of a wild flower whose name I do not konw.

It is, however, the magnificent situation of the town and its exceptional climate which have maintained its popularity, especially in the season, when the delightful beach is crowded with bathers. On

the north, a mighty lighthouse punctuates Cap Martin, whence the cliffs and beach curve gently away like an oval shell to the little promontory of Atalaye, where a ruined castle lifts its shattered walls, and a wild, savage tangle of rocks and islets fences it off from the combing surges of the Bay of Biscay. Southward the beach runs on again, the rolling country behind bright with wild flowers, golden samphire often growing all the way down to the water's edge. On this southern side of the Atalaye there are no rocks to stop the waves, and they come thundering in upon the sand in a majestic and ceaseless processional.

This is the section of the beach where the Basques flock by the thousand on the second Sunday of September—I was never there at that particular time—to bathe by themselves. There is more in this once-a-year water-spree, perhaps, than at first sight appears. In any event, at the little town of Cambolès-Bains, somewhat farther south, they come from all the country around each St. John's Eve (June 23) for a remarkable exhibition of rapid and Gargantuan drinking. Just as the clocks begin to strike midnight, everyone begins to drink the waters as fast and as copiously as he can, so as to get every drop possible before the striking stops. This is an infallible means of keeping healthy until the next year!

Not far south of Biarritz is the charming town of St. Jean-de-Luz which, like all the others, has acquired some modern adjuncts. But on the mansion of Messire Jehan de Casabilha in the Rue St. Jacques, a carved inscription in archaic French gives the key-

note to the atmosphere of this delightful and intriguing little city:

*Ici l'homme faict ce que peut et fortune ce qu'elle veut*

1636

"Here man does what he can, and Fortune what she wishes." So they did. Ocean and river and mountain background gave the setting for man's endeavors, which proved a long and highly successful wrestling with the sea. The fishing-boats and pirates —St. Jean was one of the chief pirate strongholds of France—sailed home with rich bounty which resulted in the unbounded prosperity of the town for centuries, and the construction of splendid, massive houses, some richly embellished, some with handsome wrought ironwork, others with carved inscriptions, towers, coffered and painted ceilings. The walled-up front door of the church of St. Jean Baptiste is silent witness to the pride of the citizens. Louis XIV married the Infanta Maria Teresa there, and the people were so complimented by the royal condescension that they decided nobody else should ever use that door again.

And then Fortune turned her face away—France lost Newfoundland and the cod-fishing rights, and the whales vanished from Biscayne waters.

Fishing-boats, notwithstanding, still sail into St. Jean, where the quays are lively and picturesque with the expectant people, who crowd to greet them. When the catch is good it crosses the bay to Ciboure, where it is cured to-day just as it was during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They are a proud and

hardy lot, these gnarled fisherfolk. One of their ancestors they insist was pilot to Columbus himself. Others, they declare, discovered the Newfoundland fishing-banks long before that, and knew the Canadian shores a century before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on our own Plymouth Rock. The official records in Bayonne are declared to be full of entries, from 1520 onwards, proving that the Basques were daily fishing on the cod-banks of Newfoundland. As no one can learn their language, no one can dispute the statement!

In the middle of the sixteenth century the jealous Spaniards tried twice to destroy not only the fishing fleet, but the town itself. The Basques promptly retaliated by attacking every Spanish vessel they could find. From that, I imagine, the descent into general piracy was easy. Louis XIV, it is said, was so delighted with their prowess that he invited the most notorious of the pirates, Captain Duconte, to the court.

Eastward-bound, we may choose between the magnificent Route des Pyrénées, which carries us through the superb scenery of the loftiest passes, or the roads much lower down and farther north, where the great spectacle is the Pyrenees themselves rising from their provocative eternal shroud of delicate blue mists. Orthez is, according to one's mood, a dull place or instinct with the charm the chronicler Froissart gave it in his vivid account of his stay at the castle of Gaston IX in the fourteenth century, when the court was a lodestone for visitors from all over the civilized world and a famous centre of hospitality. To-day

only ghosts inhabit the scanty remains of the once mighty pile, which was built between 1232 and 1290.

Following the course of the Gave du Pau—most of the rivers are *gaves* [mountain torrents] in this region—the charm of the countryside grows and the panoramas become more and more delicately lovely, the hoary heads of the mountains toning down into the multi-shaded greens of the foothills, with the pallid blue stream racing between golden sandbanks where trim, thin poplars strive to touch the friendly sky. No lover of hilltowns or mountain scenery can ever forget the approach to Pau. And when we stand in the Place Royale and look southward, we face a sweeping view over the valley not excelled anywhere in the region, and worthy of Switzerland at its best.

At our feet below the terrace the Gave unfolds its broad, pale blue belt in a silky, island-dotted, foam-flecked path leading straight into the little hills that form the approach, though they do not hide, the grim lower masses of the towering black bulk of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau, a vast twin-forked crag each of whose teeth rises more than nine thousand feet. For more than sixty miles to right and left sweeps the rugged view, each savage link of which has a bleak beauty and spell not to be forgotten. Away on the left, or east, the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, scarcely twenty feet lower than Ossau, shows its beautifully cone-shaped head, and midway between the two is the Cirque of Vignemale, a good thousand feet higher, and the loftiest part of the Pyrenean range on French soil. It rises, chaotically grim and

forbidding, in a series of nine tremendous saw-teeth, between which hide sullen glaciers full of treacherous crevasses, chasms and slopes dangerous with loose stones which descend in showers at the slightest provocation, torrents and grottoes and sheer precipices.

The town—a growing city now of many thousands, expanding back over the hills to north and east—lies upon the pebbly crest of a ridge. It faces the warm southern sun, and has the heartening charm of a dry, calm, practically windless atmosphere and ample sunshine. These give it a character we never found in any of the windy Riviera resorts. The big hotels and innumerable white villas peeping out through the trees and shrubbery of gardens so luxuriant they suggest the Mediterranean littoral; the fox-hunting —reynard is a paper beast instead of a furry one, I understand—the polo, horse-races, pigeon-shooting, golf and all the other sporting and social activities which attract the rich and ennuied from all over the world, give Pau an even greater variety of diversions than Nice. But that is Pau the cosmopolitan. The old Pau of the rugged castle, of the historic memories, of the terrace with its enchanting view, is *in* without at all being *of* the new.

It developed around the tenth century castle of the Vicomtes de Béarn, one of whom, in 1479, became King of Navarre. The greatest scion of that gay and impetuous line was the future Henri IV of France, born in the castle here, and nurtured roughly at the now ruined château of Coarraze some miles to the southeast. There the boy ran about barefooted

and played with the Basque peasant lads and shepherds. Over the door of that castle may still be found traces of its inscription in Spanish—"*Lo que ha de ser no puede fallar*"—prophetic so far as Henri was concerned. "What must be, cannot fail."

The château of Pau, rebuilt by the Viscounts in the fourteenth century and restored some seventy-five years ago, stands at the far western edge of the town on the brink of a deep little gulch cut through the ridge by the Hédas and later artificially enlarged. It is a somewhat lopsided pentagon in shape, its thick walls buttressed by six tremendous square towers culminating in steeply sloping roofs. One of them is still known as the Tower of the Birds' Ascent, since the only entrance was by a ladder which could be hauled up in case of danger. The beautiful Renaissance southern façade and the Court of Honor give some idea of the pretentiousness of life here when Pau was at the height of its glory.

Within there are several exceedingly interesting rooms, most of them lavishly decorated and furnished. The bedroom is shown in which Countess Jeanne d'Albret, that exceedingly masculine ruler, sang a sturdy old *chanson de Béarn* while she was giving birth to Henry IV, so that, according to the quaint legend, the child should grow up, "*ni pleurer ni rechigné*—neither a weeper nor a grouch." Certainly the precaution seemed to bear full fruit. In another chamber is the tortoise-shell cradle in which the baby first slept after his father—or was it his grandfather?—had snatched him, new-born, rubbed a little garlic on the presumably squalling lips, and put a

drop of the Jurançon wine made just across the river into his pink little mouth, to make certain the child grow up a typical son of the country.

Almost directly south of Pau in the Valley of Ossau—one of the most beautiful in the Pyrenees—are the watering places of Eaux-Bonnes and Eaux-Chaudes, with highly charged and malodorous sulphur springs supposed to cure almost anything but a broken heart—or a thin pocketbook. Eaux-Chaudes has the finer location, high on the bank of the Gave d'Ossau, here so steep the houses have barely a foothold. Taine wrote of Eaux-Bonnes in his limpid French: "I counted on finding the real country here. Instead I encountered a Parisian street and the promenades of the Bois de Boulogne." It is a showy place of expansive hotels, a thermal establishment, trashy shops and the inevitable casino. From both resorts the walkers and climbers can answer the clear, thin call of the chilly peaks and the lovely blue sheet of Artouste lake, the largest body of water in the entire range.

Eaux-Bonnes lies on the Route des Pyrénées, which carries us on to Cauterets, one of the principal watering places, like its fellows noted for the costliness of its hotels. If I may quote Taine again: "Here all are hunters. In winter they hunt the chamois, in summer the tourist." The resort is beautifully situated on the Gave de Cauterets, in a lovely valley swept about by high peaks which allure the visitor with their delightful excursions and sparkling cascades. Notwithstanding the beauty of the location, however, the valley is often cold and gloomy. The

most noted of the establishments is the Thermes des Oeufs, often called simply "The Eggs"—they persistently omit the qualifying *bad!* The pavilion contains a running-water swimming-pool a trifle under seventy feet long by some twenty-seven wide. As this particular spring is used in the treatment of skin-diseases—! Personally, were I convinced that this water was necessary to my health, I should prefer to drink it from a bottle, and take hand-baths of it, in the warmth and sunny cheer of Pau.

Another valley resort is the simple little mountain hamlet of Luz. It is dominated by the ruined château of Ste. Marie and the Knights Templars' twelfth century church, crenellated of wall, embattled of gateway, black as a dungeon inside, with curiously "barbaric" decorations and ecclesiastical furniture. It is the best example in France of the architecture of that famous religious-military order. The valley road is thrilling hereabouts with its varied glimpses of the river, which comes crashing down the impressive gorge a bottle-green torrent which bursts into huge masses of foam as it tears wickedly at its restraining rocks. Waterfalls thread the hills everywhere; high on shelves on the mountains perch the towns of Vizos and Esquièze, with the snowy peaks behind everything.

About thirteen miles to the south rises the most marvelous and awe-inspiring of all Pyrenean spectacles, the Cirque, or amphitheatre, of Gavarnie, whose surrounding peaks rise from nine to ten thousand feet. The Cirque itself, whose floor is more than a mile above sea level, is two miles wide between

the mountains which sweep it around like the projections of a royal crown. In their ridges and furrows are silent glaciers and vast fields of snow which have lain there in frozen majesty since the distant geological era that gave birth to these Titans, forming marvelous waterfalls, two of which, at least, are never dry. One, the Cascade de Gavarnie, I believe is, with the exception of a Norwegian fall, the highest in Europe, with a sheer single plunge from top to bottom, when the water is plentiful, of almost fourteen hundred feet. When summer has depleted the melting snows, the Cascade takes two jumps, of more than nine hundred and more than four hundred feet, descending in a whirl of spray that looks almost like a tremendous jet of downward steam.

Another trip which should not be missed is the ascent of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre from Barèges. As the Pyrenees go, this peak is not high, ranking only fortieth with its altitude of 9,400 feet; but because it stands practically alone on the northern slope, the view it commands is incomparable. From the platform at the western side of the very summit, we gaze along the icy billows of the range, in clear weather as far as the distant Bay of Biscay, and northward over the plain of Guyenne until mere physical distance swallows up all outlines. The sharp contrast between the fertile, temperate, living world below and the barren silences and deadly frost above make an ineradicable impression.

The old town of Lourdes nestles at the foot of an abrupt hill whose picture-book ancient castle towers

commandingly above a sharp angle in the Gave de Pau. The walls and keep of sterner days are still there, silent and unyielding as the nearby mountains themselves. The town below, which has developed in the past half century or so from a mere country place into a city with important hotels and imposing shops, owes its growth to a young peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous. She declared that the Virgin had appeared to her in a tiny cave in the hill, commanding that a church be built in her honor on the spot. Pilgrims soon began flocking to Lourdes, and the spring which issues from the grotto quickly became famous as a source of miraculous healing. To-day the place is visited by countless thousands, some of whom beyond question derive benefit from their visit. But the utterly sordid atmosphere of the city, with its repellant commercializing of the most sacred thing in the world—the faith and hope of men, women and children who need all that faith can give them—makes one turn from the spectacle heavy-hearted.

Tarbes, so far to the north that it lies in a luxuriant plain practically clear of the Pyrenees, is a dull place excepting when the mountain folk and Spaniards flock in to the fairs to sell their wares and sturdy mountain horses, filling the great square of the Forail with color and noise. The beautiful Jardin Massey, planned like an English park, was laid out by a former superintendent of the Versailles Gardens. It is the city's brightest spot. There is little else, unless one cares to inspect the great mili-

tary stud farm and cavalry remount station of the French Army.

Since the war, however, Tarbes has assumed an importance to Americans it lacked before. A bronze tablet on a modest house displays the baton of a Field Marshal, thirteen stars, and the arms respectively of Tarbes and of Alsace-Lorraine. The inscription reads: "In this house on October 2, 1851, was born Ferdinand Foch, who became Generalissimo of the Armies of Liberty and Marshal of France in 1918. This commemorative Placque was placed here August 15, 1921, by an official Delegation of the American Legion, representing the Veterans of the United States of America who, as guests of the Republic of France, made this pilgrimage to Tarbes." Besides Marshal Foch two other natives of Tarbes achieved world fame: Théophile Gautier, and that arch-scoundrel of the Revolution, Barrère, the fiend who demanded—and got—Marie Antoinette's head.

One of the most breath-taking spectacles in the Pyrenees is the tiny town of St. Bertrand de Cominges, crammed together on top of a lofty, truncated, isolated hill in the valley of the Garonne, and given personality such as no other town I know quite matches, by its glorious Cathedral. From miles away we see it towering there alone in the air, dominating the entire region. Before we recognize it as a church it strikes deep chords of response in us by its grandeur of proportion and bulk, its ancient, arrogant mien. It might be the still mighty hold of the Lord of all the mountains—as we presently discover it is.

More than eight hundred years ago it was begun, but the main portions date from the closing years of the thirteenth century, when Bishop Bertrand de Goth—not that earlier St. Bertrand for whom it was named—labored upon it before ascending the Papal throne in Rome. In an architectural as well as a scenic sense it is one of the most splendid and important religious edifices in the south of France, a massive block of a building whose western façade—Roman inscriptions have been let into it in several places—is flanked by a tremendous square tower now culminating in a spire. The carving of the columns about the lofty portal is exceedingly curious. The most interesting single bit is a very old head, clearly representing Jupiter, and in all probability a survival, like the inscriptions, of the Roman city which existed here before the sixth century.

The interior is equally stately and well-proportioned. The choir screen and rood loft occupy more than half of the fine Gothic nave, and give the exceedingly Spanish effect of a smaller and more delicate edifice within the large one. Their carved woodwork, finished about 1536, ranks among the gems of the early Renaissance, and the choir stalls are, if anything, still more elaborate and beautiful. In fact, wherever we turn in this amazing edifice the wonder of its richness, taste and nobility grows—so fine, so lofty a conception so loftily executed, so far out of the world on this little hilltop, remote from everything of importance in even the past that reared it, and to-day more an historical monument than a living church.

Bagnères de Luchon is perhaps the greatest of all the Pyrenean watering places, delightfully located at the mouth of the valley of the same name, and having more of real comfort, distractions and opportunities for outside excursions than any other similar resort in the entire range. The new town, built up to accommodate the tourist influx, is magnificently laid out and planted, one avenue in particular, the superb Allées d'Etigny, with its four fine rows of venerable limes, making a wonderful promenade. The atmosphere is one of luxury throughout, the very guides—most of them are entirely unnecessary, by the way—having adopted a wholly imaginary "Pyrenean costume" to keep pace with the artistic toilettes of the fashionables who patronize them.

The springs for which Luchon is noted were known as long ago as Roman times, when, as Balniariae Lixonienses, the town contributed to the health of the Empire. The archaeologist will fi .d something to interest him here in the votive tablets of those days, proffered to the local god of healing whose Gallicized name the city of to-day bears proudly. The springs range from hot to cold, and from plain salt to very sulphurous, so that they are available in innumerable ailments. The Bath Establishment or Pavilion has a fine peristyle of twenty-eight beautiful monolithic columns of the snowy St. Béat marble, which has been quarried in the Pyrenees for centuries. Every morning, in the wide Promenade des Quinconces—planted in squares, with the fifth tree in the centre, thus giving the avenue its name—before the Pavilion a band gives concerts, and the visitors

stroll leisurely to and fro, sipping the waters and exchanging greetings and gossip. It gives one the sense of being present at a sort of enormous outdoor afternoon tea at the wrong time of day!

And then to the east, along that swinging Route des Pyrénées, are more and yet more healing springs and rushing *gaves*, nobly coronetted hills, sky-piercing peaks and picturesque valleys, feudal castles whose ruins house the ghosts of a romantic and stirring past, quaint highland villages and world-renowned watering places—Ax, whose name is said to derive from the Latin *Aqua* (Water), with its sixty-one springs; Font Romeu, grown from a hermitage and place of pilgrimage into a year-round resort noted for its winter sports.

How different the last few links of the jeweled chain, in the warm and brilliant sunshine of the Mediterranean, pungent with the perfumes of the almost tropical vegetation and flower, completing the full circle of Pyrenean charm with its entrancing atmosphere, its languor and repose, its broadly Spanish exoticism!

Azay-le-Rideau is the perfect example of French Renaissance domestic architecture in a perfect setting on the river Indre.

Tours-Blois: *Left*—The Cathedral of Tours is an architectural mélange.
*Right*—The glorious open-air staircase at Blois, with figures attributed to Jean Goujon.

## XXI

### PERIGUEUX, LIMOGES AND POITIERS

CAHUZAC, Donnazac, Vindrac, Najac, Capdenac, Figeac—why does every other station between Albi and Périgueux end in that harsh palatal *ac?* At first amusing, then monotonous, as town after town terminates, like its fellows, in the un-Gallic consonant, it becomes, at last, positively irritating. But though the nomenclature may annoy, the scenery does not. It is a long and vivid panorama through the valleys of the Vere, the Aveyron, the Lot and the Dordogne. Viaducts stretch their lean bodies across gorge and glen. Tunnels bore smokily through iron hills—half the scenery is dripping black walls and clouds of cinders. But often you emerge into a sunny vale, full of soft-colored fields, of bold little hills rising from the plain as abruptly as beehives in a farmyard, capped with wonderful old castles, flushed a ruddy gold in the afternoon sunshine. Najac is such, and when the Revolution separated the chatelain of its château from his breath by Dr. Guillotine's most approved and painless method, his castle was knocked down to some patriot, who pulled a good bit of it to pieces for building material. Let us hope he got out of

it more than the two dollars and twenty-one cents he paid for the splendid old pile!

But Najac and its woes are quickly forgotten as you roll along over bad tracks through as lovely a forest-gorge as can be imagined, nine bridges and as many tunnels, now on one side of the Aveyron, now on the other, serving to hold the attention of the most supercilious traveler in spite of himself. But the greatest spectacle does not appear until, coming down into the valley of the Dordogne, the tracks are overhung by sheer, beetling crags that soar upward six hundred feet. The Circus of Montvalent slowly unfolds to you in all the grandeur of a huge, rocky theater of fantastic contour. Again the picture changes, and the valley becomes luxuriantly fertile, the grass and foliage and crops of the richest, silkiest green, with the bald top of a hill crowned by the imposing twin towers of Turenne, all that remain of the famous Marshal Turenne's château.

Coming into Périgueux, you seem suddenly to have entered the East, the spire and beehive domes of the Cathedral of St. Front gleaming above the river as white and impressive as some mosque. How this came to be makes an interesting story. Along in the tenth and eleventh centuries a brisk trade was carried on between the Levant and the west of France and Britain. The corsairs about the Straits of Gibraltar were so active that the merchandise was discharged at Marseilles or Narbonne, and carried overland to La Rochelle or Nantes, whence it was reshipped northward. This trade was mostly in the

hands of Venetian merchants, who, having their headquarters in Périgueux, built them a church in the form of a Greek cross with five domes, inspired by their home Cathedral of San Marco in the city by the Adriatic, with this difference, that the domes are polygonal and the arches slightly pointed, as in the Provençal style, instead of being spherical, as in the East.

At the western end is a huge square tower, crowned by a domed lantern whose roof, mounted upon a beautiful colonnade, is in the fish-scale style. A yard short of two hundred feet in height, it is the only tower in France in the Byzantine style. But alas! the ancient structure, which better than any other in France showed what the pure Byzantine could produce, was almost lost in the nineteenth century reconstruction. The result is offensively new and glaring to him who loves the soft tones of weathered stone. It leaves the beholder cold—unless his wrath for the "restorer" warms him to the mutilated cathedral.

The interior is impressive only by reason of its grand dimensions throughout, the mathematical recurrence of the soaring domes, and the general effect of mass given by them and by the great pillars at the crossing. Apart from the newness, the effect of this noble simplicity is ruined by the "eccleciastical furniture," as the French call it: atrocious gilt chandeliers in crude castle-and-turret design, glaring chromos on the white limestone walls, and tinsel of the tawdriest sort.

The Cathedral, which was only an abbey church

until the latter part of the seventeenth century, lies on high ground in the newer town, overlooking the river Isle; but down in the old city is the original cathedral, the queer little church of St. Etienne, one of the earliest in the province to be roofed with domes. Behind the high altar is a most unusual reredos, thirty feet high by thirty-six wide—an Assumption carved out of tough but pliant oak with such skill that the figures seem sympathetic and natural, despite the generally *baroque* character of the work.

My camera was carefully poised on the backs of two chairs, when a priest entered hastily and allowed the door to slam behind him with a crash that shook the whole church. He hesitated a moment, then strode over to my chairs. I expected the phrase I had come to dislike so cordially: "Defense-of-to-photograph here!" But he only said graciously: "I'm very sorry I slammed that door. I hope it didn't spoil your picture. . . ."

He was very young, or he would not have apologized. It seems part of religion in France to announce one's entrance into the sanctuary with a hollow boom, be the entrant priest or layman.

Nearby we find the ruins of a Roman amphitheater, but no such imposing fabric as at Arles or Nîmes. The few ragged arches of crumbling masonry are almost hidden by a luxuriant screen of clinging vines and bright flowers that spring from the carefully tended little park which fills the site of the former arena. A block or two away, in a fine garden, above the railroad tracks, is the ghost of

what in its prime was the delightful Château Barrière, built on part of the old Roman walls, and burned by the Protestants toward the close of the sixteenth century. Perhaps in its heyday Château Barrière took an active part in the gay southern life of which we hear so much. You find here memorial tablets to a "troubadour of Périgueux, and to another sweet singer. Across the tracks a little way farther along the brick Tower of Vésone, round and massive and rough, has furnished the archæologists with many a discussion, some claiming it to be pure Roman, others equally certain that it antedated the Roman and was sacred to the pagan gods of Vesuna, a sort of central pantheon, to which every street in the old Gaulish city led.

As long ago as 1770 a French traveler wrote of Limoges: "The subtilty of its air may contribute to render its inhabitants grand eaters." Perhaps this Limogeois fondness for good cheer accounts for our entertainment in a hotel such as we found nowhere else in France, at even double the price. The head waiter understood what ordering *à la carte* meant, the food and cooking were perfection, and we dined on a vine-covered veranda bordered by flowers, with the beautiful Place Jourdain, the finest park square in the city, before us.

Porcelain made Limoges famous, and the china upon your dining-table probably came from one of the factories you may visit freely. Its manufacture is interesting to watch in its multifarious processes and dry to read about. But the less understood en-

amel work is interesting in every way. For Limoges paints with fire in liquid glass, and its four or five *ateliers* turn out veritable gems of color and composition.

The process is almost primitive in its simplicity. Its success depends wholly upon the artistic feeling and ability and the good craftsmanship of the *maître* who builds up each of these pictures upon metal, for enamel-making is an art rather than a mere commercial industry. The prices alone testify to that. Copper is the basis of all the enamels. Smoothly covered with a transparent coat of silica, it is ready for the next step. The artist sketches his design upon this coating—a house in the woods, a pastoral, a portrait, anything. Then bits or strips of gold, silver or platinum foil are glued upon every spot where the ruddy copper background is not wanted, and again the piece is transparently coated with silica.

The enamels themselves are different-colored silicas that look in the rough like bits of broken glass of many hues. The artist grinds them to powder, mixes them with plain cold water, and then stipples them on very slowly and carefully with the tip of a knife-blade, to make sure that each color covers its part of the design, to burst all their bubbles, and to secure a perfectly even thickness throughout. One color is usually fired at a time, at a temperature of something like 1,800 degrees Centigrade, though two wholly different shades can be baked at once without running into one another. Many of the complicated

enamels are fired as many as fifty or sixty times, the simple ones often thirty; and as three or four pieces out of every dozen made are spoiled before the process is complete, the successes have to pay for the failures.

The art is very old; we find it in a flourishing condition, with Limoges as its center, as far back as the twelfth century. During the sixteenth, enameling reached the height of its technical excellence and popularity, and some of the works of that period are treasured still in the Cathedral of St. Etienne. Precious and beautiful they are, splendid in composition and coloring, full of value as contemporary likenesses. And yet, though the colors of old are perhaps a little softer, the master seems not to have solved the problem that confronts every artist, the opacity of color, while the enamels of the present are transparently clear, and even the deepest shadows have a luminosity and depth the older ones lack.

The Cathedral is pure Gothic in style, and very beautiful. Though its building lasted from the latter part of the thirteenth century on through to modern times, the architects of the different periods had the good sense to carry on the work in perfect harmony with what had gone before. The most striking thing to be seen inside is the superb sixteenth century rood screen, which has been moved from its original position to the west end of the nave. Its elegant sculptured decorations include a strange subject for a Christian church—the Labors of Hercules. The great tower or belfry, which stands awkwardly in

front of the façade, and a little to one side, is a relic of an earlier Romanesque church.

Limoges is a very busy place, and right outside the cathedral we found two old women, one carding wool and the other making mattresses with it. The wool was beautifully clean and soft, the old women immaculate, and they had a clean canvas on the ground under their work. "How much for mattresses to-day?" I asked.

The old wool-carder looked up cheerily. "*Deux-cinquante, Monsieur, les meilleurs*—Two francs and a half, sir, the very best"—she said.

"Fifty cents! And how many do you make a day, madame?"

This time the mattress-maker stopped thrusting a twelve-inch needle through the ticking—she was sewing the tufts on—and regarded me with distinct disapproval. "Two—perhaps three, when we are not disturbed," was her tart observation.

The busiest place I found was the Street-of-the-Butchers, literally a long lane of blood and smells. One whiff is enough to send almost any one flying in distress and disgust; but I was determined to see it through. The narrow gutters are full of entrails, blood, bits of pelt and wool. Meat all about hangs in the air to spoil. The most disagreeable features are small animals skinned whole, and showing up like villainous anatomical charts in realistic colors. The stench is pretty bad, but the people all seem strong and hearty, even when bloody up to their eyes, as many of them are. They are very much alive, sharp

and shrewd, talking well, and not encouraging any familiarity in the way of jokes on their street or their amiable customs. I inquired of several if their ancient guild still endures, and was told it is still composed of the "best people in the city," and is the most important of the numerous labor societies.

The church of St. Michel is remarkable for its equality of dimensions in aisles and nave, and the number and size of its beautiful stained-glass windows, which give the effect of walls built of colored glass instead of stone. Indeed, the architect did reduce the walls to the level of frames for the windows, rather than of solid masses pierced for illumination. The spectacle in the afternoon, when the sunlight falls through the richly colored glass in floods of glory, that splash cold stone floor and wall and pillar with jewels, when entering worshipers swing a great bar of white sunshine across the church every time they open the wide door, when the burning candles about the high altar and in the sconces before shrines gem the dim interior with flecks of gold, is unforgetable. Not even the meretricious showiness of ex-votos and poor modern images can spoil the satisfying effect of warmth and breadth and glorious color.

Although Poitou, one of the most colorful provinces in France, lies along the main line of the railway from Paris to Bordeaux, it is *terra incognita* to the great majority of travelers. But why rail at the travelers, when the natives themselves know noth-

ing of things in their immediate vicinity? Asking the head waiter in our hotel in Poitiers to tell us how to find the Pierre Levée, we were overwhelmed when he answered sheepishly: "I can't tell you, sir. *I have never been across the river!*

The history of Poitou is no less rich in contrast and color than the province itself, for great lords and gallant ruled it, by no means the least important the "endless Williams," some of whom were colorful enough to satisfy any one. Indeed, Count William IX was the first troubadour, and a "*grand trompeur des dames*—a great deceiver of ladies." His granddaughter Eleanor was the first of the troubadours' queens of chivalry; and she it was who, divorced from the King of France, carried her domains with her, to the sorrow of France, when, in 1152, she married Henry II of England. The name of the capital city, Poitiers, has been made famous by three battles, none of which was really there—the first, when Clovis crushed the Visigoths; the second, when Charles Martel drove out the Saracens, who, it is said, had previously been invited in by one of the Counts of Poitou; and the third, when Edward the Black Prince defeated John the Good in a bloody repetition of Crécy.

Two rivers, the Clain and the Boivre, have hewn a great moat about the foot of the hill on which Poitiers stands, leaving it attached to the mainland only by a narrow little isthmus. All about this pear-shaped promontory circle other hills of equal height, and the site is one of great distinction. The tramway from the railway station coils upward to the Place

d'Armes, the center of the town, from which queer, crooked streets lead every which way, all slipping over the edges downhill, so no matter which way you turn, you have to climb laboriously back.

It is emphatically a city of churches—curious, beautiful, freakish and dull; every style, from that of the fourth century on. Indeed, the most ancient Christian monument in France is the little temple of St. Jean, a baptistery of Christian-Roman times. It is, fortunately, in an excellent state of preservation, possibly because of the very ordinary Romanesque additions that have been made to it. Standing some ten feet below the level of the present sidewalks, it is curiously dwarfed in aspect, looking more like a great stone box, with half a beehive attached to either side, than anything else. The roof is built of courses of stone, which give the effect of a series of huge inverted saucers of graduated sizes piled one upon another. This ancient fane is used to-day as a museum of antiquities, principally very early Christian tombs, mortuary tablets, fragments of old capitals, and decorative sculpture. It was built during the rule of Poiters' great bishop, St. Hilary, and down near the neck of the pear the remarkable and indescribable Romanesque church of St. Hilaire, with a naive, six aisles and six cupolas, commemorates him in suitable fashion.

They were days of both terror and romance, those primitive centuries. Often both mingled in some such moving tale as that of the Lady Radegonde, the young Thuringian princess taken prisoner by Clothaire I, son of Clovis, and forced to become his

unhappy child bride. Unable to endure her vicious and cruel husband—among other things, he murdered her little brother—she soon ran away from the palace at Soissons. Fortunately for Radegonde, the Church protected her, and, coming to Poitiers, she founded a quiet nunnery above the river, and spent her days in holiness and charity. Her church as it stands to-day makes a striking impression with its great flat buttresses, its many-sided apse and chapels, its massive western tower, and its tall, exceedingly slender *flèche*. The interior, wide and aisleless, is clearly Angevin—very simple, but effective. The crypt, dark and musty as a tomb chamber should be —in imagination—is illuminated by the flicker of the candles of perpetual remembrance burning before the fine marble figure representing the saint, for which Anne of Austria was the royal model. One receives a wholly new impression down there of what the Church meant to high and low alike, in those troubled days, when to have was to hold, without counting the cost, unless the Church thrust its mighty arm between owner and chattel or liege and vassal.

No Hindu temple looks stranger than the astonishing and overvalued church of Notre Dame la Grande—enough to make the city's reputation by itself. It rises from a dusty square crowded with the tents and benches of peasant market-folk, its conical tourelles and tower roofed in the fish-scale pattern, its western façade an amazing medley in which bizarre, sculptured grotesques, animals and chimeras, throw the dignified figures of the Christ, the apostles, and others into strange relief. The

columns about the door are even wilder, made of writhing, twisting serpents and apelike forms that have a horrid fascination. It is not art, yet somehow I found it hard not to study every repulsive part by itself. Long afterward I found justification for my unconscious attitude in the naif confession of a great German critic, who declared that it takes considerable will-power to see beyond these details to the architecture itself.

The exterior of the Cathedral of St. Pierre, neither beautiful nor ugly nor even yet commonplace, hardly prepares you for the imposing dimensions and plan of the interior. The device of narrowing and lowering the nave and aisles as they run from doors to apse, in order to convey the impression of greater size and give a finer perspective, is so well done that it is in perfect harmony with the rest of the interior. No one but the student will notice it, except after study, and even then it takes nothing from the general effect.

One afternoon a little girl in mourning dress came in with two mere babies, both in the same grievous color. No black smocks these, but the weeds of grief. The number of children throughout France who proclaim the loss of a parent in this cruel fashion is astonishing; and the worst of it is that their little minds are so filled with the panoply of Death that they take a flaunting pleasure in their funereal garb. Leading the children to font and altar, the little mother helped them through their devotions with what seemed to the uninitiate profane celerity. Then, almost knocking the littlest and most obstrep-

erous baby down to compel her obedience, she literally dragged them back to the font again and made them cross themselves. They seemed not to mind it in the least, but grinned at us cheerily as they were thrust at the holy water and immediately shooed from the edifice, as predatory chickens are driven from a flower-bed. It was very pathetic, and *p'tite mère* showed clearly how deep the ritual had sunk into her poor little groping child-soul. The children of Poitou seem more devoted to their faith than any others we saw in France. We found them in every church in the city, little suppliants who looked pitifully small and helpless, and in need of the help they came so religiously to seek.

Churches seem to be the only things of artistic value that Poitiers keeps out in the open. An astonishing number of beautiful scraps is hidden away, however, behind or among the most dreary commonplaces, one of them the guardroom of the fourteenth century palace of the Counts, a vast hall fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty long, with a triple Gothic chimneypiece at one end so large half a regiment could toast its shins about the fires. In front is a Greek temple Palace of Justice, a favorite form of architecture for such buildings. What relation is there in the modern mind between a Greek temple and the punishment of crime?

Nearby, as I photographed a very fat man driving a great black dog who was hauling a cart full of vegetables, the peasant called out cheerily: "Did you take me, too? I don't mind. It's only the dog that cares."

## XXII

### THE PLAYGROUND OF THE KINGS

FROM the thirteenth century, when that constructive monarch, Philippe-Auguste, finally gathered the province of Touraine in from the English, it became the favorite playground of the French kings. And what could be more delightful for a royal pleasaunce than this broad, smiling district, full of wide sunny spaces, with a great, lustrous river winding through as it gathers in its gleaming tributaries? Here king and noble alike reared his proud, defensible residence, a medieval castle-fortress, more often than not crowning a height from which he could command the sunny plain. As time went on, however, the castle developed into an edifice more for residence and pleasure than for defense, more often than not nestling in the lowlands beside one of the shimmering streams.

Tours was the capital and converging point of this district, and though the kings are gone, Tours and its surroundings are a playground yet. The dust of countless automobiles flies in the streets by day and night; its hotels are among the largest and best in France; it is a popular starting point for

excursions in every direction, and the first thing that strikes the stranger is the large number of English and Americans who seem perfectly at home in street and hotel, café and store.

The city lies on the left bank of the Loire, on a flat tongue of land between it and the little river Cher, just above their junction; but the Loire is a very uncertain quantity, its uncertainty preventing navigation such as one expects to find on a great waterway. In its pleasant moods it is given over to amusements: children wade fearlessly in its tepid current; men and women alike fish—by the year, apparently—from banks and bridges and boats; and canoes and small craft play up and down the shallows. It also takes by no means an insignificant part, with its regattas and swimming races, in the merrymaking of the July 14th celebration, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. We were in Tours on the great occasion, and found it the same sort of festival that our own Independence Day will be when we succeed in expurgating it of murder and holocaust—if we ever do.

The crowds were full of soldiers: black dragoons with their horse-tail plumes and helmets, armored blue cuirassiers, leather-legged red-and-blue artillerymen, lavender hussars, and even magenta Zouaves and white Turcos, all behaving themselves like gentlemen. These brilliant bits of military color give a character to crowds in foreign cities that is wholly lacking here.

There is always color in the crowds in Tours. On the busy rue Nationale one day we met the queerest

combination vehicle imaginable, a hand-organ baby carriage, the very height of utility. Mother ground out the music while baby howled an obbligato, and two older tots pirouetted, smirked, and gathered in the pennies. These were no such dancers, however, as the gipsy children of Granada. Neither do these dancers live in caves, though a little way outside Tours is an odd cave-town in the chalky cliffs. It almost makes you jump to see a glazed window staring at you from the blank, apparently solid rock; or a queer, slender chimney, with smoke curling from it, sticking up like some freakish pinnacle of the hill. A Tours stationer told me he rented one of these cave-dwellings for the summer. He said it had a number of rooms, and was sanitary in every way. I don't know. . . .

But there are many fine old houses in Tours, among them one said to be that of Tristan the Hermit, Louis XI's hangman. It was probably built much later than Tristan's time, and its decoration of a twisted cord upon the façade may be the only reason for its somewhat unenviable notoriety. But it is an attractive mansion, whoever its owner may have been long ago, and it has a tall stair-tower in its courtyard. A subterranean passage is said to have connected the real house of Tristan with the château at Plessis-lés-Tours—now a heap of ruins—Louis' favorite residence, where he died. Whether true or not, the story fits in perfectly with all we know of the somber monarch, who liked to have his grim persuader handy.

The Cathedral, dedicated to St. Gatien, who

brought Christianity to the city and became the first bishop of the diocese, was commenced early in the twelfth century, but its construction dragged along until Renaissance cupolas were added in the sixteenth. Yet it really looks better than that sounds, with its fanciful extravagance of flamboyant ornament charmingly executed. Other churches there are, both new and old, and fragments of abbeys; memories of St. Clotilde, the vigorous but godly wife of Clovis, who ended her days here in a convent; of the soldier-saint, Martin, who was truly a soldier of the cross; of Gregory of Tours, the famous historian. But why spend time on saints and churches, with all Touraine about us?

Here, certainly, I would advise an automobile, though there is danger always of hastening away from some historic spot too soon because of the ease in doing so. Nevertheless, the automobile is best, because you can have a dozen points of view from your car to one from a train. One of the loveliest views I ever had, in Touraine or elsewhere, was a glimpse of fields and farmhouses by a little river, seen through trees on which great birds' nests of mistletoe were outlined against the sky. I never should have noticed it from a train.

In the eleventh century the fierce counts of the neighboring province of Anjou were constantly struggling for the possession of the fair land of Touraine, and not a town but has its legend of Black Fulk of Anjou. At Loches we find him perched high above the Indre—a branch of the Loire—swooping out, like the falcon he was, right and left against

his enemies, and with but one thought in his mind—the expansion of Anjou. In his day, the castle was a stronghold, pure and simple; but in the fifteenth century Charles VII built a pleasant hunting lodge inside it. The town of Loches, grouped about the castle hill, with its donjon, its church, its château, and its fortifications, presents a most picturesque ensemble. The moat has long since been filled up, but the walls, about a mile and a quarter around, are still mostly standing, and there are few more impressive entrances anywhere in Europe than the ugly, massive, frowning gateway, with the narrow, vertical slots in the curtain wall, through which the drawbridge chains used to work.

The church of St. Ours is a most remarkable Romanesque structure, with a roof of four pyramids, one in front, one almost over the apse, and two forming the roof of the nave. The entrance is through a porch or narthex full of grotesque sculptures, beyond which stretches the cool, dim vista of the nave, with its weird upside-down-cornucopias ceiling. Everything invites detailed inspection. But the girl who takes you around demands that you listen to her parrot-speech—English, committed to memory, and recited without the slightest sense of its meaning, and with the horrible enunciation of a mute who has been taught to talk. She will not even answer questions in French intelligently, and, if you ask too many, begins her performance all over again. Her family seems to have a monopoly of the grounds, and, no matter which way you turn, one of them jumps at you, loaded to the muzzle.

To the left of the church is the Château Royal, strong and simple, its plain walls relieved by fine moldings and carved corbels under the roof. The building is now the Sub-Prefecture of Police, and little of it is shown. In one tower is the tomb of Agnes Sorel, originally in the church. She left a large sum of money to the monks; but they, alleging scruples as to her life, asked Louis XI to let them remove the body. The king agreed, if they would also give up her money. They kept the tomb! Later it was placed in the château. Above the entrance to another stair-tower is a bas-relief, now badly weathered, but still quite clear, showing Charles and Agnes in a bower in the woods.

A nobler figure haunts the château, Anne of Brittany, queen successively to Charles VIII and Louis XII, who found inspiration and solace in a tiny oratory high above the ground, and so small it is a mere cell. At one end beside the door is the altar, decorated with her device of ermines' tails and the knotted cordon of the Franciscans. But Anne is not the dominant figure here.

Louis XI seems almost incarnate in the donjon, a huge square keep with massive buttresses, towering up 130 feet into the air, now roofless and floorless in each of its four stories, redolent of cruelty and blood. The keep in which he perpetrated his most diabolical cruelties is the smaller one he built alongside, especially for the reception of former favorites; and in a corridor you may read, if your eyes are good, and the custodian lights a match, the ironical invitation scrawled by some hapless prisoner: "*Entrés*

*messieurs chez le roy nostre mestre*—Enter, gentlemen, to the king, our master." The cells are horrors: up in the air and down under the ground, some lighted by slits in the walls, many not lighted at all.

In several of these dens the cruel monarch placed his own peculiar instruments of torture, cages four feet square inside. One of his most noted prisoners was the Cardinal de la Balue, a rare old scoundrel, not unlike himself. In a sloping passageway giving upon his cell, Louis used to squat and mumble prayers to the leaden images of the Virgin stuck in the greasy band of his shabby old hat, gloating all the while over his victim, who could neither stand up nor lie down. Now and then the king would stop his patter of prayers to order the handy Tristan: "Further agitate his Eminence, my Tristan!" And the cage would swing to and fro.

No such sinister memories come to mind at Chinon, though counts and kings were there a-plenty—it was the Plantagenet Henry II's favorite continental residence. In this great triple fortress-castle that towers above the placid Vienne a royal crown of ruined grandeur, all other history pales before that of Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid. It was in 1429 that the lazy, weak Charles VII, sneeringly called the "King of Bourges," while enjoying himself in the great white riverside fortress with a gay court, finally agreed to receive Joan. Among the scornful train in brilliant attire who thronged the great hall—now so desolate that the very birds do not roost in it—the figure of Joan must have been a striking apparition—"with none of the glory of his court in

her attire, but with all the glory of God in her face," as Mr. Shoemaker has it.

Of the three châteaux that made up Chinon, the Château St. Georges has been entirely razed. All that remains of the Grand Logis, or royal apartments in the Château du Milieu, are bare walls with here and there an elegant chimneypiece hanging to them. Across a moat that looks a hundred feet wide and is spanned by a bridge as enduring as time, you come to the third part, the Château of Courdray, with the tower in which the Maid resided during her stay at Chinon. In the grass beside it are still visible the foundations of the Chapel of St. Martin, where she spent much of her time in prayer.

As we stand on one of the towers, looking out at the glory of river and plain under the sunset, we wonder how many times Jeanne stood there, and what were her dreams in those sunset hours, when the castle lay a golden house among the purple lilacs of the spring. Had she any omen of success—and death? Had the subtle poison of the royal atmosphere that afterward was her undoing already begun to work in her veins? Or was she rather not still the perfect, innocent child, waiting only the royal word to speed to the relief of the beleaguered city of Orléans? If Orléans was as deadly dull and monotonous in those days as it is now, we cannot wonder that Jeanne had hard work in persuading pleasure-loving Charles that it was worthy of rescue. The only redeeming features we could find there were the beautiful sixteenth century Hôtel de Ville and the tiny little park back of it.

The blood-stained castle of Amboise, with its lofty walls and ramparts defended by three massive towers, stands magnificently high above river and town. Its effectiveness is greatly enhanced by the lofty ground it stands on, and by the masonry of its outer walls being carried all the way up from low ground. Some sort of castle occupied this plateau from Gaulish times, and we come upon the trail of Black Fulk of Anjou here, and the specter of cruel Louis XI also. But of all its checkered story the great scene is the last, a grim, melodramatic vengeance before the assembled court—the dour Duc de Guise; Catherine de' Medici, holding to the scene by her iron will her weak son, Francis II, and his trembling bride, Mary Stuart. When the hideous butchery was done, the château was decorated with Huguenot heads, the river ran red, and the forest was stumbling-full of bodies. The frivolous court fled the loathsome sights and smells—the day of Amboise was over; the kings never came back.

Though the beautiful river façade, built by Charles VIII, after his useless and foolish campaign, shows Italian influence, it is usually Francis I who receives the credit for having habituated the Italian arts in France. Among the masters of the Renaissance who put their genius in Gallic harness at his call was Leonardo da Vinci, who died at Amboise. In the terraced garden there is a small bust of the master. I was photographing it, when a Frenchman and his wife, apparently of some position, came up with a guide. Evidently Madame did not understand that worthy's mouthings, and turned to her husband.

"Henri, who was this man, da Vinci?" Henri was fully equal to the occasion: "Oh, just some fellow that died here."

The entrance to the château is by a long ramp that leads up past the old fortified wall and a little gem of the Gothic, the chapel of St. Hubert, built by Charles VIII, and elaborately decorated with carvings within and without. In the tympanum above the door is a good modern carving showing Charles on the left and his Queen, Anne of Brittany, on the right of the Virgin and Child enthroned. Poor Anne! She has fared ill at the hands of some biographers, who seem to have small appreciation for a virtuous woman in France. But a kinder historian, Mr. Theodore A. Cook, says of her and her ladies: "Like another Vesta, or another Diana, she held all her nymphs in strict discipline, and yet remained full of sweetness and courtesy."

The town of Amboise, as a whole, is one of the most medieval-looking, mysterious old places along the Loire, full of dark, winding alleys, and houses whose barred windows and heavily protected doors are eloquent of stormy times.

After the slaughter at Amboise the tragedy moved on to Blois, where the Duc de Guise met his just deserts at the orders of the cowardly Henry III, brother of Francis II. Treacherously stabbed in a dark passageway, Guise staggered into the king's private chamber, where he fell dying at the foot of the royal bed, calling for the king, who meantime was in hiding behind a curtain in a passageway. Next day the duke's cardinal-brother was killed like

a trapped rat in a prison cell below. A few days later, wicked old Catherine de' Medici died, raving, in her rooms nearby, and within the year Henry himself was murdered. Then the royalty of France gave up the château forever.

The northwest wing of Blois, erected by Francis I, is wonderful as you approach it, a huge mass rising on a mighty, fortress-like base, whose walls are a castle in themselves. The high Gothic roof is still maintained, but everywhere the Gothic ornamental details have been displaced by the Renaissance. Double Spanish arcades, which give light and shadow exactly where needed, add an attractive feature seldom seen in France. Across the façade is a wonderful row of gargoyles, and to stand in the corner turret and look along at these unchanging monsters racing forward, as it were, is to set the clock back four hundred years, and to feel, somehow, part of the Middle Ages yourself.

On the court side of this wing is the gem of the whole château, the *éscalier à jour*, that stands boldly forth from the pillared wall without destroying its symmetry, and which in itself is perfect and radiant. The carving is as delicate as goldsmith's work, even in the mere grotesques. It was probably done by Italian artists, but the large figures in the niches are ascribed to Jean Goujon, as everything of unknown origin at this period generally is.

The façade of the earlier wing, built by Louis XII, presents a very striking appearance, with red and white brick and a great, flamboyant portal. Of the later work of Gaston d'Orléans the less said the

better. He planned a total reconstruction of the château, with the aid of Mansart, but, as a French mentor quaintly puts it, "fortunately, he died before being able to realize his schemes."

On entering the château, unless you bribe the guide, he drags you into a museum on the ground floor that is a weariness. The rooms were the private apartments of Louis XII and Anne of Brittany, and the most noticeable things about them are their smallness and simplicity and their amazing chimney-pieces. Throughout the château the color-schemes, of course all restorations, are fairly barbaric, the colors rich beyond description, but piled on one another without regard for either harmony or contrast.

Down a little sloping side street, near the Cathedral, stands the house of the old *sonneur*, or bell-ringer. Quaint, wasp-waisted figures of men who seem to be either steeple-jacks or acrobats, crawl up the pilasters of the upper stories, and on the central pilaster of the third story three of them are tangled together in a most realistic aerial snarl. Blois is rich in old houses, queer, twisting, mysterious streets, and an atmosphere ample in suggestion. There is something immensely gratifying about it all, a sense of being in a measure a proper part of the old times yourself. This sense came to me in no other city in northern France.

The château of Chambord stands in the middle of a vast park, surrounded by a wall twenty-one miles in circumference, the whole in a flat, uninteresting country. It was built for Francis I by Pierre Nep-

veu, but it seems certain that the King had a hand in the conception of the work, which was to make him, according to his own notion, one of the greatest builders of the universe. To be sure, the stupendous château, 512 by 385 feet, with its four great towers in the façade, probably looked very different when rising out of the waters of its moat. It must be taken for what it is, an attempt to unite the fortified castle of the Middle Ages and the pleasure palace of the sixteenth century—an absurd proposition.

The roofs are a perfect forest of little pinnacles, carven chimneys, turrets and sculptured ornament, with dormer windows everywhere, and above all, the big double lantern of the main stair-tower. This gimcrackery justifies Chateaubriand's description: "The brilliant butterfly of the Renaissance striving to burst through its still visible chrysalis of Gothic traditions, the laced and ruffled head of the cavalier appearing above the strong joints of his armor, the beauty that was sought for, and so nearly won, showing clearer than the failure which at first oppresses us." Which, being interpreted, means that it really is not so bad as it looks.

Neither count nor king began the building of the beautiful château of Chenonceaux, but plain Thomas de Bohier, Receiver-General of Finances for Normandy, and his wife Catherine. Unfortunately for the Bohiers, neither of them lived to enjoy their work, and later Chenonceaux became a royal château, unique in that the taint of murder never darkened it. It is built on the piles and massive masonry foundations of an old mill, and makes no pretense at being

a fortified dwelling. One tower, evidently preserved for ornamental purposes, is all that is left of the days when a fortified castle occupied what is now an open court. In the kingly days the château was the favorite residence of Catherine de Medici, who built the long gallery over the river Cher, a most unhappy addition architecturally, though it possibly adds to the picturesqueness of the building.

It is a great and lofty pile with graceful lines, miniature turrets where the towers would have been two centuries earlier, and gables and pinnacles and dormers at unusual and unexpected angles that give it both character and charm; and its location on the little river Cher is one of the most exquisite natural settings in the world for a palatial mansion. Wherever you stray about the grounds, something beautiful appears, like the magnificent old well with its elaborate, wrought-iron superstructure, which the corrosion of time has merely softened in outline; or a splendid old tree, wonderfully duplicated in Nature's watery mirror of the moat. Chenonceaux is a private residence again now, but as it is seldom occupied, château and gardens are more a brilliant show-place than anything else.

And now we come to one of the purest creations of the early French Renaissance, the château of Azay-le-Rideau. About this palace in miniature softly flow the clear waters of the little Indre, spangled with great yellow and white lilies, and moistening the roots of countless brilliant flowers beside the walls. Here the old idea of a fortress-dwelling is entirely discarded, and only such of its forms as make

for beauty have been kept—the high-pitched roof, the turrets and the buttressed windows, all banded about with sculptured frames, like delicate embroidery. What difference does it make if the style was borrowed? The French changed and improved upon their model, revitalizing it and making it distinctly a national system of which they can well be proud.

The dim and silent rooms are partly filled now with such art objects from the State Museums in Paris as belong properly in old châteaux, among them some fine tapestries. I particularly wanted a picture of a seventeenth century Gobelin, representing the appearance of the Cross to the Emperor Constantine. Came a knocking at the door. "You go downstairs and see who it is wants to come in," I told the caretaker. "Don't come back for five minutes."

The very absence of history only adds to the charm of the place: pleasant walks that wind hither and yon, the splash of falling water, the songs of birds, the perfume of the flowers. The only thing that hinders our enjoyment of Azay-le-Rideau is the thought that it is a museum when it ought to be a home—with all its radiant daintiness, its joyous freedom, its delicate sense of rhythm and proportion.

But these are only a handful. Châteaux are scattered in every direction throughout this smiling valley. They spell the growth and development of the nobility, just as the Romanesque churches spell that of the Church, and the Gothic cathedrals that of the people. And when the aristocracy was checked in wealth, growth and aspirations by the Revolution, the great châteaux ceased to be homes, and became

museums. The French people cut off their religious growth more or less permanently in the Terror, and the stalemate lasted until the World War. That terrific sacrifice seemed for a time to be bringing France back into a more religious conviction and practice, and for a moment she experienced much the same sort of uplift and aspiration toward spirituality that the beginning of the Gothic movement witnessed. But disillusion and cynicism crept in on the heels of governmental indifference and incapacity, partisans played politics with a lust rarely equalled in history, and the apathy that has succeeded atheistic philosophy and socialistic cant is an effective damper on popular religious expression. New great churches as an evidence of the people's interest are as impossible to-day as new great châteaux of the noble or feudal type.

## XXIII

### IN BOURGES AND ANGERS

KING OF BOURGES: Not such a bad title, we think, as we look out over the courtly old gray city, which must appear to-day very much as it did in Charles VII's time, with its great and beautiful cathedral towering over it, a beneficent white guardian. Perhaps the sluggard Charles thought so, too, as he idled here in the seat of his southern government and in Touraine. Better than a struggle for Paris, anyway, where the wolfish people of his kingdom were starving, fighting, dying; the city itself in the hands of the English and their Burgundian allies. Strange that such a man as Charles should command such service as to gain him the title of the "Well-Served."

One who served him well was the merchant prince of Bourges, Jacques Coeur, whom Charles betrayed and robbed as cheerfully as he deserted Jeanne d'Arc. The Rothschild of the fifteenth century, Coeur possessed the most colossal fortune ever amassed by a private Frenchman up to that time. His house at Bourges was exceptionally magnificent, and remains

to this day one of the finest monuments of the Middle Ages. The rear view is the most commanding, the two big Roman towers melting into the octagonal towers and main walls of the structure as naturally as if the architect had designed them, instead of taking them ready to hand and making the house fit them. The round-cornered chimneys, with elegant fretted tops, the little turrets and finials, the gargoyles, the odd windows, all leave an ineradicable impression of taste and boundless expenditure.

In front, the house is long, low, and far-flung, covered with stucco where it is not of cut stone; and in places, as around the doorway, elaborately carved. Above the entrance, from two false windows, carven servants lean out, watching for their returning master. The great oaken door, dark with age, has a delicate iron handle, in the form of a canopied choir-stall; and everywhere the boltheads are hearts—*coeur* means heart in French. In the *place* before the house is a queer, womanish-looking statue of Jacques himself, in a sort of Turkish costume, probably because after his disgrace and exile he led the navy of Pope Calixtus III against the Turk.

The courtyard rivals the exterior of the house for richness and beauty, especially in its gracefully carved octagonal stair-towers, and the quaint figures and medallions carved upon pillar and wall. Jacques' coat-of-arms—hearts and scallop-shells—is everywhere, and the character of the man himself is emphasized by his punning motto: "To brave hearts nothing is impossible." Especially effective is the entrance to the chapel stair from the court, with three sets of

A wedding dance at Vannes. The guests clasp hands with the bride and groom, and everybody dances.

A section of the famous Bayeux Tapestry representing the Battle of Hastings, and (at the left) the death of King Harald.

carved portrait panels. In the main relief, Madame Jacques Coeur goes to mass, a page pointing the way. Behind comes her *dame d'honneur*, in the quaint fifteenth century costume; and last of all a maid.

In the Place Berry, behind the palace of Jacques Coeur, is a very realistic statue of Louis XI, the unnatural son who climbed to the throne over the dead body of his father, Charles VII. If Dauphin Louis did not actually poison him, as Charles and others at the same time believed, at least he frightened him into starvation. The face is indelibly stamped with craft. The heavy-lidded eyes peer at you with the false amiability of a cat's when it plays with a mouse; the hand partly hides the cruel, sensual mouth. The half-squatting posture takes you back to the donjon at Loches, and again you see him pray and smile, and tell Tristan, "Agitate his Eminence further."

Louis first saw the light—while his father was "King of Bourges"—in another pleasing old mansion, the Hôtel Lallement, built by another great merchant of Bourges. The last king of the old feudal régime, Louis was also still more truly the first king of the new era, in which political tact took the place of brute force. His personal idea of diplomacy was expressed in his own phrase, "He who has success, has honor." How far has the world progressed in four centuries?

The Cathedral, dating from the end of the twelfth to the beginning of the fourteenth century, though the most southern of all the great Gothic churches of France, is still pure Gothic. It has no transepts,

and the thrust of the heavy vaulting of the long flank of nave and choir is carried by a perfect forest of flying buttresses. They slant downward at a very sharp angle, and are so slender they look like spars. No *flèche* makes the Cathedral ludicrous. Probably this is more good luck than judgment.

The first impression the Cathedral makes upon you, on entering, is one of astonishment at its size. The immensely lofty main columns, without break or interruption, form a stately avenue leading straight into the gleaming semi-circle of the apse, glorious with some of the finest stained glass in all France. The effect without transepts is so complete and satisfying that you wonder it has not been more generally imitated.

In France architecture is not confined to cathedrals alone; everywhere the trees are shaped. In Bourges they seem to make a specialty of a peculiar screen pattern, so dense and regular it might well be the work of a master carpenter. The public gardens alongside the cathedral are bordered by such trees, and are beautifully laid out in shady walks, edged with roses and charming old-fashioned flowers. The rose-beds are most appealing, especially the slim little trees, full of exquisite blooms, delicate in both color and perfume. But fair and delicate as the roses are, they were no fairer nor sweeter than a bevy of little girls in their confirmation dresses of virginal white, who made an unforgetable picture as they streamed out from the gray old minster portals into the dazzling sunshine, after "assisting" at the solemn festival of the Corpus

Christi, with all its ecclesiastical pomp of robes and lights and grand music.

To the west of Touraine lies the province of Anjou, whose fierce Counts were always striving to win and to keep the fair playground. Fulks they were, and Geoffroys, all labeled—Fulk the Red, Fulk the Black, Fulk the Cross-Looking; and Fulk the Good and Fulk, King of Jerusalem, to offset in a measure the others. One Geoffroy gave England a long line of kings, her Plantagenet family. Of these Counts, some were good, some were bad; but there never was a fool, or a coward, or a do-nothing among them, according to Freeman.

Their capital, Angers, stands on both sides of the river Maine, a tributary of the Loire, but the grim castle high above holds no memories of the Fulks, since it dates only from the thirteenth century. It is built in the form of a huge pentagon, upon a solid rock foundation, and though many of its seventeen towers have been razed, and its great moat filled up on one side to make a fine new boulevard, it is still one of the most imposing feudal strongholds in existence. Its most absorbing memories are of that clever and ambitious woman, Yolande of Aragon, Duchess of Anjou, who strove so valiantly for the rights and preferment of her son René, Duc d'Anjou and Comte de Provence—besides a good many other things.

Opposite the southern angle of the château is the great bronze statue of René by Jean-Pierre David, better known as David d'Angers, since this was his

native town. The unfortunate prince is portrayed in tilting armor, and crowned with a wreath of flowers. The whole effect is weak, but that may be David's realism, which he sometimes allowed to run away with him. René was more efficient in the peaceful pursuits of an artistic and literary nature, so characteristic of his best-loved province of Provence, than in the warlike ones necessary for success in his age, and he died stripped of most of his possessions.

The statuettes around the pedestal are much more vigorous, and no doubt faithfully portray the character of each person, all men—fierce Fulks and others—except three, Isabelle de Lorraine, Jeanne de Laval, René's wives, and his courageous daughter Margaret, the unhappy Queen of England. How much the lioness at bay David made her: shielding her little son, Prince Edward, with a motherly arm, and ready with naked sword for traitor or open foe.

Splendidly indeed those counts of the Middle Ages defended themselves, with sheer, plain walls and towers and moats. The entrance is partly by causway above the fosse—filled, in time of need, by the waters of the Maine—and partly by drawbridge and portcullis in the massive wall. In recent times—up to 1856—the castle was used as a prison, and now is a depot for arms and powder. The only objects of any importance left are the fifteenth century chapel, built by René's mother, and the little château, where it was said he was born. The latter has recently been entirely reconstructed, and both are inaccessible.

Black Angers the city was called in the old times; whether from the deeds of black tyrants, or dark and narrow streets, or the great slate quarries in the vicinity, who knows? But there is nothing black about the city now, save the cattle. Angers is one of the brightest, cleanest, most attractive cities north of the Loire, since the walls were swept away in the nineteenth century. It has some of the finest old timbered houses we found anywhere in France, besides rich and elaborate mansions of the later Renaissance days. The Archbishop's Palace, which stands where, ages ago, the Fulks had their mighty castle, has been done over by the indefatigable Viollet-le-Duc, who made it a splendid example of a great medieval mansion. But one thing he forgot to do: he couldn't, or at least he didn't, take the gloss off—it looks distressingly new. The city's museums, however, are housed in ancient buildings that are true works of art in themselves, and so make the collections all the more effective. Most appealing of all is that lonely tower of the former ramparts, the Haute Chaine Tour—High Chain Tower—above the bridge of the same name. It is practically the last surviving remnant of the old fortifications.

The noble Tour St. Aubin is a relic of a splendid abbey of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, a perfect example of the transitional, with its slightly pointed arches and peculiar turrets. Across the street, in the courtyard of the Prefecture, are the remains of the twelfth century cloisters of the abbey, a treasure long hidden in a later wall, and discovered only in 1836. There are several bays of Romanesque arches

which move you strangely by their grotesqueness of capitals and moldings full of glaring and contorted dragons, lions, toads, and other creatures the medieval sculptor made pets of in stone. Best of all is a rare fragment of twelfth century fresco, now carefully covered by glass, representing David's victory over Goliath.

Even more fascinating is the arch uncovered in the very modern council-room. The sculpture is an allegory depicting the defeat of Vice by Virtue. It is a wonderful thing; but more wonderful it is that any man or set of men would cover up such a work of art. Seventeenth century builders buried it behind a solid wall. Another beautiful fragment is the ruin of the ancient abbey church of Toussaint.

As the Romanesque style spread over Gaul each district molded it to the requirement of its own tastes —quite often the materials had a good deal to do with this evolution—and in Anjou we find a distinct character, not so perfect nor so beautiful as that of Auvergne, however. The façade of the Cathedral of St. Maurice, in Angers, is a mixture of Romanesque and sixteenth century Gothic, without especial character. But inside we find the typically wide Angevin nave without aisles, which has a certain bare effect—we miss the decorative force and intent of pillars or piers. Heroic caryatids support the fancifully carved organ loft, and the church is full of what the French, for want of a term that would express the idea more vaguely, call *objets d'art*. One of them is the little green font or basin, said to have been a gift of René. It looks amazingly

like a huge cake of green soap hollowed out on top. The most important features, however, are the gorgeous and ancient stained-glass windows and some handsome tapestries.

Across the river, the old church of Trinité affords still further illustration of the Angevin style, and of what a concierge ought to be: a demure, smiling little old woman, silently knitting, and allowing the visitor to study the church at leisure.

Dog-power is much in evidence in Angers; woman-power, too. Yet the women of Anjou are exceedingly attractive, and the hard work they do seems not to affect either their good looks, their tempers or their fine physiques.

Not far from Angers stand the gaunt ruins of Bluebeard's blood-stained castle. But the gentleman killed no inquisitive wives. I don't know how the story was twisted. History holds no wilder tale than that of this monster, Gilles de Laval by name, a gallant and noble gentleman, who turned devil-worshiper, sacrificing hundreds of little children upon his altars to Satan. When he was finally apprehended, and confessed, the courtyards of his castles were full of the half-burned bones of his youthful victims.

Straight on west, across the Breton border, is the busy city of Nantes, the largest in Brittany, with over one hundred thousand inhabitants. It is one of the most delightful provincial capitals in France, and its many bridges—the Loire splits into six streams here, and they are not the only rivers in Nantes, either—and the forests of masts and

chimneys along the river, only make its color and contrast stronger. Somehow Nantes to-day makes no Breton appeal whatever. We think of it only as French. But it is not its present quality that attracts us so much as its memories of the final struggle of the Bretons to maintain their independence, under Duke Francis II and under his little daughter, the Duchess Anne.

These memories cluster thickest about the château, the tenth century fortress largely rebuilt by these two. Poor little twelve-year-old orphan and ruler, harassed and tormented on every hand! Eager for her people's welfare, and wise beyond her years, at fifteen she consented to marry Charles VIII of France, and, later, Louis XII, his successor, arranging that the independence of her beloved Brittany was to continue. But the end was inevitable, and Brittany was united to the crown in the succeeding reign of Francis I of France, who married Louis and Anne's daughter, Claude. The castle at Nantes, in which you may still see the beautiful *logis*, became a state prison, and to-day is an artillery headquarters. What a pity that a structure so full of suggestion had to be turned over to the tender mercies of an unwashed horde of conscripts!

## XXIV

### IN OLD BRITTANY

ALTHOUGH Brittany has no lack of either good architecture or fine scenery, neither one makes the same appeal as in other provinces, because of the attraction of the people. Their homes, their customs, their costumes, their astonishing speech, their sea-soaked religion, their dark and somber legends, have amazing power to draw and to hold the sympathies of the visitor. The Bretons are descendants of Celts who came over from Great Britain, driven thence by Angles and Saxons about the same time the Germanic tribes were pouring into France in the northeast. As a French writer of to-day quaintly puts it, "They imposed their tongue and their name upon the district. It became Brittany."

Before that time, even before the coming of the Romans, the most powerful tribe along the Atlantic coast was the Venetii, who inhabited the district now called the Morbihan, with Vannes as their chief town. It is the capital of the *Département* of the Morbihan to-day, and its people are still seafarers. Their har-

bor is unusual, simply a mile of the river Vannes, with little steamers and sailing craft ceaselessly coming and going. Behind, the town mounts up the hill, with pointed roofs of red and moss-grown tiles, to the cathedral crowning the gentle height, and the old walls still girdle it with their towers and bastions.

Four drizzly, dreary days we spent in Vannes before it was possible to do much with a camera. We had seen only the most ordinary, everyday costumes, the most stolid-looking people. Then, unexpectedly, on a Tuesday morning, idly looking from our window, we saw a colorful little procession descending briskly from the Hôtel de Ville and going in the direction of the Cathedral. We remembered—Tuesday is one of the famous marriage days; we would go to the Cathedral. On the way, we passed a homey little market-in-a-wheelbarrow, attended by two women, one knitting, the other nursing her baby. Throughout the province you see many women with wheelbarrows; more than anywhere else in France. A Breton song expresses woman's position perfectly in telling how the peasant loves his wife—and would rather see her die than one of his "beefs." Hard philosophy, perhaps; but a wife is easily had in Brittany, and cattle cost money.

The thirteenth century Gothic Cathedral is another of those countless French religious edifices that have passed through the hands of the restorer and emerged hybrids. Two weddings were there ahead of us, and I hastened back into the street to take an advantageous position. At last, "Here comes the bride!"

The strains of Lohengrin did not usher her forth from the sacred precincts, but the gorgeous verger, in frogs and braid and red whiskers, did. This was a wedding of the more prosperous folk, the groom not in native costume. The bride, however, made a very pretty sight in her peasant garb, with a hymeneal string of orange-blossoms about her cap and shoulders and falling to her feet.

The second wedding party was so long coming out that, to take advantage of the weak sunlight, I hurried down a side street to capture Vannes and his wife—busts of some old burgher and his fat spouse; quaint grotesques upon humanity, who for centuries have leaned out from the corner of a house above the narrow sidewalk to gaze down upon the passers-by. Suddenly we heard the queerest music. Could it be possible that in France somebody was skirling the pipes? A few moments later we reached the Cathedral again, breathless, and there in the open street the second wedding party was having a dance to the music of the *binious*, native pipes.

All the women were in costume, the bride in a soft green, brocaded silk, her orange-blossom strings flying; the others in somber black broadcloth banded with velvet, but relieved by aprons of richly embroidered silks. The gaunt pipers wore rusty shovel hats with huge buckles, and "homeward-bound" velvet strings flopping behind, loose jumpers and dark breeches that did not conceal the bare ankles above their wooden shoes. They were just finishing as I arrived, and off down the street started the *sonneurs*. One and all followed, myself included. The pipes

whistled and squealed, the children shouted, the wedding guests laughed and talked, windows opened at every step, the American with the camera was chaffed good-naturedly. On and on we went, now down a tiny alley, now along the water-front, past the silent ships at the docks, through the ancient gate and on up the hill, winding around to the street above the river, and stopping at last before the bride's home.

Galudec and Recevrec began to pipe again, and once more everybody danced. The wife of an army officer who lived next door courteously offered me her window to stand in, so I could photograph down upon the dancers. It was a beautiful and spontaneous expression of simple gaiety and happiness. The guests, young and old, clasped hands with the bride and groom and with each other, forming a huge circle, as if for ring-around-a-rosy. It reminded me strongly of the wonderful Sardanas of the Catalunians in Barcelona. Like the Sardanas, this is a folk dance; the officer's wife told me it was believed to have had a Druidic origin, as a festival of public rejoicing. Later it came to be a hymeneal dance. After the dancing had put everybody out of breath, guests and pipers all filed into the house—I was invited, too—and a great clink of glasses and clatter of plates followed me on my way. I wonder still why I did not accept that hearty, simple invitation.

Of the megalithic monuments with which France abounds, the great majority, and the most remarkable ones, are in Brittany. A number are near the little town of Locmariaquer, which in itself is well worth a visit. There is no railroad, but it is a

pleasant trip by boat from Vannes, through the Gulf of the Morbihan—Little Sea—a great, land-locked harbor, eight miles long by fifteen wide, full of little islets, forty or fifty of which are inhabited. We went down one morning on the eight o'clock boat. At three we were slowly prowling our way back to the wharf, when the afternoon boat came in—it leaves at four. We were surprised to see quite a crowd land—we did not know there were sleeping accommodations in town for so many. They rushed ashore, snapped up the boy guides, and when the whistle blew an hour later were all on board, safe but breathless. Had they seen the monuments? Indeed they had—well—not—quite all. Their satisfaction was as clear as their notion of what they had seen was vague. Monuments and town cover, I should say, about two square miles.

To be sure, a menhir—even if it be a sixty-seven-foot fallen giant, in four pieces—a tumulus, and a few dolmens scattered over a barren moor, may not appeal especially to the casual traveler. To such I would recommend Carnac, five miles and a half away, and better reached from Auray. There the menhirs make more show, two thousand of them, stretching away in long, silent lines.

France has no more fascinating old houses than at Locmariaquer, built of irregular stones, with thick, thatched roofs. Vines are trained up like trees over the doorway, and the thatch is cut away in neat archways over upper windows and doors. Pigs are housed, as well as their owners, and there seems little difference in the cleanliness of the two

domiciles. We were anxious to examine a Breton interior, especially the bed, and we could see one through an open door. But the earthen floor was so covered with litter we hesitated to enter. Besides, I could not understand a word the housewife said, and her attitude was not inviting. Perhaps what she said was not so bad as it sounded—the Breton tongue is a harsh and primitive speech, very like Welsh in sound and appearance. In many parts of the province the visitor who speaks only French finds it difficult to make himself understood.

Small as the town is, it has a very good twelfth century church. Much is being written about the Breton being more religious than his fellow countrymen. If pardons and pilgrimages mean religion —yes. Otherwise, we noted no perceptible difference: no more people praying in the churches, no larger congregations. But the faith of the province —a prey to the Biscayne gales and the Channel storms—is sadder than the religion of more sheltered regions. For if the Bretons live by the harvest of the sea, what in its turn does the sea harvest? In this little church of Locmariaquer, as in many another, day and night there stands a bier, waiting for what the sea may harvest. How could men who daily wait their turn upon it, and women who wait to see their loved ones there, have anything but a sad religion?

Inland, ensconced in what has been pictured and described as the loveliest part of Brittany, Quimperlé dreams in its lush valley, beside two shallow streams. It is a fascinating old town which has grown up

about an ancient congeries of religious edifices, headed by the basilica of St. Croix, originally the Benedictine Abbey church. The settlement eventually divided into the Low and High Town, with steep, winding streets, some of them nothing but abrupt flights of steps. The crown of the High Town is the curious, tired old church of St. Michel, which leans dejectedly against the houses beside it, steadying itself with two arches which give somewhat the effect of arms thrown out for support or protection. The doorway is a lovely thing, with sculpture so fine and delicate it seems as if a breath might stir it into motion.

In the lower town the Rue du Château runs between the two rivers, the Elle and the Isole, its delightful old mansions and gardens, placid as ancient carvings, with their backs toward the shallow waters of the former, which lisp drowsily under the heavy green paddles of an occasional millwheel. The old three-arched bridge over the river is one of the most beautiful and sunny-looking things in Brittany, almost invisible as stonework for the moss and vines which riot all over it, and the brilliant golden flowers which glint richly among the foliage. Little stairs in the bridge-approaches lead to the river, where busy Bretonnes kneel in their *lavoirs*, striking a vivid note of blue and orange topped by their stiffly starched white *coiffes*.

Pont Aven of the artists lies on the road to Concarneau, and near it a fountain in the midst of a little forest, is the scene every year of the only baby-pardon in Brittany. St. Leger is the patron of this

event, and little Bretons and Bretonnes are brought by the thousand to be immersed in his miraculous and holy waters.

Concarneau makes its living by fishing for sardines, and if one does not object to fish boiling in oil, the sardine establishments are well worth a visit, with their attractive young Bretonnes, in queer, wide linen collars, short dresses and beautiful starched white headdresses, singing and chattering as they pack the fish in the familiar little tins. The fishermen and their factories are entirely outside the *Ville Close*, the granite-walled city of feudal days, one of whose stout bastions is pointed out as having been built by Anne of Brittany. The walls are pierced by three great gateways, the most important of which opens between huge round towers from which depends a drawbridge in true feudal style. The fortress is entirely detached from the mainland, with which connection is maintained only by means of a long and interestingly fortified bridge. As one of the island outposts of ancient Brittany, Concarneau's fortress defied many an attack with success, but the picturesqueness of the town to-day lies along the quay. Here the fishing smacks ride to their rings in the stone seawalls, their violet and pale blue nets mast-headed to dry, and blowing out gaily in great iridescent puffs. Gnarled old fishermen who look for all the world like the carven figures from an ancient choir stall, clump soberly about in *sabots* or huge sea-boots, lads going a-fishing on their 'prentice voyages show promise of earning the same weathered hue and expression, and the delightful—and always

The repetition of the classical motif at Versailles makes the effect of the vast chateau wearisome.

Versailles: Le Nôtre's garden design was carried out on a scale commensurate with that of the palace.

fresh-looking—costumes of the women and girls touch in the much-needed highlights of the scene.

*Kemper*, in Breton, signifies to flow together; and the beautiful city of Quimper sits in a delightful valley at the confluence of the little rivers Odet and Steir. Its chief glory is its Cathedral, one of the finest Gothic edifices in Brittany; and though its building extended over a period of almost three centuries, its architects had the common sense and taste to keep it to the original plans. Even the nineteenth century spires are an intelligent reproduction of the Gothic. They are due to the townsfolk being willing to be taxed a *sou* a pound on all butter brought to market.

The ground plan, though peculiar, is not unique. The choir leans considerably to the left, and the junction with the transepts is awkward. It is said this failure to make nave and choir parallel was deliberate—to show the bending of the head of Christ while in agony on the cross.

In one room of the Quimper Museum of Archæology is an exceedingly instructive exhibit of the home life of the people—a farmhouse interior, said to be typical of the country. At one side is a massive peasant loom, for weaving the flax that mother spins by the fire while she rocks the cradle. In a high-backed settle sits mademoiselle with her fiancé, while beside them her younger sister industriously churns and listens. Opposite, father smokes comfortably, perhaps thinking of bed. It is right before him, a carved closet affair, that shuts up as tight as any New York apartment.

Every district outside the greater centers has its own peculiarities of costume, seen to best advantage at the great pardons, when the people troop in in vast crowds, in carts, on foot, by train and boat. The costumes are what bring most strangers to the rather dreary little town of Pont l'Abbé, at the extreme southwest corner of Finistère. Its people are a strange folk, called Bigoudens, believed to be the descendants of a race even farther back in the remote past than the Celts.

Practically all the Bigouden women wear the *bigouden*, a sort of woven-straw casque, with black ear-muffs, tied with a broad silk or lawn sash. That is as nearly as I can describe it. Even the children wear it; the tinier and the fatter they are, the droller is their expression.

The Breton pardon is theoretically a penitential service to which the people come to be pardoned of their sins, and in parts of Brittany in the old days the pardons were for animals and fowls as well as for human beings. There is something inexpressibly touching about the devotion of these ignorant peasants, who often come from great distances to take part in the ceremony. Their faith is more than half superstitious; their very observance of the rights of the Church is tinctured with paganism. And it is the solemnity of the occasion that calls forth the exquisite costumes, many of them heirlooms of long-dead generations.

The church cannot begin to accommodate the eager hundreds. They fill the square with their brilliant colors and quaint headdresses. Nor is there

any lack of devotion. What woman, not utterly consecrated for the moment, would think of dropping to her knees, in a dusty square, to pray before the multitude, with childlike frankness, often aloud, and without ever a thought of the rich and costly clothes she wears? Down in the dust they go, here one, there a group together, farther away a score or more.

No sooner was I out of the crowd than a toothless female ragbag came whining up, demanding alms of me, for the third time in an hour. "I have given you money twice," I reminded her. "Then give again for the love of the Christ who is the patron of beggars," she answered promptly. Beggars are a feature of the pardons all over Brittany, and their cry, "Pay the right of the poor!" is a demand, not a request. At the Pardon of the Sea, at La Palude, in fact, they behave like extortioners; but they may only beg thus on the day of the pardon—the next they have vanished as mysteriously as they appeared.

The only little Bigouden at the pardon who did not wear the complete *bigouden*—she only wore the coif—was a tiny baby. Papá explained that Yvonne really hadn't enough hair yet to make it practical. He was on the outskirts of the crowd, while his wife was in it, worshiping. Indeed, in all that concourse of worshipers I did not count more than half a dozen men; the majority of the devotees were girls, from babies to well-grown young women who were ready to be married. A side issue of the pardon is a marriage mart. Those girls who wish to find husbands remain out of the crowd, and line up

against the fence of the churchyard, to be inspected by whatever swain may be of like mind. Had three German gentlemen, who also leaned against the fence, known why the male Bigoudens laughed at them, they would probably have beaten a speedy retreat.

The harvest of the sea is the main support of Brittany—sardines along the shore, and the larger fish on the Banks and as far away even as Iceland. It is more than a mere prosperous industry—it is the Breton's reason for being, and three-quarters of the sailors in the French navy to-day are Bretons who have served their apprenticeship in that stern and dangerous calling. The odorous, prosperous town of Douarnénez, out almost at the end of Brittany, is one of the principal homes of the "toilers of the sea," and carries off first honors for its sardine fisheries. When the majority of the fleet lies here at anchor, its dark-brown hulls and blue nets contrasting with the shining sea, the spectacle is well worth going far to behold.

Morlaix, slightly inland on the northern shore of Brittany, is a manufacturing place in a small way. It lies in a deep little valley between two good-sized hills connected by a soaring railroad bridge, and is traversed by a dreamy and winding little stream. The surrounding region, bare and wild-looking, here dotted with menhirs, there rising in a huge prehistoric tumulus, settled by little cities and towns each of which has its own bleak character and atmosphere, is the most superstition-ridden section of the province, full of fortune-telling birds, the voices of the

drowned, gnomes, chimeras, giants, fairies, and the like. In such a setting one's expectation of curious houses and richly carved façades is fully met, and Morlaix's eccentricities of architectural decoration can hardly be described by anything less than the old saw that one hardly sees the town for its houses.

The finest and most comprehensive view is from the lofty stone viaduct of the railway, whence we look down upon the confluence of the Tarlot and the Queffleut, which form the Morlaix river and flow north to the sea. Bestriding the stream, the town opens in an entrancing panorama of broken lines and bits of beauty, with hardly a straight street or a plumb house or an upright wall in the picture. The delightful street corners disclose fresh impressions at every turn, with towered houses and magical little gardens, richly sculptured façades, windows whose beetling overhangs give them the appearance of frowning good-humoredly—perhaps because of the curious saints in bold relief scattered between them in contrast with the armored knights and gaily bedecked ladies, and their humbler brethren, the *binious* players. Like the Rue aux Fèvres in Lisieux, the Grande Rue of Morlaix is a vivid reminder of the town's ancient glories, too beautiful as a whole to be outside a museum, too full of detail to be paintable in words.

The amiable Bretons have the pleasant custom, which prevails in some other parts of France also, of emptying their slops from the windows after a brief and not always heard cry of warning. It be-

hooves the visitor to keep his ears about him in these sombre streets if he would not risk an unpleasant experience.

Anne of Brittany's house is but one of the type called *maisons-à-lanterne*. These have central courts with handsome stairways to the upper floors, and are covered by skylights. The carvings of the newel posts in many of these houses are exceedingly interesting, and in Anne's dusty mansion the central pillar is a curious sculptural mingling of heraldry and religion, with croziered bishops, and knights bearing their "devices" intertwined with saints who also wish the beholder to know all their quarterings.

Wayside crosses are familiar enough throughout France, but it has remained for Brittany to invest these symbols of the faith with a size, a dignity and a wealth of detail in their local form of Calvaries which is almost unbelievable. What has been called the "Country of the Calvaries" is the region of Léon, in the same bleak district as Morlaix. One of the most noted of these curious structures is in the churchyard of the dreary little village of Plougastel. It dates from 1602, and there is nothing more dramatic in the province. The Christ is shown crucified in the center, the two thieves on smaller crosses, and the easily recognized small figures so naively carved on the extra arms of the cross and upon the granite pedestal are those of persons connected with the Passion. The beautifully cut frieze about the upper section represents the Last Supper, the washing of feet, the flight into Egypt, and so on.

The ragged north coast of Brittany is a long

series of bays and little capes, with islands like defensive outposts just off shore, and beside being delightfully scenic, is especially rich historically. The town of St. Brieuc has seen its share of fighting, and the austere façade of the Cathedral has the effect of a medieval stronghold. Indeed, it was twice used as a fortress—once when Constable de Clisson was besieged in it, again when he was the besieger. The most noticeable thing about its interior is its lack of care. Sacristans seem to have lost interest in sacred buildings since they have ceased to be the property of the Church.

The clergy before the Separation may not have made their temple a den of thieves, but they did allow a common groggery to be built right on the Cathedral walls between the buttresses much like an exterior chapel. And as if that sacrilege were not enough in itself, the proprietor of the wine-shop has decorated his walls with so-called sacred pictures and portraits of eccleciastical dignitaries, to give the place of specious air of righteousness. It is the same story down one whole side: shops, shops, shops, all fast to the wall. Beside the apse the Widow Tourmel conducts an intelligence office and general millinery and dry-goods shop, built in such a way as to cover almost completely one of the fine stained glass windows.

From personal observation, I should say that the cattle markets of all France are not so much a necessity as a social function. Buyers and sellers are as gossipy as a sewing circle, men even more so than women. There is not the same opportunity

for sociability at the pig markets—women are largely in the majority there; at least they were in St. Brieuc. They tuck their purchases under their arms and go calmly off, seemingly unconscious of what a noise they are making in the world. You can hear each particular pig long after his buyer is lost to view.

A narrow-gauge steam train rattles alarmingly over a lofty, twisting viaduct and down a valley from St. Brieuc to its tidal harbor at La Legué, on the little river Gouët. A small hotel stands on a point high above the station, and as we stepped from the train at Sous-le-Tour the veranda and yard automatically, or so it seemed, filled with men and maids of various sizes and descriptions. One or two started toward the station. After taking a look at the view, we turned and walked unhurriedly back down the track. When we looked again at the hotel not a living thing was in sight. We wondered what they said.

As for the town itself, we were disappointed to find, instead of quaint old houses full of the atmosphere of the sea, excellent stone structures built wall to wall. But we were repaid for our trip when an ancient dame invited us into her home. The interior was typically Breton. We descended a step to a bare earthen floor. Straight ahead was a huge fireplace, full of pots and cranes; to our left, one window and two small tables; and the right side was taken up by two great Breton beds. The bed is nothing but a closet, big enough to crawl into, mounted upon a linen-locker. The upper berth of

an old-fashioned Pullman is the nearest comparison to it I can make. Once inside, you pull to the curtains, or sliding wooden doors, and go to suffocation. At least, that is the way it appeals to any one who likes fresh air.

South of St. Brieuc, and well inland on the river Rance, is Dinan, one of the most captivating old border towns in France. Here again is the duplex city—three- or four-hundred-year-old houses on the quay, and high above on a promontory, the other town, still walled and turreted about, except where the railroad station stands. It all overflows with its lively and creative past: the massive keep built by a Duke of Brittany toward the close of the fourteenth century; the amazing square tower of the municipal bell, which Duchess Anne herself presented to her Dinantais at the same time she gave them their huge town-clock; the church of Saint Saviour which, like so many churches in nearby Normandy, ranges from Romanesque to Renaissance in style, and which enshrines in an elaborate reliquary the heart of the great Constable du Guesclin. Parts of the ancient wall date from the thirteenth century, and more than half of the original twenty-four towers still stand, though decay is creeping steadily and relentlessly down into their very roots.

Looking down the Rue Jerzual toward the lower town is lingering in temptation to idle indefinitely. There is an almost Flemish touch to some of the eloquent houses, which stand upon queer, heavy arcades. Others are brave with hand-wrought iron, and some thrust tremendously solid towers up to com-

mand the vicinity so arrogantly that not all the kindly efforts of the trees can conceal their surquidance or take away the feudal atmosphere of armed suspicion and alertness. One and all, these carved and timbered relics of the past are windowed, and windowed, and windowed again, their casements pushing farther and farther out as the house climbs crazily skyward, to end in so amazing and jumbled a medley of peaks and gables and turrets there is no describing them. In their Stygian recesses hide furtive little shops making and selling all manner of —the commonplace! Or again—to be discovered only by the persistent and acute eye of the antiquary —untold treasures of curious old china and dark, time-polished bits of furniture, or quaint, heavy utensils, all of which warm the cockles of the collector's enthusiastic heart.

The street emerges through the battered Porte Jerzual, a massive, crumbling gateway now always open. In the upper chamber the open arches spout the long, graceful osier withes of a basket-maker, and these, with the grass and weeds flourishing on the ragged masonry atop the gateway, give it a curiously frayed and unbarbered appearance. The gate is still, in spite of its ruinous condition, a solid illustration of how grandly the mediaeval lords felt it necessary to build for mere defense. The old herse, or portcullis, vanished none knows how long since, but the deep slots in the walls remain to tell of it and of the heavy oaken doors that barred the arch between the two huge round towers flanking the entrance.

South of Dinan, well away from the beaten track, and as well worth the trouble of finding, is the superb twelfth century château of Josselin, once the stronghold of the great Constable de Clisson, dominating the little town of Josselin, which crouches close under the protection of the towers Henry II of England and Cardinal Richelieu in turn destroyed. Spider-wise, the family of Rohan each time rebuilt them, and the present Duc de Rohan, scion of the long and noble line of that name, graciously permits inspection by visitors. From the banks of the Oust the château seems a stern and forbidding fortress, but within it is a delightful country residence of the feudal type, elaborately carved and decorated, with the family motto *À Plus* twining in and out of the ornamentation in endless variations.

From St. Brieuc—unless one chooses to visit the most unattractive and least interesting of Breton cities, Rennes, which is a good place only to go from! —the way is eastward again through a verdant land of farms and gardens, until you reach the garrison town of St. Malo, which stands on a granite island, now connected with the mainland by a causeway. Its massive walls rise so high you have to climb to the third floor of any sort of building to see over them; the streets are narrow and black and tortuous; the air seems never to circulate through them, and it is easy here to conjure up the romantic past. The Malouins have always been a seafaring folk, bold and successful traders in peace and dashing privateers in war. Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, was born here. So was the pirate Du-

guay-Trouin, afterward the famous admiral; the other pirate Surcouf, Mahé de la Bourdonnais, and many another.

Unfortunately, the little city is as dirty and slimy and damp as its history is exciting. One glimpse of the street-cleaning department tells why—it seems to be a suffragette organization entirely. The only street-cleaners we saw were women with wheelbarrows, who can scarcly be physically strong enough to give these absolutely filthy streets the drastic cleaning they need. Indeed, such frank disregard of the principles of cleanliness in a country that claims to be civilized is unparalleled in our experience. St. Malo's odor is something that can neither be ignored nor forgotten.

The town's most pleasant feature is the massive wall that has guarded it so long against man and sea, and a tour of the ramparts affords a succession of pictures not soon forgotten: the queer, black, crowded together little city itself huddling inside; the neighbor-town of St. Servan; the bay full of fortified islets, on the largest of which, Grand Bey, Chateaubriand sleeps; the favorite English bathing resort of Dinard, on the little cape opposite, a modern, costly, stylish place, with a spacious beach and delightful surroundings, reached by the electric *vedettes* that skip over the glinting water like so many sea-spiders. And if, on the seaward side of town, you gaze straight down the wall, you appreciate, as never before, what *high* tides mean—from twenty to thirty feet normally, and at the full of the spring tide forty-nine feet!

Until 1770, St. Malo was protected by fierce mastiffs, who might still have been the city's policemen had they not fallen into the reprehensible habit of "biting the calves of gentlemen." Not the least amusing part of the story is that when the watch-dogs were suppressed the town had to adopt a new coat-of-arms—it had been a silver shield bearing a red dog. Not even Mark Twain himself could have conceived a more astonishing insignia, nor a more ludicrous collapse of its official dignity.

## XXV

### THE NORMAN COUNTRY

THOSE rollicking pirates, the Northmen, first spread terror along the northern coasts of France in a series of dashing raids in the ninth century, sacking, burning and destroying. The Franks hated and feared them so that in 861 they gave Woland, the sea king, five thousand livres of silver to drive his turbulent fellow countrymen out of the Seine valley. They, in turn, offered him more to let them alone, and Woland, being a thrifty soul, accepted both gifts, and sailed cheerily off with his double fee. Can this have been the origin of graft in France?

Finally, in 911, King Charles the Simple, one of the degenerate Carlovingians, allowed the Northmen to settle permanently along the lower Seine, with Rouen as their capital, on condition that they become Christians and acknowledge the supremacy of the King of France. They did what was required of them in amusing fashion, and rebuilt the churches and monasteries they had burned. Their leader, Rollo, became the founder of a long line of rulers,

Dukes of Normandy, and their province the most prosperous portion of France.

The Norman of to-day is a pleasant, manly fellow, proud of the great mother, France, though it is of Normandy that he speaks most lovingly. He thinks of the province as M. Jules Janin has written of it: "Normandie, land blest of heaven. Land rich in old ruins, in fresh landscapes; equally dear to the historian and to the painter, never can it be too much celebrated. At every step, in both past and present, you encounter a grand monument or a grand man."

When we think of Normandy, however, neither the grand monuments nor the grand men come first to mind. Instead, we see peaceful blossoming or fruit-laden apple orchards, broad fields glowing with billowing grain, acre upon acre of perfectly tilled and richly productive land; fertile hill and vale full of soft-eyed kine, gemmed with magnificent forests, veined with pellucid streams. Cider, produced by these apple orchards so lovely in spring, is the chief drink of the province, and has been for centuries—witness the fifteenth century Apology of Cider, accredited to Olivier Basselin.

The first Norman town of any importance one enters when motoring from Paris toward Cherbourg is Mantes-the-Beautiful, charmingly set beside the Seine and justifying its name with quaint, heavily timbered old houses and picturesque streets. If one pays attention to strict boundary lines, Mantes is not in Normandy at all. But when the town's history is considered, it is perhaps as closely bound up

with both the Norman story and with England as any other place in the ancient Duchy. Duke William captured and burned the city twenty-one years after his conquest of England, and with his customary disregard of danger, rode through the fire zone to make certain his orders were being carried out. But his charger stepped upon a red-hot cinder, and threw his master so heavily that the Duke-King never recovered.

The so-called Cathedral is a magnificent structure dating from the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. Though it is merely the parish church of a little town of less than ten thousand inhabitants, it is aptly named Notre Dame and strongly patterns after the more famous but scarcely more beautiful Notre Dame of Paris. Like its greater namesake, it inclines slightly toward heaviness, but the grandeur of its lines, the dignity and perfect proportion of its elements, make it one of the most notable churches in Normandy.

The view as one approaches Evreux is marvelously picturesque, especially after a rain, when the spires of the Cathedral are silhouetted dark against the tender blue of the sky, and the rising ground all about the town flows away in fresh green billows. Like the Somme at Amiens, the Iton splits up into several streams on entering the city, and vanishes at last in the Forest of Evreux.

Evreux of the present, like so many other French towns which have been burned and sacked and besieged and tossed about shuttlecock-fashion from one high lord to another, is for the most part a pleasant,

At the head of the famous stair at Fontainebleau Napoleon took leave of his veterans.

A charming water-aspect of the palace of Fontainebleau.

entirely mediocre place—the ancient walls gone save for a bit of foundation here and there, marvelous thick and wholly useless, the moat of warlike days hardly to be guessed-at in its present form of kitchen-gardens. The Cathedral interior gives a vivid exposition of the progress of architectural styles between its founding in the Romanesque period and its completion in the Renaissance. The bays of the nave have Romanesque pier-arches, the transepts and choir are Flamboyant, and in the long series of wooden screens of the chapels which surround the choir the noble, flamelike aspiration of the Gothic flickers slowly down to the no less elaborate but more restrained figures of the Italian style. On the doors of the western façade are primitive attempts at expressing perspective; not very successful, but nevertheless clearly indicative of the new force in art. The other large church, St. Taurin, was once part of a Benedictine Abbey of the eleventh century, and the crypt is said to have been built over the relics of the Saint, who Christianized Evreux in the fourth century and left his story in some detail in the stained glass of the choir.

Straight ahead on the way to Caen is Lisieux, a lively, bustling, exceedingly mediaeval little city, packed with interesting houses not hidden away in some twisty back alley, but smiling boldly down upon us in the principal streets. From the time it was captured by the Norsemen until the close of the Religious Wars, Lisieux never knew for long at a time whether it was Norman or French or English, Protestant or Catholic, and it endured the familiar

sieges and famines and plunderings and burnings the wars of those days made the common portion of all towns in debated territory. But after the religious struggles were over, Lisieux settled more firmly upon its ancient Roman foundations and became, apparently, what it still is. Notwithstanding its steady-flowing tide of business, however, there is nothing of the modern commercial city about it, as there is about Rouen; and one need only visit the great marketplace—especially on a day of gusty Norman rain, when the trading goes merrily on under huge and sturdy umbrellas just as if the sun were shining—to feel the wide difference in spirit.

Lisieux lies in the exquisite valley of the Touques and the Orbiquet. Quaint bridges span the streams which, curiously, run in opposite directions, and mossy old millwheels creak and drip to their leisurely impulsion. At one corner of the Grande Place rises the former Cathedral of St. Pierre, an imposing structure dating from the close of the twelfth century. The northern tower is without a spire, and the dull red tiles with which it is roofed make a most attractive color-contrast with the soft, almost tawny green of the native stone. The great window over the central doorway of the west façade, instead of being a rose, is a tripart pointed arch. The interior has a rather English effect, and in the north transept there is an eastern aisle, a feature not found in many French churches.

The Lady Chapel, dating from the fifteenth century, is the self-imposed penance of Bishop Pierre Cauchon of Beauvais. After he had helped to send

Jeanne d'Arc to the flames in Rouen, the worthy churchman was smitten by the pangs of conscience, and this chapel is the tangible proof of his earnest repentance for his crime. Alongside the Cathedral, the former bishop's palace has become the headquarters of police, a court and prison, a sordid fate for so interesting a building.

The most lasting and greatest impression everyone takes from Lisieux is made by its houses. They are overwhelming. One could fill a dozen pages with descriptions of these curious structures, covered from top to bottom with the most elaborate carvings—pigs playing both whistles and bagpipes, salamanders, apes, dragons with fantastic serpentine tails, men in armor and curious ancient costumes, women with elaborate headdresses and billowy gowns of the fifteenth century, trolls, grotesques, chimeras; delicately, lovingly carved brackets supporting the ends of beams; corbels whose ends have ceased to be mere wood and are living things or creatures.

In particular the Rue aux Fèvres is a *grimoire*, literally a "conjuring-book" of the most unimaginable and fantastic richness. The most interesting, and, as one American traveler put it, "most *reputatious*" mansion, is the so-called "House of François Premier." The visitor is solemnly assured that the King spent a night in it. Perhaps he was like our own George Washington, who seems to have occupied himself chiefly with sleeping in marvelously out-of-the-way mansions. But the street itself is one of the most astonishing in the entire country: very narrow, very roughly paved to resist the hooves of the men-

at-arms and knights who so many times came clattering through it with flying sparks and the clash of steel. On either hand the tall wooden houses thrust their upper *pignons* far out over the pave, each story's carved oaken beams jutting beyond those of the floor below, leaning hard on their brackets, and at the top all but shutting out the sky in their efforts to be sociable with their neighbors over the way. The faded magnificence of the street is far from asleep to-day, and the ground floor of many a splendid and dignified old mansion is a dirty, black little shop, while battered old sign-boards of faded colors and quaint devices breathe the undying atmosphere of old on other façades.

Lisieux was already ancient when William the Conqueror, seventh of his line and the most distinguished of all Duke Rollo's descendants, came to the throne. Illegitimate, orphaned early in life, and heir to a Duchy which could be held only by the hardest of fighting, young William was reared in an atmosphere of combat and conquest that brought out all the sterner qualities, and fitted him well for the conquering and kingship of England in 1066. The city of Caen was especially beloved of the great duke, and it was there that he and his duchess built their penitential abbeys—the price they paid for breaking the ecclesiastical law by marrying within the forbidden degrees of relationship.

Though many changes have been made since its dedication, William's monastic church of St. Etienne still shows its bold and simple Romanesque design, depending rather upon mass than detail for its effect,

the very kind of sanctuary we might expect to find planned by the Conqueror. His burial here was marked by astonishing scenes that verged close upon both tragedy and farce. After that his bones rested in peace for almost five hundred years, when they were rudely scattered by a Calvinistic mob, and again by the revolutionists in 1793. It is said that a thigh-bone is all that remains in his tomb to-day. The Protestants also demolished stained glass, destroyed the spire of the central tower, and left the choir in such a condition that it was saved with difficulty. During the religious wars of the sixteenth century there seems to have been little to choose between the two factions—each persecuted and destroyed whenever strong enough, or opportunity permitted.

Like St. Etienne, the Duchess Matilda's conventual church of St. Trinité is a splendid and satisfying example of the vaulted basilica with piers, though it is both more delicate in conception and far richer in execution. This Duchess was beautiful, virtuous and accomplished, yet the Calvinists did not spare her bones, but scattered them right and left, destroying her tomb. The revolutionists were more courteous; they, in turn, destroyed the rebuilt tomb, but they did not disturb the bones.

Some of the streets of Caen are veritable museums of medieval architecture, so far as the houses are concerned, and the number of interesting churches is remarkable. The church of St. Pierre, a composite structure of three centuries, is none the less a fine piece of Gothic, crowned with a wonderful fourteenth century spire, a triumph of architectural

skill, which rises 246 feet above the busy street. Simple a shell of masonry sixteen centimeters thick, unsupported from within, it has withstood the wind and wear of seven centuries, and even a bombardment. The beautiful Renaissance apse, added in 1521 by Hector Sohier, a native of Caen, is one of the richest and most tasteful examples of the period.

The flower market of Caen, on the principal street in the commercial center of the city, adds greatly to the pleasure of an early morning walk with its fragrance and brilliant color masses. It was here that I made the acquaintance of a lady with a vegetable cart and a draft-dog. Marie-Claire she called herself. She may have been; or she may very well have had a copy of *Marie-Claire* stowed away among her vegetables, to read when business was slack. Our pleasant conversation was interrputed by her hurling terrifying anathemas after an impudent street arab who snatched at a cabbage as he went by.

Away up on the hill back of the town proper, in the Street-of-the-Powder-Magazine, a long, blank wall, with an insignificant door, conceals the old Protestant Cemetery. In one of its quiet, flowering byways, over a grass-grown, forgotten grave, stands a marble slab inscribed simply: "In the memory of George Brummel, Esq." The idol of English men of fashion and the bosom friend of the Prince of Wales during the early years of the last century, Beau Brummel was not a mere fop. Lord Byron said of him that there was nothing notable about his dress except "a certain exquisite

propriety." He had the power of repartee to a remarkable degree, also. But the Beau's popularity waned after a quarrel with the Prince. He fled to France to escape his creditors, was made British consul at Caen, and after a long series of misadventures died a pauper in the charity hospital.

There are three ways to enter or to leave Caen: the flowing road, the prosaic railway, the river of a thousand delights. I have tried all three. Each has its advantages and its correlative disadvantages. One would naturally think the automobile the best; but the rate at which most motorists travel does not give as much opportunity for studying the people, or for photography, as the little local trains. Along the roads you find many houses literally made of mud; yet even these have a palpable air of prosperity, for Normandy is a thrifty, prosperous province. Many of the wayside scenes between Caen and Cherbourg have quite an English air. You might even take some of the farmers themselves to be Englishmen, until they say "*Bon jour, m'sieu!*"

Another of the Conqueror's cities is sleepy old Bayeux, whose aspect at every turn is of placid age and dignity. Set in "green pastures beside still waters," it clings about its noble Cathedral as the little lambs gather about their stalwart shepherd. Along with the memory of William, Bayeux calls up the story of his brother Odo, the greatest of the bishops of a day when the ecclesiastic handled mace as well as crozier. We see Odo in many lights: now in armor, fighting fiercely beside William; now with him in England, made Earl of Kent, ruling there

temporally, in Normandy spiritually; but always leaving his contemporaries far behind in the race for power and reward.

Though the present Cathedral is a composite of Romanesque, Gothic and flamboyant, it appeals to me as one of the most beautiful and symmetrical of the French cathedrals; not so large as to stupefy, not so elaborate as to confound the beholder, but generously proportioned, with fine lines and boldly tapering spires. The interior is notable because of its dignity, harmony, and splendid carving: diapering of many patterns, trefoil-headed arcades, a hundred other elegant details; and in the choir, rich stalls and magnificent sedilia.

Bayeux's chief claim to fame, however, lies not in the Cathedral, but in the so-called "Bayeux Tapestry," a historic monument of the first rank. The "Tapestry" is not tapestry at all, as we know the word, but a seamless strip of plain linen, 230 feet long by 20 inches wide, embroidered with crewel in eight colors. It relates the story of the conquest of England in seventy-two vivid scenes, many of them explained by equally graphic Latin inscriptions. Tradition would have us believe that the Duchess Matilda worked it with her own hands, but it seems more likely that it was made for Bishop Odo, and intended to decorate the nave of the cathedral on state occasions. When Napoleon dreamed of English conquest and empire in 1803, he had the "Tapestry" exhibited in the Louvre at Paris, and on the stages of the provincial theaters to inflame popular sentiment and make the people eager to invade "per-

fidious Albion." We know what a melancholy fizzle that "invasion" proved. Since Napoleon's time the "Tapestry" has reposed safely in the Bayeux Museum.

The western part of Normandy, called the Cotentin, thrusts out into the Channel, its literal jumping-off place Cherbourg, where most of the great liners call. Sooner or later, if you land there often enough, you will come in of a misty, sunny morning at daylight, when the water is burnished copper, the drying sails golden parchment, and the quaint old houses by the docks agate and carnelian. Then you will be glad of Cherbourg. The Cotentin Peninsula played an important part in the successive wars with England, and later distinguished itself for hard fighting in the religious wars, especially about Coutances and St. Lo.

The west façade of the great church of Notre Dame at St. Lo, once the Cathedral, gives ample evidence of the frenzied joy of the Huguenot in mutilating wonders of past days which he could not duplicate. As a whole, the church is disappointing, both inside and out, because of its structural peculiarities, though it has a charming little exterior stone pulpit, with a delicate stone canopy to give shelter alike from sun and rain. It is easy to see why St. Lo is a joy to artists—the frowning cliff whence it looks down the pretty little river Vire, the old houses, the steep streets, the delightful walks in every direction through the verdant countryside.

St. Lo's neighbor, Coutances, was also shuttlecocked back and forth between French and English,

and sacked, battered, and even burned three or four times by the Huguenots. It stands upon a hill that rises gently from the plain, and against the cool Norman sky its arrowy spires etch their slender bodies as sharply as with acid; while below, the shapes of trees and houses blend in a harmonious tone-picture of gray and green. Besides its beautiful Gothic Cathedral, it has two other attractive churches, St. Pierre and St. Nicholas, and some very unusual houses like miniature castles, massive and secret, with strong archways and slender stair-towers.

On down the west coast of Normandy we come to Avranches, one of the oldest towns in the province. From its height you can look across the bay to that great abbey-fortress of Mont St. Michel, crowning a towering mass of granite, with houses clinging, limpet-fashion, below. It is one of the most remarkable sights in the world. The town originated with peasants who fled before the raiding Northmen and took shelter under the wing of the monks. The rock would be as barren as Gibraltar, but that the Gulf Stream helps it support vegetable life fairly well; and in little terrace gardens flowers bloom brightly against a background of fig, pine, cherry and cedar trees of considerable size.

There are said to be over two hundred inhabitants, who live upon the visitors. No sooner do you step within the gates than they swarm about you in a bedlam that might have leaped out of a Cairene bazaar, snarling, quarreling, thrusting themselves in your way and their trash in your hands, until

you literally thrust them all aside and bolt up the one real street, the Grande Rue. Perhaps they mean you a kindness, thinking that if you buy their wares —postcards, spoons, models, and no one knows what other souvenirs—you will be saved the leg-strain of the five hundred and more steps you must climb to reach the top.

The fortifications date mostly from the fifteenth century, and are so constructed as to take every possible advantage of the natural rock. "The buildings made by the abbots at this time"—the Middle Ages—"are the index of their civil status; being feudal lords, they behaved as such," says Viollet-le-Duc. The entrance is through twin portals, the Boulevard Gate and the King's Gate, where the rusted teeth of the iron portcullis still project a few inches below the edge of the arch. The Grande Rue, with its trashy shops, curves from the gateway up to the abbey, ending in flights of steps leading to the portals of the fortress.

Inside, we are imprisoned, with other rash invaders, in the huge guard-hall until there are enough to be herded in one great, straggling drove. On and up we go, until, having mounted our five hundred steps, we came out on a great platform where stands the abbey church, restored out of all recognition. "Restoration" is a word very dear to the French architect of to-day. From the platform, seaward you look out over bare sands or gleaming bay, according to the tide; while landward, Normandy and Brittany stretch in verdant plains as far as the eye can reach; and straight overhead, at

the peak of the spire, St. Michael floats in his proper place in the heavens. It would take an entire book to describe all the different structures that carry on the rough, natural pyramid of the rock into what a French critic has called a paradox of architecture —building in the air and burrow in the rock, cloisters and cellars, dining-rooms and almonry, crypts and chapter hall, promenades and sleeping-rooms, gardens and fortress-like entrances.

The north side of the rock is almost wholly covered by the great, three-storied pile called the Marvel, and truly marvelous is the construction. From the church we enter the cloisters, a masterpiece of the thirteenth century, with beautiful little shafts of polished granite, most of them pink. The carving is all in Caen stone, the sculptures themselves of infinite delicacy and countless variety: roses, parts of figures, inscriptions, and here and there a monk picking grapes in a vineyard. In olden times the central court was a flower garden. Now it is paved with asphalt, to protect the Chevaliers' Hall directly below, a magnificent specimen of thirteenth century architecture, with pointed vaults and a triple row of columns, two supported by enormous pillars in the crypt below, the other by the solid rock. Its name comes from the initiation in it by Louix XI, in 1469, of the Order of the Chevaliers of St. Michael.

Down among the crypts and cellars of the substructures is the *charnier*, or burying-ground, in which the deceased monks were interred in quicklime; also the black and appalling dens grouped under the name of prisons.

In the town, the little parish church of St. Pierre illustrates the restrictions of space on this rocky pinnacle. Part of it is built out over the main street, and part of it cut out of the natural rock, left rough and unshaped as when it was created. The hatchments or arms blazoned on the walls and ceiling are those of a hundred and nineteen of the nobles of the Order of St. Michael who defended the rock against the English, according to the story the parish priest told me. They give the little interior more the air of a manor hall than of a church.

The fortress-like character of the abbey and town is nowhere better seen than from the ramparts. The massive bulk of the *chatelet*, or entrance to the abbey precincts, lofty and frowning, throws the elegant, flamboyant apse and *flèche* into strong contrast against the dull sky, that seems to hang directly over the gilded copper statue of St. Michael. How strange that this spot was once a mere bald outcrop of granite in a forest by the sea! Stranger yet that the abbey should have been founded by the intervention of the Archangel Michael himself! The story goes that Bishop Aubert of Avranches was twice told in visions to build here, but neglected to fulfill the command. The third time the Archangel came he put his finger upon the bishop's head—and burned a hole clean through miter and hair and bone. Then the bishop built as fast as he could. Such a visitation inspired him to speed and good works, and eventually the abbey became a testimony to the faith of men. To this day the pierced skull is to be seen in Avranches, that he who scoffs may see.

## XXVI

### ROUEN

WHO would go roaring over a dusty road "upon" his car, as the French say, when he can glide along emerald pathways at a seemly pace and enjoy the living pictures that unroll ahead without dust or jar? Nothing could be more delightful than the boat trip from Caen to Havre. At first the channel is so narrow and sharp-cornered that the boats have to back out, and I have never seen prettier handling of a craft under any circumstances. The least hesitation would have rammed us into a steel side or, worse yet, into the stone abutment of one of the many little bridges we passed after we swung around and headed toward the sea.

At the first of these bridges a very small boy on a bicycle rode out so close to the edge it looked as if he intended to take the leap on his wheel. Instead, he began an animated conversation with a young girl, and, as we steamed on, mounted again and rode along the towpath for some time, still talking to her in fast staccato. Words were indistinguishable for the

chatter on deck. Perhaps *Maman* had sent final instructions for daughter's behavior in the gay city of Le Havre.

How like the long reaches of the Suez Canal: the narrow channel, the vessels passing so close you can toss a biscuit from one to another. But there is no desert; instead, graceful lines of trees, between whose slender trunks glimmer entrancing *paysages* —warm-colored houses, nestling in the green of orchards; cattle grazing; an automobile tearing a furrow through the background it hides in dust-clouds.

From Caen to Le Havre the pictures are all small; but from Le Havre to Rouen, along the Seine, the canvases are big, and the river bank fairly bristles with memories of the past: quaint little Honfleur, the grim castle of Tancarville, the spire of Caudebec, and Jumièges, a shimmering ghost of an abbey. Twisting and winding like a snake, the river at last reaches the one-time capital of the Northmen, for more than twelve hundred years a great commercial center, and now the point where deep-water vessels discharge their cargoes into smaller craft for transportation by river and canal to inland cities.

It is well to come in by river, for if you come by train you burrow under the hills that guard Rouen like walls, and emerge in a smoky station over in one corner of the town that gives no idea whatever of the city as it really is. Much better the wide wharves, with their cheerful cafés. As we stepped ashore upon the gleaming quay, fresh washed by the rain and now flashing in the afternoon sunshine, Rouen seemed

a city of jasper paved with gold. Even the shabby old barouche, for which we bargained with true Gallic ferocity and shrewdness, took on unwonted *chic* and gaiety, and rumbled us over the cobbles of the broad water-front into a city so full of charm, so instinct with life, that its very meanest and dullest streets filled us with enthusiasm and eagerness. A thousand figures of the past came crowding up before us; names unnumbered called to mind great deeds and great infamies. Here Joan of Arc met her cruel fate; here loving hands reared the towering Cathedral; here Georges of Amboise ruled, and was buried and commemorated; and here, in a bleak little street, we found ourselves at home in a wonderful, age-old hotel, full of kindness and surprises. And yet, despite all this, Rouen is a material, thriving, modern center, devoted to cotton-spinning and weaving and the manufacture of handkerchiefs. How utterly trivial that seems, compared with the making of history and great stone monuments for posterity to wonder at!

There is a page in one of my French notebooks headed, "Pleasant Reflections on P. O." They were not quite so pleasant the day I reflected them. It so chanced that some one sent me a registered package, and as I had no passport or other means of official identification, the same postal clerk who for days had been giving me regular mail refused me with the decision of a time-lock on a bank vault. "Two witnesses, or the consul's certificate," he insisted, after I had attempted subterfuge. Back to

the hotel I plodded for "witnesses of identity," and *M. le Proprietaire* solemnly assured me that he would go, and it would be all right.

"*Attendez-peu, s' plait*," he said—"Just a minute, please."

Half an hour later, when he had finished washing the breakfast dishes—I sat in a delightful little court, where I could see straight into the kitchen—cleaning the sink, feeding his canary and cleaning its cage, getting the vegetables ready for dinner, and doing sundry other odd jobs about the place, he lumbered out, beaming, shouted to his daughter for "*mon carnet*"—my tag—and struggling into his coat, we were off as fast as his 350 pounds of rheumatism could waddle. At the corner he said smilingly: "*'Tendez-ici. J' cherche l'autre temoin; là!*" and vanished into a confectioner's.

Followed another delay, during which I stood on the corner and saw a man on a bicycle deliberately turn out of his way to run over a small dog. Then came Monsieur, and with him one in carpet slippers and long blue apron, lacking collar and hat. Solemnly we bowed to each other and marched on again toward the Post Office.

Confidently I approached the brusque clerk. "Behold my excellent witnesses, monsieur—two gentlemen of Rouen. Give me my package, please."

Severely he scrutinized them. "Have you your license, gentlemen?"

"*Oui! oui! oui!*" they chorused, and presented voters' cards, entitling them to wear their heads and be out after eight o'clock at night unattended.

*Monsieur le Clerc* studied the cards gravely, then the men who presented them. Then he nodded judicially. Two minutes later it was all over. Outside, we all shook hands and bowed and parted with mutual expressions of endearment and esteem.

The resistless demands of modern life and commerce have cut the patchwork-like old city into bits with broad, straight boulevards, run tramcars along streets where their presence seems desecration—and mightily convenient at times—and built uninteresting, straight façades in exchange for beauty and fascination. Of course, the city had to be made sanitary. But why should the modernizer be either a vandal or an ignoramus? A few streets are still a joy to the eye: the rue St. Romain, to the north of the Cathedral, for instance, with its curious, overhanging house-fronts—the one with the heads of the bishops carved upon its corbels, and its opposite neighbor, called the Joan of Arc house. Probably she saw it when she was here.

In the very heart of Rouen, the Grosse Horloge spans one of the busiest streets; and the great bell-tower, with a toylike curiosity-shop and a mediocre fountain, stands beside it. The clock frame appropriately conveys the idea of passing time: the flaming sun, the fleecy clouds. Above and below, the Agnus Dei, part of the city's arms, steps forward, one *patte* raised, as much a wanderer as his fellow Northmen. The bell-tower is one of the many similar tokens in France of the people's civic rights, and since 1150, when the great bell Rouvel was first hung in it, the belfry's story has been the tale of the con-

tinual resistance of the masses to the encroachments of their kings.

Not one stone remains upon another to tell of the wild days of Merovingian rule, nor yet of the later Carlovingian times, though Charlemagne thought so well of the city that he left its cathedral a valuable legacy in his will. Almost nothing is there of even the Norman period, though those baptized pirates rebuilt much of what they had previously destroyed. Almost all of interest is of the French Renaissance, except the great churches; but what a revelation they are in themselves!

No meaningless masses of stone and mortar these, but the living voice of the age that built them. Ages, in the Cathedral's case; for here is no such consecutive work as in Amiens, but a mingling of styles, from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. And since each architect expressed his age, without regard to what went before, the result might be called an architectural progression, scarcely happy in effect. Add to this the mutilations by the Calvinists and the heavy hand of the restorer, and the façade is a keen disappointment as a whole because of its jumbled and unfinished or mutilated designs; but the central portal, with its leaping, flame-like gable, stands out a jewel, perfect and satisfying. The beautiful Gothic Butter Tower is said to have been largely built with money the people paid for dispensations to eat butter in Lent.

Inside, no great rood-screen obstructs the view; instead, an unbroken vista stretches away 446 feet to the stilted arches of the apse, through which may

be seen the distant east windows of the Lady Chapel. Though the nave is 92 feet high, the effect of this height is lost by the peculiar method of arcading, the imposing upon the main arches of short duplicates of themselves. Many illustrious dead have found a resting-place within the Cathedral walls; and the heart of the Lion-Hearted Richard of England is here. The great tombs are in the locked Lady Chapel, and you are allowed to cool your heels outside its bars until a pompous flunkey with a club—he calls himself *Le Suisse*, and his club a *baton-d'office*—condescends to hustle you around in groups, mouthing the patter that few hear and none heed, and pocketing what he can. Why does not the great Republic charge an entrance fee, post proper guards, and leave the visitor to examine the monument at leisure?

The elaborate mausoleum of the two Cardinals Georges d'Amboise is a regal structure, like a canopied altar, characterized by a curious mixture of Renaissance details and medieval arrangement. Within, the two cardinals kneel upon the pediment, and in the features of Georges I, on the right, it is easy to read the strong yet wise and merciful personality which so impressed itself upon everything he touched. The premier of Louis XII, and often called the French Wolsey, he was not only the greatest archbishop Rouen ever had, but a prelate whose blessings took a grand material as well as spiritual form. His nephew, Georges II, though not so great, was also a prudent and righteous churchman.

Another famous tomb is that of the Duc de Brézé, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, who died in 1531.

It was built by Diane de Poitiers, his widow, who boasts in the inscription of her fidelity to him while alive, and promises its continuance after his death. In her widow's weeds she kneels at the head of his nude body, which, contorted as though death had come suddenly or painfully, reclines on a marble slab.

Legend would have us believe that, like many other cities, Rouen suffered from a man-eating dragon which lived in the nearby swamps. Upon the central trunk of the north transept door, a marvel of carving of the high tide of the Gothic, St. Romain, the patron of the city, leads the captured monster prisoner with his episcopal stole, symbolizing the overthrow of paganism and its vices by Christianity. The legend grew out of the ancient ceremony, the "Privilege of St. Romain." This was the pardon and release of some condemned criminal by the Cathedral Chapter each Ascension Day; and there are records of numerous quarrels between the civil and the religious authorities over its exercise. At first the ceremony was held in the chapel of the Norman dukes' old castle. When that gave way to the great market halls and the Place de la Haute Vieille Tour, or Square of the Old High Tower, a chapel was erected on the same spot for the same purpose. This peculiar, open-air chapel of the Fierte St. Romain was built about 1542, and here, in full view of the multitude, the prisoner celebrated his pardon by thrice elevating the reliquary of the saint.

Between the square and the Cathedral runs the dark Rue de l'Épicerie, or Street-of-the-Groceries, where on market days you must go circumspectly.

Fortunately for eyes and noses alike the street soon opens into the Place de la Calende, where, right under the walls of the Cathedral, a simply dazzling flower market fills the air with all the color and perfume of Nature's choicest offerings. And directly on the other side of the Cathedral is the most bewitching spot in the whole city, the little Cour d'Albane, which must be seen to be appreciated.

Second of Rouen's treasures is St. Ouen, the most beautiful and perfect of all the abbey churches of France. The west front shows what restoration can do at its worst. The ancient façade, a noble, unfinished, concave structure, was ruthlessly torn down in the nineteenth century, and the present flat, badly proportioned one took its place. The view from the southeast of the side and apse, however, is very lovely, even if it is of the wrong side, with chapels, choir and lantern piled symmetrically one above the other. The lantern, so much admired and called the Crown of Normandy, is a mere ornamental excrescence, having no part in the Gothic construction of the edifice. The characteristics of the interior are its graceful height, the absence of any strongly marked horizontal divisions in either wall or pillar, and the extraordinarily brilliant effect given by the unusual number and size of the windows, even the triforium itself being backed by glass instead of stone.

In the holy-water font, near the front door, one can see a remarkable reflection of practically the whole interior—vaulting, piers and windows. One afternoon I was studying this, too much occupied

to notice anything else, when *bang!* A hungry verger clapped on a wooden cover. We looked at each other, but neither spoke. I knew what he wanted, but I had seen all I wanted. The same man had accosted me surlily the day before. "You can't take pictures here. This is not a public place." To my query, "What is it, then?" he had nothing to say.

Unfortunately, the third great shrine of Rouen, the parish church of St. Maclou, is so hedged in by ugly utilitarian buildings that it is impossible to get an adequate view of it. The triumphant, flamboyant façade, a convex series of five great arches, rising in size and height toward the center, suggests a great, spreading, five-part porch, a design immensely more effective than the usual flat one. The rather heavy figures on the celebrated doors were badly defaced by the Huguenots, and in 1793 the mob applauded a gutter child who hacked at the heads of the statues with an axe. How perfectly this shows the spirit of those times! The effect of the interior, which ought to be as beautiful as the outside, is completely ruined by furnishings which are in the worst possible taste. Only one gem has survived destruction or extinction—the exquisite staircase, lacework in carved stone, leading to the organ loft.

Not far from the church is one of the strangest of all the city's varied sights, the ancient cemetery called the Aitre St. Maclou, founded during the ravages of the black plague in 1348. It is a tiny place, a mere interior court, surrounded by moldy, sixteenth century buildings—with skeletons leaping wildly in

the Danse Macabre, as they drag away unwilling victims, in an astonishing series of carvings all around the cloister-like enclosure. The children and the sisters of the charity school in the enclosing buildings pass blithely to and fro beneath them, quite unconscious of the contrast.

For a little variety, after so much architecture, wander leisurely out through some of the less familiar quarters of the city, especially through the street Flaubert abused as an "Ignoble Little Venice," the Rue Eau-de-Robec. It is like Venice, yet it is wholly French: a narrow, cobbled road on one side, a narrower stream of murderous-looking black water on the other, flanked by houses ranged as tight as sardines, and approached each by its little bridge. Some of the blocks are alive with fierce-looking little *sans-culottes*, who spring up from the barren cobbles, elf-like. Slatternly women, and slouchy men in baggy corduroys and undershirts, lean from windows or bridge-rails, before dwellings that charm by their grotesque beauty or repel by their grimy rottenness; for you are in no elegant quarter here, but among the oldest and poorest homes in town, an outsider whom even the babies recognize, yet for whom, if spoken to, there is always a courteous word.

Besides the three great churches there are enough others to make any ordinary city proud. St. Patrice and St. Vincent are especially noted for their stained glass. High up on a gargoyle of St. Vincent's apse a little salt-porter modestly reminds Rouen of the church's one-time royal privilege. In 1409, King Charles VI granted letters patent to St. Vin-

cent's, permitting it to take toll of every cargo of salt that came into port. The river was very much nearer the church then than it is now, and the porter was placed where he could look off toward the busy port and watch for more salt.

Many churches of this City of Steeples have been brutally converted to base uses—one, a wine-cellar, with a bottling machine where the holy-water font used to stand; another, St. Pierre-du-Chastel, a fine relic of the past, has been turned into a livery stable. High on its strong and simple tower, the Sweet Singer of Israel gazes down over the changing city, his harp mute and idle at his side. Better far wipe out the unneeded churches altogether than treat them thus. St. André was thus swept out of the way of the broad new rue Jeanne d'Arc, one of the main arteries of the newer and greater city, with the exception of its tower, which looks queer and lonely in its little grass-plot.

Set up against a blank wall, facing the tiny lawn, is a delicate and beautiful Renaissance façade, which, fortunately, the city fathers had sense enough to save intact. No noble's palace this, but a simple tradesman's house from the busy Street-of-the-Clock. Clearly and artistically it tells us what sort of men these bourgeois traders were in the sixteenth century.

We are fond of decrying our own architecture, or supposed lack of it; but what is the twentieth century Frenchman building? Our architectural past is the log hut, often flamboyant with blazing Indian arrows. From it we have developed size and dignity and other values; but the Frenchman, notwithstand-

ing his glorious models, is building monstrosities today that would be intolerable here, in spite of our lack of architectural tradition and our commercial spirit.

The most magnificent building of its type anywhere in Europe, the flamboyant Gothic Palace of Justice rises so huge and ornate and solemn that it imposes itself upon you as even larger and more grandiose than it is, if such a thing be possible.

Cardinal Georges I d'Amboise made it the home of the permanent Échiquier or High Court of Normandy; and the Hall of Assizes, with its splendid cassetted ceiling, has been the scene of famous trials —great personages have had seats upon its bench, or been haled before it. Not a few of the sentences it imposed seem to have had as their main purpose making the punishment fit the crime—hanging a murderer right before his victim's house, for instance.

Wonderful houses are so numerous in Rouen it is not only impossible to describe but even to name them. Take a guide-book, and make your own selection of a favorite. But the house which excels in beauty and historical interest is the Maison Bourgthéroulde, within whose court the buttressed Gothic walls are covered with purely Renaissance decorative carvings. To the left is the wing whose pictorial record is historically valuable as a contemporaneous transcript of the meeting between Henry VIII, "King of England and France," as he described himself, and Francis I. That useless and costly pageant was called, for its extravagance, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold"; and the chroniclers declared that more than

one of the French knights wore on his back the value of woodland and water-mill.

To many, however, the most interesting building in Rouen is a restored round tower, all that is left of the Château de Rouen, built in 1205 by Philippe-Auguste. In it Joan of Arc was questioned, with instruments of torture and executioner's gear before her eyes. We will not linger over the hideous tragedy. Suffice it that she was burned to death in the Old Market Place, May 30, 1431—the spot is marked plainly in the pavement. The story seems incredible. The English attitude we can comprehend: they had captured a dangerous enemy. But the French—here was a king she had given his crown; here a people she had made a nation. The recent beatification of the white, heroic soul that passed upward on wings of fire that May afternoon in the Old Market Place is tardy, paltry recompense for the crime of five hundred years ago.

"Good and Glorious St. Joan of Arc" they label her now! And high on the hill of Bon Sécours they have reared a huge, ugly, triplicate monster in her honor. Why, with all the exquisite work of three great architectural periods to draw from, could France not have built a fitting shrine, one worthy to be an expiatory offering?

It is worth remembering that less than twenty years after the tragedy, the English, as Joan had prophesied, were all on their homeward way, except those who had left their bones. But though this was the last, it was not the first time they had been compelled to leave Rouen. Memories of the first

time cluster around the little town of Petit-Andely, on up the winding river, and the ruins of Richard Cœur de Lion's magnificent Château Gaillard. Philippe-Auguste raged over the building of the castle, and he might have continued to rage had not Richard died. His weak and cowardly brother, John, failed to hold his vantage-point, which Philip captured in 1204, paving the way for the expulsion of the English from the province. How they came back with the preposterous claim of Edward III in the Hundred Years' War, we have already seen.

It is a long, steep climb up to the castle, which was built purely for strength, without one decorative line or feature. Its ruinous condition is due not to the many sieges it has withstood, but to its use, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as a quarry by two religious orders of the neighborhood. Fortunately, they fell to quarreling over it. A downpour drove us into the deep window embrasures, whence we watched the changing panorama below: broad, sweeping vistas, full of the glory of river and gracious fields. And as we sat there, looking out, now through storm, now through sunshine, we wondered if the medieval folk recognized the beauty of the scene. Scarcely—the men were watching for enemies, and the women, perchance, waited, heavy-hearted, with eyes too full of tears.

The little town of Petit-Andely grew up on the river bank as the castle grew. Philippe-Auguste made short work of its defenses, and the people fled to the castle, only to be turned back as useless for fighting. Between the French on one side and the

English on the other, the sufferings of these helpless old men, women and children were too horrible to tell here. It is enough that half of them died before Philippe-Auguste gave them bread and passed them through his lines.

At Petit-Andely, still tiny, we found another of those delightful little hotels run by a family. A fascinating boy who met us at the train quietly and politely told us of the charms of a tea-terrace above the river. We stood in the courtyard to bargain with kindly Madame, who held the kitchen door. The daughter who served us might have been an old-time princess, black-haired and wild-eyed and sternly lovely. Little Yvonne, who washed vegetables at the fountain, was a fair-haired Norman of Normans. Monsieur was a viking himself, tall and brawny. Absent when we arrived, he was probably one of the inevitable fishermen scattered along the river bank. An outside stair led to our room, and when it rained we had to use our umbrellas to reach the dining-room. It was only a step through an archway from the courtyard to the river, where lay the boats for the use of which monsieur would take no pay.

Floating out upon the great river below the castle to watch the sunset, we could not wonder at the mighty struggles of the past to hold this loveliest of provinces; and we agreed with the Norman—"Normandie, land blessed of heaven. Land rich in old ruins, in fresh landscapes; equally dear to the historian and to the painter, never can it be too much celebrated."

## XXVII

### NOT FAR FROM PARIS

THE *Banlieue*, or so-called "environs," of Paris include a territory which stretches away for fifty kilometres, or approximately thirty-five miles, in every direction from the city proper. A little expansion of this magic ring includes Chartres and Beauvais of the vast Gothic Cathedrals, and Chantilly and Pierrefonds of the equally noted châteaux. And everywhere those beautifully made, ribbon-like French roads flow through city and village, open country and forest with the limpid smoothness of placid rivers. Above them on either hand tower gaunt, soldierly shapes of sentinel poplars, tremulous with dignity and undeviating in their rigidity, miles without end. Now and again a burnished stream or canal, shy behind the paling of its own trees, wanders casually up and keeps us good company for a while. Even when the roads are in poor condition, due to demands from other directions upon the pocket of the French, the visitor encourages himself in his temporary discomfort with the reflection that they are not nearly so bad as many roads right around his own home.

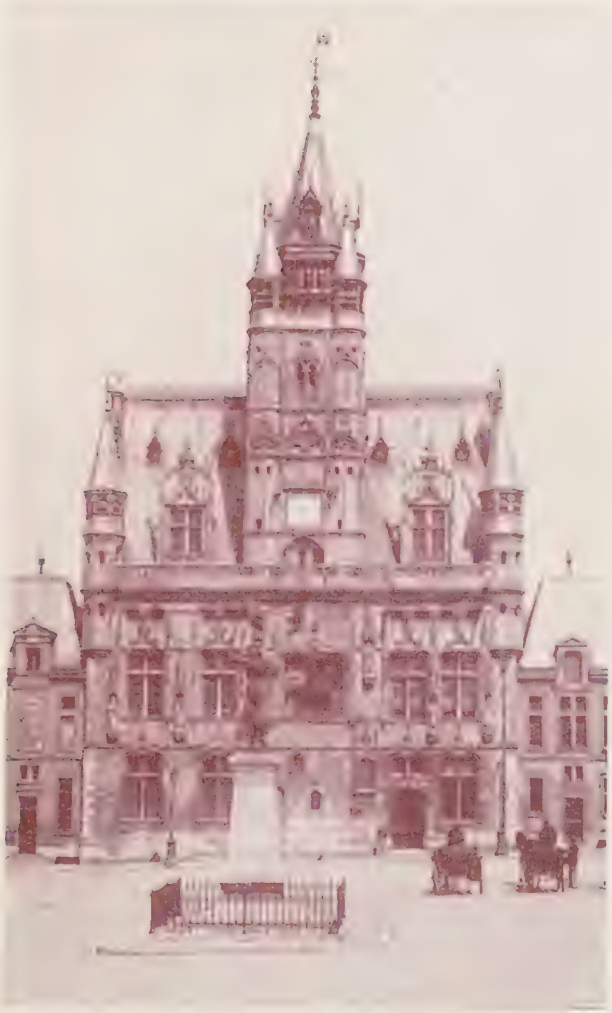
One route to Beauvais leads from the Arc de Triomphe straight out past the Bois de Boulogne, through the suburb of Neuilly, and across the Seine. After a few minutes and more sururbs, it again leaps the river at Bézons, flits through Pontoise, and reaches Beauvais all too soon. By taking a slightly different route for returning to Paris, we come through the cool green of the neatly kept Forest of l'Isle Adam, skirt the eastern edge of the Forest of Montmorency, pass picturesque Enghien and its toy lake, and come back into the capital by crossing the Seine for the third time at Asnières. Often as we have motored about the environs in every direction, the charm and compulsion of these roads and their scenery is never-failing, and produces a state of keen awareness and delight in the spectator. Now it may be the rustic colors of a farm landscape with their suggestion of the devotional life of the soil, now a smoking factory town beside the highway, now a grim castle or the fragment of an abbey; or a miniature lake, or any of the myriad other incidental but distinguishing features in which every French scene abounds. Even about the passing motors there is a distinctly Gallic touch, a delicacy of line, a fineness and precision of externalities which marks off the French motorcar from all others, even when it is only the much-abused flivver.

The town of Beauvais is typical French commonplace—gloriously punctuated by its tremendous Gothic exclamation of the past. It is true that there are a very good Town Hall, a church of St. Stephen with remarkable stained glass, a museum and a Na-

tional Tapestry Factory where the famous Beauvais Tapestries—they rank next after the Gobelins in point of beauty and richness—are made. But when the unfinished Cathedral bursts upon the view, a veritable mountain towering over the human spirit, we can see nothing else.

It has been called "an interrupted hymn," a "church in the air," a "great wave of stone." Beauvais is all this, but it is infinitely more. It is the final word of the Gothic, the ultimate expression of man's endeavor to project his own soul into the heavens by giving material form to spiritual aspiration. Viollet-le-Duc insists that it was not a failure, not a paean pitched off-key or in halting metre. Nor was it, he declares vigorously, as so many critics have claimed, the faultiness of design or theory which can be blamed for its condition, but the imperfect execution of the plans, the meagre resources at the disposal of architect and Chapter. Nevertheless, no later Cathedral either aspired so loftily nor planned upon so grandiose a scale.

Only the choir and transepts are finished. They are so tremendous the completed structure would have been far and away the largest Gothic edifice in the world. As it is, the choir extends for 120 feet, and the groined arches of its vault are all but lost in the shadows no less than a hundred and fifty-three feet above the pave. Twice that vaulting fell, once in 1247 and again in 1284, while three centuries later, in 1573, the tremendous spire reared upon the crossing came crashing down in ruin and has never been reconstructed.



The Town Hall of Compiègne is a noble structure with a distinctly Flemish personality.

By all means leave that *Preux Chateau*, Pierrefonds, for your last impression of the *Ancien Régime* in France.

Standing in the choir directly below the great rose window at the western end, the vast interior seems to float with almost tremulous lightness before us, so slender are the infrequent columns, so piercing the great windows with their mellow old glass. The overpowering quality of the impression grows and grows before such nobility of conception. The tapestries upon the transept walls pass almost unnoticed; the Saints and Doctors of the Church, even the figure of the Sun, and the flame-hued Cherubim in one window, are seen and merely noted; the famous astronomical clock with its fifty-two dials and gimcrackery of inventiveness appears a foolish child's-toy in this aspiring splendor, which, with its delicacy and almost inconstant vitality, leaves one with the breathless feeling of having witnessed the unique and unimaginable.

A few miles outside of Paris, on one of the main highways to the west, is Malmaison, a rather squatty mediocrity in an architectural sense, but replete with historical interest and significance. The Empress Josephine held a brilliant artistic and literary *salon* here during the period of her brief ascendancy over Napoleon. When she was divorced in 1809 she retired to Malmaison, where she died five years later. Napoleon spent a few days in the château after Waterloo and before St. Helena, when the edifice had become the property of Queen Maria Cristina of Spain. Napoleon "the Little" bought it himself in 1861, and thirty odd years later a wealthy Jew, moved by its historic value, bought and presented it to the Republic. For those who like such things, the

museum rooms of its two floors will prove rich in memories of the too-ambitious Emperor and his recently-proclaimed-faithless consort.

Some eleven miles from the capital, one of the monstrous bends of the Seine makes a broad, head-shaped promontory. At the southeastern corner of its base is the little city of St. Germain-en-Laye; at the opposite edge, Poissy; and all within the noble sweep of the river spreads the Forest of St. Germain.

Back in the tenth century King Robert built a royal residence in the forest, which was succeeded two centuries later by a fortress-palace which King Louis-the-Fat reared to command the shining river below in the plain. How little did the plump monarch dream of the history this modest château was to have with the passing centuries! Hardly was it completed when changes began, and the present rather sombre edifice dates from the reign of Francis I, in the first half of the sixteenth century, its massive sturdiness testifying more to the monarch's desire for defense than for beauty. In style the structure is purely French Renaissance, and its architect, Pierre Chambiges, must be credited with having produced a remarkable and strictly original work of native genius.

Within its frowning walls Louis XIV was born; his mother, Anne of Austria, was a voluntary prisoner in the gloomy pile during the War of the Fronde; Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles of England, the exiled James II and his wife were all honored refugees here, and many another king and queen used it as a residence. Destroyed and restored

and re-restored, turned into a school for cavalry officers, then into a barrack, and finally into a prison, the ancient palace has closed its career of activity as an historic monument containing an important museum largely archaeological in purpose.

It is the Terrace, however, that is the real wonder of St. Germain. The landscape architect Le Notre in 1672 built a stone retaining-wall along the top of the bluff, two hundred feet above the curving river, and laid out a walk along the edge of the Forest for more than a mile and a half. From it we gaze down over a magnificent panorama: at our feet the soft shimmer of the coiling Seine, the rich and tender colors of the valley, and the broad, sweeping farmlands to east and north, so dotted with little cities and villages it all looks like an enormous and highly cutivated park relieved by handsome estates and big country-houses. Everywhere the highways, lean and swift and direct, cut across the landscape with their embroidery of lofty poplars and sycamores, and, when the weather is clear, Paris can be at least imagined, if not seen, beneath a sky embossed with the dim figures of the Sacré Coeur on Montmartre and of the Eiffel Tower.

Louis XIV, detesting this château because whenever he looked from the terrace his eye seemed to be irresistibly drawn toward the Abbey of St. Dénis, his future burial-place, and loving the chase, turned from St. Germain to the hunting-lodge of Louis XIII in the forest a few miles farther south, around which was eventually built the enormous palace of Versailles. Better than anything else that remains of

this high-tide of French glory, the château embodies —or might I say, mummifies—the power, the self-importance, the majesty, the resplendent showiness of the *Grand Monarque* and his reign, as well as its wicked extravagances, its vicious hypocrisies and its foreshadowing of the doom so soon to fall with a red vengeance. Within and without, through all the vast park, silence and desertion are kings. Caretakers instead of courtiers stalk though the sounding halls. Tourists supply chatter no more banal than that of the favorites of another age, taking a childish joy in the most magnificent as well as the greatest palace ever created in France.

Yet it is the very size and style of the château which makes it tiresome. Fine as was the conception, the expansion of the original design and the necessarily endless repetition of its classical motives, weary eye and mind alike, and not all its ancient gorgeousness of decoration can save it. When Louis had finished his task, he had spent seventy-five millions of dollars, an untold amount of forced labor not paid for at all, no one knows how many lives of soldiers who perished in the epidemics which swept the camps during the work, and had, without regard to the appalling cost, created something unique and magnificent, which his successor carried still further. What the taxpayers of the time said behind their locked doors we can imagine; but it is worth remembering that even if they were royally bled to provide royal amusement, they had at least the satisfaction denied most of us taxpayers nowadays, who see the money gathered—and no magnificent architecture as

a result. Perhaps the architecture is not forthcoming because no nation to-day boasts a magnificent tyrant able to project his artistic perceptions and egotism into tangible form.

Le Notre's superb classical gardens were laid out at the same time on a scale commensurate with that of the vast château, whose façade is more than 1,900 feet long. The titanic size, and the lavishness with which statues of marble and bronze, balustrades, trimmed trees and hedges, huge water-basins—the plain of Versailles was arid, and water had to be especially lifted from the Seine by the curious "Machine de Marly," designed for that purpose—and fountains that are an hydraulic wonder of the world were scattered through the grounds, testified to the prodigality of the king who could believe as well as say the insolent "*L'État, c'est moi!*" One lawn alone, the exquisite *Tapis Vert,* or Green Carpet, sweeps its 135 feet of width along more than a fifth of a mile, while the Grand Canal, still wider, is an artificial stream between ordered banks more than a mile in length.

Residence and birthplace of kings; scene of the downfall of the *ancien régime* in 1789, when the infuriated market-women of Paris slaughtered the royal guards to the last man and dragged the King and Queen to the Tuileries; German military hospital in 1870, and incubator of the German Empire in 1871 when the King of Prussia was crowned in the wonderful Galerie des Glaces, Versailles added the crowning touch to its historic aureole when, on June 28, 1919, the much-criticised Treaty of Ver-

sailles was signed in that same Galerie des Glaces, and the World War was over.

Nothing can do the palace justice in description. No particularization can give the faintest notion of anything but its size. Only the eye, gradually absorbing the columned vastness of its imperious presence, the terrific emptiness of its formal avenues and alleys, can grasp something of the wonder of the *Roi Soleil's* unfettered egotism and the sublimity of of its execution.

The two Trianons were built by the two Louis, XIV and XV, as refuges from the turmoil and pressure of the court, where the bored and weary kings could disport themselves freely with their mistresses and specially selected companions. Both mansions are charming and beautiful, but neither would excite more than passing notice in comparison with the Château and its royal park if the virtuous young Queen Marie Antoinette had not espoused the nature-philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In the gardens of the Petit Trianon the poor little Queen had a "Hamlet" of rustic cottages built where she made her historic butter, and tried to imagine she was living seriously. The world caught joyously at the idea, and the Petit Trianon's atmosphere to this day is the theatrical unreality of a frail dilettantte's desperate, unsuccessful attempt to balk destiny. How the ghost of Rousseau must click its teeth over the historic memories of the place—and perhaps gibber unfeelingly at the headless shade of the little Queen!

So few visitors go to Rambouillet it is not generally realized that its park is not only larger, more

beautiful and diversified than the gardens of Versailles, but that it contains a splendid avenue of Louisiana cypresses which has no equal anywhere on the continent. Many of the other châteaux of France which have the story of royalty written into their texture, have lapsed from high estate. That is not the case at Rambouillet, which even yet, in a sturdily republican country, is a frequently used part of the national property. The Forest of Yveline, or as it is now called, the Forêt de Rambouillet, spreads away for miles, a vast wood where the kings of showier days used to hunt, and where still the President of the Republic is host to friendly sporting monarchs on occasion. The château itself is a rather gloomy looking red brick structure reared about the massive keep of the original castle, which has one historically interesting room. As Francis I lay dying there in 1547, he made his parting advice to his son: "Beware the Guises: they are traitors!"

The old Route d'Espagne, that historic highway toward the frontier over which so many high characters in the story of France have come and gone in the old days, after it has left Rambouillet behind, carries on thirteen miles farther to the drowsy little town of Maintenon, whose beautiful château and ruined acqueduct recall one of Louis XIV's most astonishing follies, and Louis XV's hard practicality. It was at the very peak of his magnificence that the *Grand Monarque* married Françoise d'Aubigné, widow of the poet Scarron, and presented her with the charming and symmetrical château from which she took her title of Marquise de Maintenon. The

original structure was a powerful defensive fortress, but during the Renaissance most of its military characteristics were shorn away, and it emerged a handsome and luxurious type of country residence. The Marquise made extensive additions and alterations to it, leaving the castle what it is, one of the loveliest and most attractive mansions in France. When she married her niece to one of the Ducs de Noailles, she presented it to the bride—a truly royal marriage portion. The Noailles family still live it, surrounded by innumerable mementoes of their distinguished line.

Not far away Louis XIV began the colossal acqueduct he intended as the source of the Versailles water supply. Unfortunately for the workmen, they died so fast of epidemics, due to the miasmatic conditions, that after four years the work had to be abandoned, leaving the unfinished skeleton striding across the river but getting nowhere. When Louis XV wished to build a château for his favorite, the Pompadour, he glanced cynically at the ghastly memorial of his predecessor's megalomania, and tore part of it down to make the new palace. As it stands to-day, what is left of the structure is a series of ruinous arches, mightily picturesque and wholly useless.

The southernmost of the important cities not far from Paris, Chartres to-day gives us, in every twisty, steep, tightly compressed street, something of its ancient flavor. It is one of the very oldest towns in France—six centuries before our era began the Carnutes were firmly established here, worshipping under the guidance of their Druid priests. The

*Moyen Age* walls and fortifications are practically all gone now, but the period may be savored amply in many an ancient mansion and staircase and turret. It is the magnificent twelfth-thirteenth century Cathedral, however, that gives the placid corn-town of to-day its rank among the greatest of French architectural exhibits. The majestic pile inspired James Russell Lowell profoundly by

> "*. . . its vast repose, . . . patiently remote*
> *From the great tides of life it breasted once,*
> *Hearing the noise of men as in a dream.*"

As one of the earliest of the great Cathedrals to be completed—this was more than a quarter of a century before Amiens was finished—the façade is distinctly hard and austere in aspect, while the "dedicated shapes of men and kings" adorning the arches and niches of the great triple portal, though they seemed to the poet as "motley as man's memory" are actually striking examples of the persistence of the Byzantine school of sculpture. They are stiff and rigid, their faces shallow in relief, while their overlong bodies, curtailed arms and mechanical, skimpy draperies are satisfactory only as overshadowing the dawn of a new era in sculpture. Studied beside the rugged liveliness of Amiens and the Periclean-age beauty of Reims, they appear dry and lifelss. In consequence, the effect of the façade depends almost wholly upon its soaring dignity of mass and its symmetrical proportions, no small share of which is contributed by the two upflung spires which quiver among the clouds. The magnificent transeptal doorways offer a curious and perplexing contrast. Their

decorative mouldings, the nobility and grace of their figures both large and small, and the remarkable life and freshness which characterize them throughout rank these portals as easily among the best in France.

No two Cathedral spires could be more different in conception and execution than those of Chartres. The southern, imagined in a style harmonizing perfectly with the rest of the vast edifice, is a clear indication of what the original architects planned. It is contemporaneous with the rest of the church. But centuries intervened before the northern tower was projected, and men as well as architectural styles had undergone radical changes when Jehan le Texier, in 1506-1513, flung into the air so elaborate, richly decorated and fanciful a fabric that Fergusson declares it to be the most beautiful Gothic spire ever erected by the hand of man. Perhaps; but intrinsic beauty does not necessarily mean harmony, and the north spire unbalances the severe simplicity and restraint of the total effect.

This same Jehan le Texier was the sculptor who adorned the choir screen with its marvelously delicate and lacy carving and statues; at least, he began them in 1514, but two centuries had to elapse before they were completed. The most unusual feature of the interior is the remarkable shortness of the nave and the length of the choir. Though in part contemporary with Notre Dame de Paris, Soissons and Laon, Chartres provides far more space than they in both choir and aisled transepts for the usual ritual, and for those resplendent ceremonials which found

their apogee in 1594, when Henri IV, of Navarre, broke the long tradition of coronations at Reims by being crowned here. The relative shortness of the nave is said to have been due to the desire of the builders to use the foundations of an old crypt as the basis for the new choir.

Of all the features of Chartres, the one which discounts even the dignity Ruskin considered its best point, is the thirteenth century stained glass—

> *"The painted windows, freaking gloom with glow,*
> *Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer,*
> *Meet symbol of the senses and the soul."**

Here gleams all the perfection, all the marvel of the mediaeval glassmaker's art and skill in serried rows: an hundred and thirty windows, not one of them marred, and the three huge roses—and they have stood thus more than seven hundred years. Other stained and painted glass there is in France. Countless other churches and cathedrals have here a rose, there a window, yonder fragments of that same loving workmanship. But at Chartres the flaming tides of living, immortal blue and red and gold blaze in unceasing seas that pour their benediction in on every hand.

* * * * *

How perfectly the châteaux and gardens of France give expression to the buoyance and impulsiveness of the French temperament! No other people either finds or requires this assertion. But the French—remember, for example, that greatest of all French Ambassadors in Washington, Monsieur Jusserand,

* The Cathedral—Lowell.

presenting the birds of Rock Creek Park with a fountain as his parting gift because they had cheered him during the war—inspired and often motivated by a rich and instinctive sentiment, have shown us in many a royal and private pleasaunce a phase of their character without which this bored old world would be distinctly the poorer and less charming.

*Fontaine Belle Eau*, the Fount of Sweet Waters, was the spring in a forest which in all probability determined the erection of a royal mansion we find already in existence in the twelfth century. From that time until the close of the monarchical period in France Fontainebleau was a favorite resort of the kings, scarcely less important, though smaller and correspondingly more human, than Versailles the stupendous. To this day it has a placid charm and an engaging character—as well as the best climate in the vicinity of Paris—which make it a delight to every visitor. Napoleon, quickly captive to its gay compulsion, made it his favorite residence and added lavishly to its beautification, particularly—in accord with the changing fashion of the time—by constructing the charming English Garden which now surrounds the Fount of Sweet Waters with its greenery and color.

Francis I began building the existing palace in 1528, but his modest edifice is almost lost sight of in the agglomeration of buildings the French have dubbed "*un rendezvous de châteaux*," which nothing short of a catalogue could explain. Architecturally, its importance lies in the fact that it was the seedling from which developed the whole later course of

the French Renaissance while itself rivalling, according to the critic Giorgio Vasari, "the best work to be found in the Rome of its time." Moreover, it is a marvel of adequacy in size, harmony of proportion and the luxury of its furnishings of both Renaissance and Empire periods. It looms large also in the historical sense, with a long series of royal residents and visitors, births, deaths, and at least one assassination, while within its walls Louis XIV signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1644, and Napoleon his abdication in 1814—two documents of the utmost significance to the welfare of France. Napoleon also said farewell here to his *Vieux Grognards*, drawn up stiffly at attention in the long Court of the White Horse, before the marvelous figure-eight staircase.

Nature has been more than lavish in her treatment of the Forest of Fontainebleau, which measures more than fifty miles in circuit, with the twisty Seine at one of its edges. Magnificent old trees, reverend with age and bulk, tower up through the smaller growths. Huge whitish rocks, here covered with scrub, there bare and weathered, pile their contorted masses in great mounds. Gorges and deep ravines full of shadow, wide plains partly grassy and partly covered with oak, pine, beech, and other fine trees—even ranges of hills—add to the diversity of the forest panoramas. One of the most striking formations is the circus of the Franchard, a primeval chaos nearly three miles around, giving a magnificent view of the gorge of the same name. The ruins of ancient buildings peep out through the trees every so often,

and altogether the forest is one of the wildest and most picturesque woodlands in all France. The sport-loving kings originally came here to hunt big game, and there is still hunting here; but to-day the weapons of the hunters are no deadlier than the brushes and palette-knives of artists who come to enjoy a range of subjects difficult if not impossible to find elsewhere.

They come, of course, bearing in mind the triumphs of those masters of the eighteen-thirties Rousseau and Millet, the founders of the Barbizon School, who lived in the village of Barbizon, a very different and far simpler place in their time. Now it is highly esteemed as a residence by the artistic sophisticates, and I remember a highly sophisticated luncheon of lampreys and other local delicacies in the highly sophisticated restaurant in the Forêt where, we were assured solemnly, Corot and Daubigny used to eat when—notwithstanding the sneers of a sophisticated world which at first would have none of the École de Barbizon—they had sold a canvas or two.

After the vastness and chilly desertion of so many parks and palaces, it is a relief to find Chantilly small enough to be comprehensible. This is perhaps because it was developed as a private property —though much overrun by royal guests—slowly evolving from a primitive Roman fort. When the revolutionists had had their way here as elsewhere, and the property had eventually been returned to the late Duc d'Aumale, as heir of the Condé family, he

built, in the middle of the last century, the structure beside the *petit château*—which was not destroyed—making the present ensemble one of the brightest gems of Renaissance architecture in the country. After he had done all this, the Duke made it a museum to house his collections of art, furniture and objects of historical interest, among them that wonderful Book of Hours by Jean Fouquet—possibly the finest example in the world of early French art—and the famous rose diamond known the world over as the Great Condé. His collections complete, the public-spirited Duke willed this exquisite private treasure-house to the Institute of France.

To many the town of Chantilly possesses a double attraction, for beside the Château it is famous for its horse races, and the visitor who cares to can "clock" the horses during their morning "work-outs" and absorb the atmosphere the sport connotes. Fortunately nothing of that spirit seems to have touched the Château. Often as we have wandered through its lovely gardens, or fed the huge and voracious carp in the moat with bread which they snatched like the savages they are, making the dark waters boil and splash at our feet, there seemed always an air of serene mediaevalism about the place, a calm and thoroughly satisfying beauty no chatter of race followers or bruit of snorting motors could disturb.

Compiègne is exactly the opposite—it is distinctly disturbing in and of itself. The town's history is noisy with the gala meetings of kings, the records of

their deeds—and the shameful betrayal and capture of Joan of Arc. Its architecture runs the gamut not only of the centuries, but of the sublime to the—perhaps I had better say, the commonplace.

One enthusiastic visitor has said the palace façade "might be the front of an automobile factory if it were less ornate". Indeed, within and without, only the historic importance of the place saves it from utter banality. See it first, and then study the Hotel de Ville for pure refreshment and delight. Built between 1502 and 1510, it is a charming structure combining Gothic and Renaissance with an easy fluency and vigor which give it rank among the best secular architectural works France has produced.

The great Forêt de Compiègne is considered by the military authorities as one of the vital strategic defenses of Paris. With its ancient Druid legends, its Roman traces, and its curious, half-mythical tales of feudal days, this one-time game preserve of the kings is as beautiful as it is vast, a whispering grove on whose sun-dappled paths one walks hand in hand with the living Past.

By all means, in circling about Paris, keep for the last, for the final savory, the greatest single impression. See what you will, absorb all there is, of size, of beauty, of tremendous historical importance; and then carry away with you as the climax to all this, that *preux château*, Pierrefonds. There is nothing in France to rank with it; nothing I have seen anywhere, in fact, which gives at once so gracious and so powerful a picture of mediaeval militarism and splendor. Coucy the terrible, the tremendous, is

The Church of St. Denis "determines the birthplace of the Gothic," and houses the ashes of most of the Capetian Kings.

*Left*—The Panthéon. *Right*—The Church of the Invalides: two shrines where the nation's great and heroic are honored.

almost wholly destroyed; and Coucy never made so human a spectacle. Chinon's tremendous triple castle is a hollow wreck. Loches is nothing but two dungeons. But Pierrefonds stands to-day as it stood when its proud creator and owner, Charles VI's brother, Louis d'Orléans, climbed the height above the town and entered his new castle in 1405.

It had taken fifteen years to rear those massive walls and their eight thick towers, to build and to decorate the mighty keep where Louis and his successors lived in almost royal luxury and arrogance. Richelieu recognized the danger of so stout a fortress, so pretentious a noble, and in 1617 ruthlessly dismantled it. Fortunately, Napoleon bought the ruins, and in the middle of the last century Viollet-le-Duc restored it completely for France, despite the fantastic cost. It is the master-restorer's most spirited and noteworthy triumph. And to instil the last tiny drop possible of true mediaevalism into his magnificent work, he left us a statue of himself—"with the attributes of St. James"!—on the door-pillar of the beautiful Gothic chapel.

Physically, the castle is a quadrilateral, its eight huge towers, with walls ranging from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, soaring up 115 feet into the air. There is one at each corner, and one in the middle of each side, every one a trusty defensive work. All around the top of the walls run two fighting-platforms or "rampart-walks" for soldiery, one above the other. The keep, ordinarily the luxurious residence of the Seigneur, and the post of last resort in desperate emergency, occupies the southern angle,

its different rooms perfectly disclosing the mode and quality of the life of a powerful feudal lord possessed of both culture and the means to gratify his tastes. Other chambers in the vast structure fill out the picture with rich completeness, and he who can stand unmoved in the long Hall of the Heroines of Chivalry, or gaze at the frescoes in the seignorial bedroom—modern work picturing the daily life of a knight of the fifteenth century—is a dull dog indeed, and the spark of romance or chivalry is not in him.

## XXVIII

### HISTORIC PARIS

TO the traveler who really wishes to know something of France, the provinces and their people should be the solid foundation he lays, without haste or wasted effort, before coming to Paris; for many who rush to the Siren of the Seine first are overmastered by her and lose all sense of proportion—they come to think that Paris is France. As for her frivolities and banalities, we, the traveling public, are to blame for all that; and as soon as we get over the idea that it is "smart" to see or to be or to do things away from home that we would not see or be or do at home, so soon will Paris change her ways. Perhaps the most astonishing thing about the city is her amazing vitality. No matter what has happened to her—streets full of the blood of her children, famine, oppression, war and desolation—she has bounded up after each calamity stronger than before, and magnificently optimistic.

The city has been severely criticised for sameness, due to its "Haussmannizing" in the nineteenth century. It is true that broad streets have plowed

through old cow-path highways, houses, everything in their path, with the ruthlessness of cannon-shots. But that is a part of modern life. A great city has to breathe, has to have room to circulate, and the work was prophetic: every large city is coming to the same conclusion, and though much that is beautiful or artistic perishes under the pickaxe of progress, there comes in exchange a municipal sanity and health that more than compensates for the loss. The process is still going on, the most important work being the extension of the Boulevard Haussmann through solid blocks of buildings so as to connect with the Boulevard des Italiens.

As for sameneess, there is not another city on earth that has so widely and strongly varied an individuality in its different parts. Here is an elegant capital, with people of fashion and costly appurtenances; there a backwater of revolutionary days, evil-smelling, black, dirty, picturesque as a *grimoire*. Now you find yourself in an Italian city of silent palaces, now in an electric-lighted boulevard, humming with pleasurers, and bubbling over with gaiety; now in a noisy, cheery, out-of-doors quarter that might have been plucked right out of the heart of the irresponsible south. Here is a great river, quick with darting shuttles, with ponderous tows, with all the varied activities one expects only in a prosperous seaport; and everywhere historic palaces and art galleries, vast open squares and brilliant, flowering parks.

The most fascinating thing about the city is the river that cuts it in two and binds it to Rouen and

the sea; that carries its pleasure and cargo boats and helps to keep it fed and employed—incidentally keeping its fishermen busy, too, by every quay under the long lines of trees that shade both banks. Bridges cross it like the staff of a music score, sometimes only a block or two apart. Up and down each side and across the bridges rush pounding, two-storied trams, automobiles, omnibuses, flying cabs and hurrying crowds. The whole scene is unforgetable—big, alive. Gray, green, brown, whatever color the river be by day, black by night, with long ripples and tremors of multi-colored lights, it is always lovely, but nowhere more so than where the Îles de Cité and de St. Louis rise from its busy surface like enchanted isles, fresh, verdant, inviting.

It was on the Île de Cité that the primitive founders of Paris fixed, probably more as a matter of safety—the swirling stream moated it perfectly—than for its beauty. The Romans carried on the settlement into a city—Lutetia it was then; and when Clovis returned from his victorious campaign against the Visigoths he made the city his official capital. The Frankish kings, however, never spent much time there. Wild men that they were, they preferred to stay in the safety of the open. Clovis made his residence the splendid palace where Rome had ruled, high on the hillside of the left bank above the Seine, with gardens that ran down the slope to the water's edge. The fragments of the baths that add so much to the spell of the Musée de Cluny's back yard are all that is left of it now.

At that time Ste. Geneviève, now the patroness

of the city, was alive and exercised a powerful influence over both Clovis and his Queen Clotilde. At her death they built a great basilica and monastery over her tomb on the hill, where they, too, were buried. These buildings were among the first of the monastic foundations, which now began to play so important a part in the life of France. Free schools were always attached to those great abbeys and also to the cathedrals; and the Latin Quarter of to-day, with its baggy corduroy, floppy neckties and floppier morals, is the direct outgrowth of those early schools. As the fame of certain teachers grew, and students flocked to them in Paris from all over the world, the monastic schools were overcrowded, and individual teachers took rooms wherever they could get them—a majority grouped about Mt. Ste. Genévière—to teach all who came. The university itself was the slow outgrowth of these loose and unofficial bodies.

The Place St. Michel and the famous Boule'-Miche' beyond, are still the heart of the students' quarter. But neither in attire nor demeanor are the scholars so conspicuous as in the days of the first schools. Then they were ragged, hungry, impertinent, begging tatterdemalions, living the life the poet Villon, himself student, bohemian, burglar and man-killer, so wonderfully describes. They recognized no authority save that of the Church; and they had frequent and often bloody fights with the town officials.

Many of the students are desperately poor even yet, and a mighty convenience for penniless genius is the row of second-hand book-stalls that line the river wall along the Quai Voltaire, near the booksell-

ers' Street-of-the-Holy-Fathers. Wooden trays, with hinged lids covered with zinc, are most of the stalls, and bending above them day by day you find not only students, eager to pick up old text and reference books for a few sous, but collectors, curiosity-seekers, foreigners "doing" the Quarter, and all manner of other folk, even to cabmen hunting for a pennyworth of blood-and-thunder to while away the unemployed hours. The stalls recall the fact that in olden times you could go up and down and to and fro through Paris without ever glimpsing the river, the houses were built so close to it; and not only were the houses set solidly along both banks of the fifteenth century Seine, but its five bridges were also lined in the same way, like the Ponte Vecchio in Florence to-day.

Just to the east of the Place St. Michel is one of the very dingiest and most sordid districts in Old Paris, a perfect maze of tangled, filthy little streets, but absolutely fascinating. Here we find the little twelfth century reconstruction of one of the early monastic churches, St. Julien-le-Pauvre. Both tower and portal have been stripped away from the tiny edifice, yet that mutilation could not despoil it of its interior beauty. We wandered about in this location one morning, in a chilly drizzle not heavy enough to send us to our hotel, but disagreeable enough to drive the denizens of the Quarter indoors. The streets looked dreary and prosaic, and the few hurrying pedestrians we passed seemed harmless and commonplace in the extreme. We had just left St. Sevérin, and turned into a mean little alley, when two men

suddenly reeled from a barroom, fighting. Quicker than I can tell it, the street was full of evil faces, men and women alike. They circled about the fighters, their hands very suggestively in their pockets, jeering and making horrible jokes. In these creatures, unwashed, uncombed, more beasts than human beings, we saw the spirit of the Revolution incarnate, all the evil passions barely beneath the surface, ready even yet at a spark to turn Paris into a shambles.

Up the hill we come to one of the most beautiful mansions of the fifteenth century, the Paris residence of the Abbots of Cluny, built on the site of the palace of the Romans. Fortunately, it was not swept away in the building orgies of following centuries, but still retains its original appearance almost unaltered, to testify to the beauty of native French domestic architecture, merely modified by the rising Renaissance. To-day it is a celebrated museum of medieval objects of art and products of industry.

As the mixture of the different styles went on, the buildings of the transitional period often proved a strange medley. In the case of the church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, on this Mount of Ste. Genéviève, though the different styles are clearly visible, the general effect is good. The Revolutionary madness turned this venerated fane into a Temple of Filial Piety, and presented it to the Theophilanthropists—whatever they may have been! Scattered about in this section are relics of the Abbey of Ste. Genéviève, of course not of the original construction, a transitional tower called the Tower of Clovis, a fragment of façade, a fine bit of refectory.

The Sorbonne, the University of Paris, dates from 1253, when Robert de Sorbon, the confessor of St. Louis, founded it as a sort of hostel for both poor students and teachers of theology. In its vast amphitheater, which seats 3,500 persons—our American exchange professors go every year to lecture there on behalf of the American universities—is Pierre Puvis de Chavannes' great mural allegory, The Sacred Grove, one of the best decorative works of our times. Here Science and Letters are so poetically represented that they do not seem cold, scholastic allegories at all, but fitting divinities for the Elysian background that gives the great painting so much of its charm and power. In the olden times, people had to have sculptures because they could not read; nowadays they have to have their history in tabloid doses in great paintings or small moving pictures and the like, because they will not read. The church, which contains the beautiful tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, is crowned by a fine seventeenth century dome.

Nobody seems to know to this day on entering the Panthéon—which rises commandingly over the site of the tomb of Ste. Geneviève, on the highest ground on this bank of the river—whether he is in a pagan temple, a Christian church, or a hall of fame. Built as a church, dedicated to Ste. Geneviève, it was turned into a hall of fame, back into a church, again made a temple, reconsecrated as the sanctuary of the Saint, and, as somebody has well said, finally "taken away from God and given to Victor Hugo!" Of course, there are many illustri-

ous dead entombed here beside Hugo—Mirabeau, Voltaire and Rousseau, among others. The tympanum decorations, by David d'Angers, are illustrative rather than monumental art. Inside, Puvis de Chavannes is represented by his beautiful incidents in the life of Ste. Genéviève, ranging onward from her childhood, that contrasts ingenuously with her placid old age, in the gathering twilight. The pictures are saturated with humanity and instinct with spirit.

The most delightful spot on this left bank is the Luxembourg Garden, the only Renaissance garden left in the entire city. The gem of this verdant setting is the splendid Medici fountain, by Salomon de Brosse, one of the ablest architects of his time, who also built the Palace of the Luxembourg—for Marie de' Medici, widow of Henry IV—modeled after the Pitti Palace, her ancestral home. After many vicissitudes, the palace is still useful as the Senate Chamber, and the former orangery has been transformed, in its turn, into the celebrated Luxembourg Museum of Modern Art, painting and sculpture. After an artist who is "hung" here has been dead ten years his paintings are added to the Louvre collection if they are worth while, and if not—out to the provinces with them.

Though the Panthéon occupies the most commanding position on the left bank, the building which is easily the most striking and conspicuous is the tremendous Hôtel des Invalides, founded by Louis XIV. It is the oldest and most magnificent soldiers' home in the world, where seven thousand *braves* could be accommodated. When the handful now alive there

are gone, no more will be received, and the whole vast pile will be, as most of it already is, only a military museum. What a setting for a dead man's throne!

Up through the enormous, park-like Esplanade, that stretches away for more than a quarter of a mile toward the river, in front of the imposing square façade you go, and crossing through the Court of Honor, with everything prepared as a solemn approach, you stand at last under the gilded dome of the Invalides church, and look down into the circular open crypt upon the tomb of Napoleon. Five huge blocks of dull red Finnish porphyry compose the gigantic sarcophagus, massive enough for a Pharaoh. The pavement is a mosaic laurel wreath of victory, with memorable triumphs writ large upon it, while about the crypt stand great figures symbolic of the Emperor's greatest successes, and six trophies—sets of stained and tattered captured battle-flags—stir the most sluggish blood. Yet even here, to the thoughtful, there may come Shakespeare's ringing inquiry: "O mighty Cæsar, hast thou sunk so low? Are all thy triumphs, conquests, shrunk to this small measure?"

About the middle of the third century, St. Dénis and two of his disciples brought Christianity to Lutetia, and soon became its first martyrs. Legend says that St. Dénis walked, carrying his head in his hands, from the hill of Montmartre to a spot in the suburbs where he wished to be buried. Over his grave one of the great abbeys grew up. The

church as we see it to-day is the result of many reconstructions, and is specially interesting since it determines accurately what one critic calls the natal hour and the birthplace of the Gothic, though others claim that it is impossible to fix the origin of an architectural style by any single building. Almost all of the Capetian kings were buried in St. Dénis, among them Louis XII and Francis I, in superb tombs as rich as jewel caskets.

But if a suburb was the birthplace of the Gothic, the cramped little Île de Cité was its nursery, and the stupendous Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris is the model and foster-mother of many more beautiful churches throughout the country. The general effect it produces is heavy, but that is clearly because the Gothic in its infancy was still full of the robustiousness of the parent Romanesque. Notwithstanding this, the great structure is a classic. The sculptures of the façade distinctly show the transition from the Romanesque to the Gothic, especially in the life and sentiment of the figures.

The interior is disappointing to many people after the greater height and delicacy of some of its descendants. Yet one cannot help but be impressed by its general dignity and proportion. In 1793 this Temple of Christianity was turned into a Temple of Reason, a great mound thrown up in the choir, and a shrine built upon it, inscribed "To Philosophy." If you would see the orgies that desecrated the Cathedral during that period of insanity, read Carlyle's vivid picture. David's song of the heathen who rage and the people who imagine vain things

never had a stronger exposition than in this world-center of culture and refinement. And then, to make the sacrilege all the more ghastly, Robespierre himself, some six months later, had the Cathedral turned into a Temple of the Supreme Being, to recognize, as he put it himself, "the consoling principle of the immortality of the soul."

Long ago the tide of life in Paris flowed away from the cramped little Île de Cité, and since the fifteenth century the Palace of Justice has occupied the site of the palace of Phillippe-Auguste, parts of the round towers alone remaining of his construction. The interior has been systematically restored in modern times, and the two most impressive parts are the vast, vaulted Salle des Pas-Perdus, the former Grand Salle of the palace, and now the favorite meeting place of the lawyers and their clients before and between court sessions; and the Cour de Cassation, the rich and handsome civil tribunal, most lavishly decorated of all the different chambers. Opening out of the great Pas-Perdus hall is the bloodiest room in the world, where the Revolutionary tribunal condemned so many to the guillotine—2,742 all told, including Marie Antoinette, the pitiful widow of "Citizen Louis Capet." And down below is the grim old Conciergerie—a prison as full of interest and as rich in bitter memories as any in Europe—where the poor Queen spent those black months before her execution.

On the whole broad page of France, that St. Louis illuminated so royally with churches, there is none so wondrous as that blazing rubric letter, the Sainte

Chapelle, the chapel he built to enshrine the crown of thorns in his palace on the Cité. Surely, though it looks so fragile standing there in the palace enclosure, it has a charmed life, since it passed unscathed through the Revolution and through several fires that well-nigh destroyed the palace. A pure gem of the purest and loftiest Gothic, it is as much apart from its encircling setting of massive masonry as the diamond is apart from its enclosing gold.

It is built in two stories, and the vaulting and proportions of the lower chapel—for the retainers and servants—are very beautiful, the polychromatic decorations faithful to the originals, found under a coat of whitewash at the time the building was restored by Viollet-le-Duc, about 1855. Not alone in architecture did the lovers of beauty in that wonderful thirteenth century express their aspirations, but by brilliant color as well; and it is only because, as William Morris so well remarked, "our eyes have become so atrophied to color amid our drab surroundings" that "a building . . . restored in some measure to its ancient splendor . . . dazes us."

The single vaulted chamber of the upper chapel produces an enchanting effect. Here, for the first time, apparently, stained, traceried windows seem to have been perfected, and the structure itself has been so thoroughly organized that, instead of mere walls with windows, we have a glorious lantern erected for the joy of its own display. In the apse is still preserved part of the tribune where, in the olden days, the holy relics were exposed in a rich reliquary of gold glittering with precious stones. And in some of

the panels of the windows St. Louis himself, barefoot and humble, is seen bearing the precious relics from Sens to Paris.

Standing in the nave, gazing up at the thousand paneled windows, that glow like jewels in the soft afternoon sunlight and flood the empty interior with rebounding waves of myriad colors, in which the whole Bible story from the Creation to the Apocalypse has a part, your mind goes back instinctively to the dark and solemn crypt under the dome of the Invalides, and to him who slumbers there. Two great monarchs, each a mere human being—one a great warrior, one a great saint—one leaving behind him hundreds of thousands of widows and orphans and cripples, and a somber tomb; the other leaving a record for constructive statesmanship, for righteous dealing at whatever cost, and a blazing monument to something higher and finer than mere human egotism, something to inspire and to help future generations, so long as man has eyes to see and to understand.

Beginning March 23, 1918, when the nearest battle line was sixty-two miles from Paris, nine-inch shells began falling upon the city. The first day ten Parisians were killed and fifteen wounded. But the city smothered its fears in ridicule of the futile bombardment. On Good Friday, March 29, one shell dropped upon the church of St. Gervais at exactly the moment of the elevation of the Host, killing seventy-five and wounding ninety of the congregation. These shells came from three "Big Berthas"

in the Forest of St. Gobain, eighty-two miles from Paris, and gave the city its only artillery wounds during the war. The guns long ago vanished, but their emplacements are still to be seen in the Forest. The numerous air raids did no irreparable damage, either. Privation, money losses, heartbreak, personal bereavement, "frightfulness" failed utterly to quench the marvelous city's spirit. It burned high and clear even in the depths of war, not under a bushel, but shining before men, unostentatious but gallant beyond praise.

*Left*—A typical French mansion of the days when houses were adorned instead of numbered. *Right*—The wineshop of the Infant Jesus in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris. D'Artagnan may have taken his wine here; he lived nearby.

*Left* - The Trocadero Museum of Sculpture. *Right* The Ile de Cité, with Notre Dame Cathedral.

# XXIX

## THE SIREN OF THE SEINE

ALL the queer things in which Paris abounds are by no means gathered in the Latin Quarter, and in a small square near the end of the rue St. Honoré is a little wine-shop dedicated "To the Infant Jesus." The ancient iron grille, to which riders used to fasten their horses when they went inside, is still there, worn thin at the bottom by many halters. But the Child and the monogram among the symbolic vines at the top are freshly guilded. One would naturally expect that the delight of the pious bourgeois in the holy Name for shops would confine itself to past ages, yet in another place I photographed a spick-and-span, glaringly new dairy with the very same label.

This quarter is rich in suggestion. Robespierre lived, and Molière was born, on the rue St. Honoré. Not far away, a department store stands on the spot where the Three Musketeers once dwelt. The Taverne du Saint Esprit—the Holy Ghost—still dispenses the good spirit of old to its patrons here; and the church of St. Roche, which has the finest

baroque façade in Paris, fronts upon the same street. In its pillars and walls alike are still visible the traces of the "whiff of grapeshot" Napoleon fired at the royalists in the church gardens. Only two years before, in October, 1793, the church steps were the favorite rendezvous of the rabble, from which to hurl insults and street filth at the tumbrils filled with victims for the guillotine. As Queen Marie Antoinette passed slowly by, a woman spat into her face. For a moment the heroic queen lost her calm demeanor. "This vile mob!" she cried bitterly, and turned away.

In this same district is the Palais Royal, built in the seventeenth century, historically one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. Philippe-Egalité lived such a riotous life here that he was finally reduced to the extent of surrounding the garden behind the palace with buildings, which were leased to shopkeepers, gamblers and *cafétiers*. The court quickly became an unsavory resort, thronged with malcontents, the forum of revolutionary agitation. One of the agitators, Camille Desmoulins, developed into the leader of the Revolution, calling his fellows to arms on July 12, 1789, in the Café de Foy, under the arcades. It looks to-day very much as it did then, though instead of the malcontents and conspirators you find children at play under the eyes of nurses who doze in the sunshine. And the statues are different, too. The most noted is the great Victor Hugo, by Rodin, a figure full of the placid certainty and poise of age and wisdom and strength —naked, like Truth.

Close to the entrance, rising from the bare earth, stands Bovérie's masterful figure of Desmoulins. To me the work is a creation—and it was produced in 1904! It shows the whole spirit and resistless force of the Revolution. It is portraiture, spiritual insight, the sympathy and understanding of a blood brother of the revolutionaries. Desmoulins' eyes burn with the fanatic's fire; his face is cruel, implacable. Like his hands, it displays the nervous energy so characteristically French, while his thin, bitter mouth is roaring out *his* will, *his* wishes, *his* ideas. Was he an inspired hero? The sculptor has not told us: he has given us the greater thing—the genius and the genesis of the Revolution itself.

Desmoulins' greatest achievement was his first—the destruction of that horrible prison, the Bastille. On July 14, 1789, a rumor spread through the city that the fortress was about to bombard the quarter. The people's answer was decisive. With Desmoulins as leader, they massacred the prison governor and his handful of guards, released the prisoners, many of whom were guiltless, and battered the Bastille into a shapeless heap of stones. The fine Column of July in the Place de la Bastille does not, however, commemorate that event but is a memorial to those who fell in the revolution of July, 1830. At the top of the shaft, Liberty holds the torch of civilization and the broken shackles of slavery.

The whirlwind Desmoulins blew into being reaped part of its harvest in the immense Place du Trône, at the eastern edge of the city, where Louis XIV after the Peace of the Pyrenees sat the throne to

receive the homage of his subjects. More than thirteen hundred heads did the knife of Dr. Guillotine's infernal machine shear away here before the blood-madness cleared from the eyes of France and men could see normally again. While the executions were going on, and the bluest blood in France was being spilled, the headless bodies were taken away in carts, stripped, and dumped naked into ditches, without stone or board to mark the spot. The location might never have been discovered had not a young woman followed her father's body and seen where it was thrown. To-day the spot is guarded by high walls and dark cypress trees, and you may only look through an iron grille. And in the adjacent little cemetery of Picpus no one can be buried who is not a descendant of the victims. Many an illustrious name is carved upon the plain stones—our own friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, lies in a modest tomb with the Stars and Stripes floating above him. It is a very moving spot, and our chagrin was unbounded when the concierge compelled us to leave everything that even looked like a camera at his lodge before going inside.

The most important secular building in Paris is, of course, the Louvre, both architecturally and on account of its art treasures. The marvel of the structure is not its beauty, not even its architectural qualities, but its cyclopean size. It grew out of a moated château built by Philippe-Auguste; as we see it to-day, however, it dates from the reign of Francis I, and later. From the main building, surrounding the Cour du Louvre, part of which incor-

porated a section of the original château, wings stretch away to the west in block after block, vast, lofty, connected, enclosing great gardens and cobbled cross streets, stopping at last in the charming garden where the Tuileries Palace once stood, completing the enclosure by giving it a fourth side. Built by Catherine de' Medici, the Tuileries was sacked more than once by the populace in their rages, but it remained for the Communards to destroy it in 1871.

It is an astonishing thing that in the vast central court of this palace, still called the Place du Carrousel, a congeries of ramshackle old houses and many little streets were allowed to remain until the time of Napoleon III. What a picture this place makes to-day—a vast garden, long, wide, ribbed with asphalt, bordered and dotted and splashed with brilliant flowers, some of them so far away you receive only the effect of a tiny bit of strong color in the fresh grass! On three sides tower the elaborate walls, with their colossal pilasters, windows, monograms and ornamentation, all grimed with the indescribable reek of a great city; on the other side, through Napoleon's beautiful imitation of Septimus Severus' arch, the gardens of the lost Tuileries to which the arch gave entrance—gardens that stretch out clear to the Place de la Concorde. Far in the distance, truly like a star of the first magnitude, the Arch of the Place of the Star looks down its long Elysian Avenue toward you.

To the constructive municipal spirit of the Second Empire we owe the peerless Place de la Concorde, Place of Peace! What bloody horrors has it not

seen, what heartbreak, what rivers of blood! The heavy knife of Guillotine mowed this field to the ground, in a harvesting neither France nor the rest of the world can ever forget. And other bitter things has this Place of Peace been compelled to witness—the tramp of armed men in 1814 and 1815, and again in 1871, when the dashing German hussars mocked their French adversaries by waltzing under their very noses to their own Uhlans' music. How the Gallic sentries of the Tuileries, not yet destroyed, must have gritted their teeth at such a spectacle! From that black year until August 11, 1914, a mourning country kept the great statue of the lost daughter-city of Strasbourg draped in black and wreathed with immortelles. On that memorable day, an almost hysterically rejoicing Paris celebrated the entry of France into Alsace again by tearing away forever the weeds of mourning, and heaping statue and pedestal with the brightest of fresh flowers.

Every eye turns to the statue to-day, but it is the Place that counts, with its magnificent fountains, its great obelisk from great Rameses' temple gate, its commanding views in every direction of garden and avenue, of bridge and palace—vistas that have made it famous wherever mankind has an eye for beauty.

One thing that strikes you here and elsewhere in Paris—indeed, all over France—is the number and mediocre quality of statues and monuments that everywhere arrest the eye. Appreciation is a fine thing enough, but when it takes the obtrusive form of innumerable uninteresting works of bronze and

marble that are always in the way, you wish there were some distant Picpus where they could all be taken out and dumped.

The peerless collection of the Louvre requires an encyclopædia all to itself, and the only word that can be given the art-lover here is—go and see it. Nor is this the only collection that must thus regretfully be passed by. Museums in Paris are legion—I know of more than forty—many of them housed in ancient palaces or beautiful mansions. One, however, must be mentioned because of its relation to the art of all France—the Trocadero. In its comprehensive collection of comparative sculpture you find accurate casts that display the evolution of French architecture and sculpture, duplicates of all those great works past which the local custodians in the provinces make you hurry, without a chance to give them the attention they deserve.

Along one side of the Louvre runs Napoleon's fine, broad rue de Rivoli, named for his victory of 1797 over the Austrians, and built solidly of Italian-looking arcades. The great Emperor made this and his other new streets, similarly named after triumphs —Pyramids, Wagram, Marengo, Austerlitz, and so on—the fashionable quarter of the city. But to-day fashion is not so much in evidence on the rue de Rivoli as the shopkeeper, the guide and the tourist. Often you hear as much English as French under the wide arcades, from visitors who idle along, looking into the windows of shops full of cheap-looking jewelry, chains and beads and pins enough to deck out the women of all creation. But though this

"junk" looks cheap, it isn't—the merchants of Rivoli know how to charge as well as their more pretentious brethren of the rue de la Paix. Everything is on sale, from copies of paintings in the Louvre to gloves with square-ended fingers—occasionally a finger too small, perhaps, for artistic irregularity.

Up and down thunder the great automobile omnibuses, ground-shaking contrivances, as swift and murderous as they are fearsome to see and to hear. Would you see the city, do not take them; patronize the slower, humbler, double-decked tram, and ride on the *impériale*, which is high enough to give an excellent and safe view-point. And the noise! New York's roar is famous; so is the dull grind of London and the sharp staccato of Madrid; but the noise characteristic of Paris is a continuous, high-pitched shriek, in which the agonizing squeal of suddenly applied brakes, the sirens of automobiles and the gritting of motors play a prominent and nerve-racking part.

For a comprehensive view of the city, however, go up the Eiffel Tower, or the historic Butte Montmartre, with its brand new Romano-Byzantine basilica of the Sacré Cœur, and then, by way of novelty, try the other extreme, and plunge down below the surface to inspect the famous sewers, of which a vast network undermines the city, their total length about nine hundred miles!

When Napoleon came to the throne he determined to make Paris the most beautiful city in the world. Nothing else appealed to him so strongly as the mass and richness of the Roman style of architecture.

It was monumental and gorgeous, and it made an appropriate medium of expression for this exponent of the new spirit of Cæsarism. That it was theatrical probably also fitted in with his keen appreciation of the mob spirit he was always considering. With unerring skill, he chose that lofty spot, the Place de l'Étoile, for his colossal Arc de Triomphe, so marvelously set off by the Avenue of the Elysian Fields and eleven others that center there. Towering up 164 feet into the air, it is the largest as well as the finest arch in existence; and among the great mass of sculptures that cover every side of the Arc is the noble and spirited relief by Rude, showing the rising of the people in 1792 to the clarion summons of the fierce Genius of War, a fiery piece of realism.

In the little Place d'Iéna, not far away, is a simple statue of our own Washington. We wonder what he thinks of that sublime piece of personal glorification.

Napoleon's other arch, in the Place du Carrousel, was originally crowned by the great bronze horses brought from St. Mark's in Venice. The amount of loot brought home by this imperial brigand, vandal, or whatever else you may choose to call Napoleon, and the amount of damage done by his soldiery, is appalling. Everywhere in Spain and Italy you can follow their trail by the wanton mutilation of art works. But what else could be expected of a people who have so mutilated their own works of art? Fortunately, as in the case of the bronze horses, most of the plunder was returned to its proper owners, under English guard.

One of the most superb monuments of that monumental day is the church of the Madeleine, a huge Corinthian temple. Napoleon commenced it as a temple of glory, but it was not finished until 1842 under Louis Philippe, as a church. The striking interior, a richly decorated, aisleless nave without a single window, but perfectly illuminated from the domed ceiling, somehow lacks the churchly atmosphere. It seems more a place of entertainment, and this thought is carried out by the music and orchestral performances on great festivals.

During one of our visits to Paris we attempted to attend the midnight Christmas musical service. At ten o'clock we not only could not get in—we could not get near the church for the dense crowds waiting about to hear what they could through the noise of the streets.

But if one does not like a Roman temple for a house of worship he need not stay away from Paris for that reason. Nearly a hundred churches, of every size and style and age and condition, afford the nations who dwell within the pleasure-seeking town ample opportunity to gratify their souls as well as satisfy their jaded senses; and he can take his choice, be it simply for a house of worship, for artistic study, or for mere æsthetic gratification.

A typical example of modern architecture is the Opera House, by Charles Garnier, marvelously rich in marbles and gilding. Yet the façade is so lacking in details it would be monotonous were it not decorated with groups and single figures, mere additions on pedestals and brackets. Groups that stand free

and clear are a feature of the age, but they are very poor substitutes for the elaborate minor parts that in their coherence contributed to the great and noble structures of the past.

Through gilded gates we reach the grand staircase of white marble, with balustrades of *rosso antico* and an Algerian onyx handrail. Monolithic marble columns, great ceiling frescoes, statues and mosaics add to the richness of the display. It is the largest theater in the world, covering an area of nearly three acres, but the interior is so cut up into gorgeous stairways, foyers, and so forth, that the auditorium is small, the boxes narrow and shut in, and no such display of the audience is possible as in our own Metropolitan.

Before the Opera spreads the Place de l'Opéra, from which radiate five of the most important streets in Paris: straight ahead the wide Avenue de l'Opéra, to right and left the Grands Boulevards, and on either side of the theater two other wide and busy thoroughfares. You begin to appreciate Baron Haussmann's genius here. For every single great building is so placed as to be commanded from as many different points as possible, and every street laid out only after considering how its course and character and junctions with other streets will affect the appearance of the city.

From the Madeleine to the Bastille, in a great semicircle, sweeps that main artery of Parisian gaiety, the Grands Boulevards, where the ebullient tide of life flows freely from sundown to midnight. It is the typical French street scene, on a grander and

more lavish scale than in the provinces, with more glare and glitter. And what a setting for the daily guard-mount of wealth, fashion and beauty the magnificent Champs Elysées makes, in its arrowy flight uphill from the Concorde to the Étoile and the Arch! Automobiles and carriages in the roadway, pedestrians filling the shady sidewalks and, not so infrequently as to attract unusual wonder, a buzzing aeroplane overhead in the gray sky. Then, too, there is the Bois.

Yes, taking it all in all, there is no gainsaying it, Paris is a wonderful, a beautiful city, truly the Siren of the Seine; and most of those who know her are ready to echo Montaigne, in Florio's translation:

"*I love hir so tenderly that even hir spotts, hir blemishes, and hir warts are deare unto me.*"

LA FIN

## SOME GOOD BOOKS ON FRANCE

WHILE it is impossible to name all the many excellent books available to-day on France, there are several so conspicuously meritorious in their various fields as to be well worth notice. A few of these follow:

Cook, Theodore A. "Old Province"; "Old Touraine"; "Rouen." These three books are both very valuable and delightful from cover to cover; full of historical and other interest.

Allen, Percy. "Impressions of Provence"; "Burgundy: The Splendid Duchy." The former book is one of the most charming pieces of interpretative writing that has been produced on France, brimming over with sympathy, humor, legend and history. Burgundy, in the nature of things, has not quite the same charm, but is a fine piece of work.

Adams, George B. "Growth of the French Nation." The best short history I know in English; a very valuable book indeed.

Barker, E. H. "France of the French." An excellent and dispassionate statement of the France

that can be known at first hand only through long acquaintance and residence.

James, Henry. "Little Tour in France." The keenness of Mr. James' observation and the delight of his style make this a notable book.

Wharton, Mrs. Edith. "Motor Flight Through France." No living American knows France and the French better than Mrs. Wharton, and her work, even though it makes no pretense at detailed information, is a rare and stimulating draft.

Okey, Thomas. "Paris." One of the Medieval Towns series. Like Mr. Cook's "Rouen," this book is interesting from cover to cover, full of delightful sketches of every sort in which the siren city is so rich.

Haggard, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. A. C. P. "The France of Joan of Arc." Any lover of the tragic story of the Maid of Orleans will find it here told with a wealth of detail.

Miltoun, Francis. Mr. Miltoun's lengthy series of books dealing with the different provinces, castles and châteaux, and cathedrals of France are too familiar to require any comment.

Edwards, George Wharton. "Brittany and the Bretons." A beautiful and interesting book containing a vast amount of picturesque detail.

Palmer, Major Frederick. "Our Greatest Battle" is a carefully detailed account, by one of the foremost American correspondents, who witnessed it, of the Meuse-Argonne fighting.

Besides all these there is a host of other works, both for general reading and reference, which make it easy to take up almost any phase of French life or history. My own "With Three Armies" (French, English and Belgian) covers much of the long Western Front before American participation, and presents an historical as well as a personal view. Among the most valuable of the reference works will be found Ruskin's studies of French architecture, Fergusson's history of architecture, Luebke's history of art, Freeman's sketches and his Norman Conquest of England; and in French, of course, Viollet-le-Duc's *Dictionnaire Raisonné* is invaluable, while there are local publications by the score issued by antiquarian and other societies that yield much material of importance.

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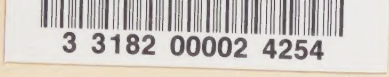
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